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HISTORY OF THE REGIMENT

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS

FIRST DIVISION

U.S.C. 93-5.100





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History

of the

One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers

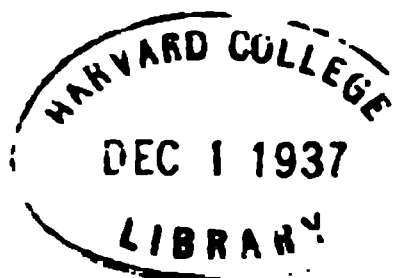
BY

PROFESSOR ROBERT LAIRD STEWART, D.D.

HISTORIAN

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*Dedicated to the memory of
our comrades who died in the
bloom of their young manhood
before the morning came; and
to those who have since finished
their earthly course, after enjoy-
ing for awhile the priceless
privileges for which they con-
tended in the days that tried
men's souls.*

•



HON. WM. S. SWALLENBERGER, Chairman Publication Committee.
REV. JOHN R. PAXTON, D.D. LIEUT.-COL. THOS. HENRY.
PROF. ROBT. LAIRD STEWART, D.D., Historian.
HARRY J. BOYDE, Secretary Reg mental Association.

FOREWORD.

In the preparation of this work, which was authorized by the Regimental Association a year ago, no pains have been spared to make it an accurate, concise and readable history. In addition to the material accumulated from official records in the War Department and Congressional Library, many interesting facts and war-time incidents have been gleaned from local newspaper files, from note books kept by comrades, and from letters, brown with age and sometimes scarcely legible, which were written to the homefolk, in the camp, on the picket line or on the battlefield. In the verification of uncertain statements, the systematically conducted search for additional information, and the accumulation of material of every sort, the author has had the hearty support and invaluable assistance of his associates on the Historical Committee.

With General Shallenberger, Chairman of the Publication Committee, wise in council, sane in judgment and unwearied in his devotion to the "dear old Regiment," at the Headquarters of official information, and with the Secretary of the Association, Harry J. Boyde, at its Headquarters in Western Pennsylvania, the writer has been in almost constant communication. Most generously and unselfishly have these comrades responded to every demand for additional assistance or information, which was made upon their time or patience.

Not less of honor and grateful appreciation should be accorded also to Dr. John R. Paxton of the Committee, whose generous initiative has made the publication of the book a possibility, in a style worthy of the noble Regiment, whose achievements it records, and to Major Henry who gave his cordial assent to the plans of the Historian, and who, in the intervals between periods of extreme suffering, and but a short time before his death, dictated valuable information for his use.

With the sanction of the committee this volume goes forth on its mission, in the hope that it may worthily revive the stirring memories of the past and help to kindle anew the fires of patriotism which burned so brightly in the dark days of civil strife.



HISTORY

OF THE

One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment

Pennsylvania Volunteers

CHAPTER I.

ENLISTMENT—ORGANIZATION—EQUIPMENT.

**All the uniforms were blue, all the swords were bright and
new,**

When the Regiment went marching down the street.

**All the men were hale and strong as they proudly moved
along,**

Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet.

Oh, the music of the feet keeping times to drums that beat,

Oh the splendor and the glitter of the sight,

As with swords and rifles new and in uniforms of blue,

The Regiment went marching to the fight.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was recruited and hastily equipped for service in one of the darkest hours in the history of the Civil War.

The disastrous campaign on the Peninsula of Virginia, in the series of desperate conflicts which had been fought in the vicinity of Richmond, opened up the way for a direct advance of the Confederate Army upon Washington City.

Its defenceless condition at this time, and for several weeks following, was a matter of grave concern to President Lincoln and his Cabinet.

The Army of the Potomac, which should have been its safeguard, was far away from the line of attack, and powerless to repel the forces which threatened it.

In this emergency the President issued a call for 300,000 volunteers. As the situation became more acute, the loyal men of the Nation were aroused as never before, to a sense of impending peril and the necessity for prompt and vigorous effort to avert it.

On the 21st of July, Governor Curtin, the alert and intensely loyal "War Governor" of Pennsylvania, issued a proclamation authorizing the immediate enlistment of twenty-one new regiments of volunteer infantry, to serve for three years or during the war!

At a notable public meeting, held on the West Common of Allegheny City, three days later, the Governor prefaced an impassioned appeal in behalf of the Union cause with three blunt, startling sentences:

"The Peninsula campaign is a failure!" "The Union armies have not been victorious!" "They have been driven back to the gates of Washington, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary!"

These humiliating facts, uttered with great deliberation in the presence of an assemblage of more than 15,000 persons, made a profound impression and prepared the way, as no overwrought, optimistic statement could have done, for the thrilling appeals which followed. On this memorable occasion, addresses of rare eloquence, pathos and power were made by the venerable chairman, Judge William Wilkins, ex-Governor Johnson, Judge McCandless, Hon. Thomas M. Marshall, Hon. John R. Hampton, Dr. Samuel J. Wilson, Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, and other notable speakers and leaders of the people. The spirit of this meeting was as contagious as it was enthusiastic. Its appeals, sent out through its representatives, and the reports of the daily papers, made a like impression throughout the whole of

the western portion of the State. In every village and district and hamlet of this loyal and law-abiding section mass meetings, addressed by able and eloquent speakers, were held; pledges of loyalty were renewed; money was freely subscribed; recruiting offices were opened; and, with shrill of fife and roll of drum, the newly gathered bands of volunteers went about the streets.

About two weeks after Abraham Lincoln had issued his call for volunteers, Mr. John S. Gibbons, of New York City, wrote the words of the familiar song, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." The author of this stirring lyric, says his friend James H. Morse, "was a Hicksite Quaker with a reasonable leaning, however, toward wrath in cases of emergency." The words of the song were published in the *New York Evening Post* of July 16th, and the next evening were read by Josiah Quincy at a large meeting held in Boston, the authorship being attributed to the poet Bryant. It was set to music and sung by the Hutchinson family with telling effect. It fell in at once with the sentiment of the hour and perhaps did more in the way of securing recruits and of "bringing the uprising it declared" than all the fervid appeals that were uttered by orator or statesman. "From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore" thousands of marching battalions, and newly gathered companies of raw recruits took up the grand refrain, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." There were sore hearts at this time among the fathers and mothers, the sisters and sweethearts of the young men who were available for active service in all these places; but they could not say *nay* to the earnest pleadings of those who were burdened with the conviction that their time had come to join the ranks of the country's defenders.


There were but few of the rank and file who responded to the call to arms, at this time, who were carried away by the pomp and glamour of military life, or who anticipated a speedy ending to the struggle which had already proved so disastrous to our arms. With many a bright young man the act of enlistment meant the giving up of prospects which for

years had stimulated him to study and self-denial. It meant the relinquishment of the advantages and amenities of home and society; the surrender of personal liberty to the arbitrary rule or fickle caprice of some whipper-snapper of an officer, who might at any time be placed over him. It meant certain exposure to peril, hardship and suffering; and, perchance, to an early death in the hospital, prison pen or on the field of battle. Over against all these things, which were not lightly regarded, were the interests, for all time, of the imperilled country, the degradation and dismemberment of its flag, and the clear, unmistakable call to duty, heard in every drum beat, and voiced insistently in every form of public appeal and proclamation. Moved by such considerations it is not strange that love of country dominated every other influence and in the end prevailed.

"It is difficult at this time," says General Francis A. Walker, historian of the Second Corps, "it was difficult even in 1865, to go back to the sentiments and feelings which moved the citizen soldiery of 1861-1862, before custom had staled the ideas of patriotic sacrifice and martial glory; before long delays and frequent disappointments had robbed war of its romance; before the curse of conscription had come, to make the uniform a thing of doubtful honor, and to substitute the 'bounty jumper' for the generous volunteer; while yet all the soldiers in the field were those who sprang to arms in that great uprising of a free people."

With few exceptions the volunteer soldiery of Western Pennsylvania were remarkable for their intelligence and an exceptionally high standard of manhood and morality. They were the choicest representatives of the village and community; of the office and shop; of the school and farm; of the college and church.

The several companies which made up the complement of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment were recruited in four of the counties on the western border line of the State, viz.: Washington, Greene, Beaver and Mercer. The volunteers who flocked to their standards were, with few exceptions, from the rural districts; were in the same rank and



circumstances of life, and readily affiliated with each other in the new relationships and experiences incident to army life and discipline.

There were worthy representatives of the German and Irish settlements of this region in all of the companies, but for the most part the recruits which made up the rank and file of the Regiment were descendants of the sturdy, God-fearing, Scotch-Irish race. With few exceptions, also, they were boys in *years*, with all the exuberance and not a little of the indiscretion of youth; but deep down in heart and life there were veins of serious thought, and solid, unshaken convictions concerning truth and duty. And, when the hour of decision came, they went to the front with as sublime courage and as steadfast confidence in the orderings of God's providence as the Ironsides of Cromwell or the defenders of the Covenant in Scotland.


A characteristic incident illustrative of this type of our citizen soldiery, and also of many similar experiences in those never to be forgotten days of tense feeling and prompt decision, has been preserved among the records of the company recruited in Greene county—Company A—of the regimental organization. The manuscript from which we quote was written by Professor James C. Burns, of Macomb, Illinois, a younger brother of John A. Burns, one of the recruits, to a daughter of this comrade, after her father's death:

When the President's call was issued your father lacked one day of being nineteen years of age. At the time of the call he was a Freshman in Waynesburg College. Without consulting his father or mother he enlisted, packed his books and his clothing, and came home. How well I remember the day. I was a lad of eleven years. Father was plowing corn at the upper end of the farm and I was playing under a service tree. At ten o'clock the dinner horn blew. "Something is wrong at the house," said father; and, unhitching the horse, we went home. As we neared the house my mother, with restless step and tearful eye, came out to meet us. "John has enlisted," she said. Going into the house, we found him there with J. J. Purman, a fellow student, who had taught our district school the winter before. Securing

horses from my father, they rode over the township, soliciting and urging other young men to enlist. They secured a dozen or more. * * * One summer morning about the last of July, these recruits assembled at our house to leave for the front. Many friends came with them. The parting was a sad one. I can see them even now, and feel the same swelling in the throat that I felt that July morning as I saw these men clamber into the two-horse wagons, father driving one of them, to be driven to Waynesburg. Here they were joined by eighty or ninety more men from other parts of the county.

From fragments of realistic experiences such as these we get the inner history—the real history—of the war for the preservation of the Union. This student-lad of nineteen, who could not wait to come home before pledging his young life to the service of the imperilled country, became one of the most efficient officers in his company bringing the remnant of it home, after the war had ended, with the well deserved rank of Captain. Like many of his comrades in the Regiment, whose studies had been interrupted by the war, Captain Burns returned to college and after graduation in the usual course of theological study, entered the ministry. In this service, which became the joy of his life, he fought the good fight under direction of the great Captain of his salvation and, at length, in peace and confident assurance finished his earthly course and was summoned to his rest and reward. His college friend, Mr. Purman, with whom he sallied forth in the hunt for recruits on that memorable July day, was made First Lieutenant at the organization of the company, and, at Gettysburg, where he was twice wounded, lost a leg. For bravery and meritorious conduct in that battle he received a Congressional medal.

Washington County, which had at this time two notable colleges within its bounds, contributed five of the companies which made up the regimental organization. At the county seat, which was also the seat of Washington College, a fine company was recruited by David Acheson, a student of the College at the outbreaking of the war, and two friends—Isaac Vance and Charles Linton—who had been associated



with him during a three months' term of service in the Twelfth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

At the date of its organization, Acheson was elected Captain and his comrades were made its First and Second Lieutenants. It was not distinctively a college company, but the undergraduates and alumni of the College furnished a goodly number of its best members and most efficient officers. Captain Acheson was killed at the head of his company on the second day of July at Gettysburg. He was at this time the ranking captain of the Regiment. A man of fine physique and of rare nobility of character, he was greatly beloved by all who knew him. His First Lieutenant, Isaac Vance, lost his left hand in the same engagement.

Another company, known in the regimental organization as Company "G," was recruited at Canonsburg, the seat of Jefferson College, by Professor John Fraser. He was assisted in organizing the company by two alumni of the College, Wilson N. Paxton and William H. Bingham. Bingham was afterward promoted to the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General and for many years was member of Congress from the First District of Pennsylvania, and "father of the House."

As originally constituted all the commissioned officers of the company, with one exception, and a large proportion of the rank and file were then, or had been connected with this College. The farewell service on the morning of the departure of the company—who that was present can ever forget it—was held in the college chapel. When a little remnant of its survivors returned, nearly three years later, a royal welcome was accorded them in the same sacred place of assembly. Thus it will be seen that in the gathering of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment three colleges were represented. It should be noted also that the companies which were recruited outside these college towns had, together with a fair proportion of men of college training, an unusually large force of alert, intelligent and resourceful men who had been trained for business careers or in other schools of mental development and activity.

The following quotation from an address made by the

Hon. A. A. Purman at Waynesburg, Pa., October, 1887, on the occasion of the annual reunion of the Regiment, gives an inside view of the steps which were taken to affect the consolidation of these independent companies. For that reason, as well as for its kindly words of appreciation, it should have a place in this record:

The struggle to form the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment out of companies from Washington, Beaver and Greene Counties was spirited, requiring a hasty journey of Captain Fraser to Beaver to see Colonel Roberts, and telegraphic correspondence between Roberts and Governor Curtin, ending with the kind words of Governor Curtin and the answer that these companies should be formed into one regiment.

The effort to form these companies into one regiment was because of the homogeneity of the men composing the companies. They were all young men, either from the plow, or the mechanic's shop, the store counter or the college halls. * * * What a glorious Regiment it was! What noble men composed it, and how nobly the men who have survived the conflicts of battle and the struggles of the camp and the field have since borne themselves in all the walks of life.

The three companies from Beaver County, known afterwards as F, H and I, were mustered into the service of the United States August 21, 1862, on the public square in front of the Court House in the town of Beaver by Captain Thomas H. Norton, of the regular army. "Norton," says Major Henry, "had a fine presence and a rich melodious voice, and the oath was administered in a most impressive manner. This was on the ground where the soldier's monument now stands, and it has become historic."

The companies from Washington County were ordered to Camp Howe, near Pittsburgh, as soon as their organizations were completed. Here each man in turn was carefully examined—in *puris naturalibus*—by a surgeon of the army, and those who were regarded as physically unfit for the demands of the service were dropped from the rolls. The men who were accepted were then mustered as a body into the service. As each company stood at attention the oath was read

by an army officer, appointed for that purpose, and every man with uplifted hand swore allegiance and loyalty to the Government and the flag. From that moment the raw recruit became a soldier in the army of the United States, subject to the will of his superior officers and pledged to obey their commands in the battle line or at the cannon's mouth.

In keeping with this new relation he laid aside the garb of the citizen for the livery of the Nation's defenders. To facilitate this transfer of garments a tailor from the Quartermaster's Department measured each man of the company; and then, from the stock of ready made clothing on hand, selected such pieces as in his judgment appeared to be the nearest to his record of measurements. It goes without saying, that some of the recipients of these "ready makes" presented a very ludicrous appearance as the result of this apportionment. In some cases, exchanges were made to advantage with comrades and in others direct appeals to the Quartermaster, on orders from the company commanders, resulted in the issue of a larger supply from which to make selections. Those who could not be "suited" in either of these ways, were obliged to make alterations at their own expense; or to be content with a decision which virtually amounted to "Hobson's choice."

The outfit provided by the Government for the rank and file in those days consisted of a dark blue blouse, light blue trousers, a smart looking frock coat with brass buttons for dress parade and special occasions, a woolen or mixed wool and cotton shirt, a suit of underwear, a forage cap, stout broad-soled shoes and a blue overcoat with heavy cape. While in this camp the men of the "awkward squad" took their first lessons in wheeling and facing, saluting and marking time. Guard mounting, company drill and guard duty occupied the remaining part of the time which, weather permitting, was allotted to drill and discipline.

Our stay in this rendezvous camp was suddenly cut short by the arrival of marching orders. In pursuance of the instructions given we left Pittsburgh on the evening of September 4th and arrived at Camp Curtin in the forenoon of the next day. Here we received a supply of A tents and at once

entered upon the routine of camp life. On the Sabbath following, the company recruited by Professor Fraser, of Jefferson College, was invited to attend the morning service of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church. This invitation came through the pastor, the Rev. Dr. William C. Cattell, a warm, personal friend of Captain Fraser.

After much washing and scrubbing, we donned our dress uniforms and falling into line at the hour appointed, marched away to the church. We expected to be shown to reserved seats somewhere in the rear of the building, or perchance in the gallery, but to our great surprise, were marched to the front pews of the middle block. Opening the hymn book on the rack before him, the writer saw on its title page the name of its owner—Simon Cameron—who was then serving his country as the Secretary of War in the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln.

It is an interesting fact that one of the young soldiers of this company, John R. Paxton, an undergraduate of Jefferson College, became, within a little more than a decade following this service, the pastor of the Church which had so cordially invited us to this service. Little did the good doctor, who addressed us that morning, dream that one of the boys in blue before him, a private of the rank and file, should be his successor in that pulpit; should be famous all over the land for his brilliant gifts and unique modes of expression; and at length, should go to places of still higher position and influence at the capital of the Nation and in New York City, where presidents and congressmen, generals of the army, judges of the Supreme Court, and millionaires of note would be his hearers and supporters.

By the consolidation of the companies already mentioned, the regimental organization was consummated on the eighth day of September and received the official designation of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. Its companies, in conformity to army regulations, were then designated by letters. The position in the line as originally indicated was A, F, D, I, C, H, E, K, G, B. At



COLONEL RICHARD P. ROBERTS.

a later date this order was changed.* Companies A and B were from Greene and Mercer counties respectively; Companies C, D, E, G, and K, from Washington County and F, H and I from Beaver.

The field officers chosen at the date of the regimental organization were Richard P. Roberts, of Beaver County, Colonel; Captain John Fraser, of Washington County, Lieutenant-Colonel; Captain Thomas B. Rodgers, of Mercer County, Major.

The staff appointments were: First Sergeant, William S. Shallenberger, of Company F, Adjutant; Dr. John Wishart, Surgeon; Drs. W. W. Sharpe and Benj. F. Barrah, Assistant Surgeons; Rev. Marcus Ormond, Captain of Company H, Chaplain; and Samuel B. Bently, Quartermaster.

The line officers at date of organization were as follows:

Company A—Captain, John F. McCullough; First Lieutenant, James J. Purman; Second Lieutenant, David Taylor.

Company B—Captain, J. T. Giebner; First Lieutenant, Abram C. Grove; Second Lieutenant, George Tanner.

Company C—Captain, David Acheson; First Lieutenant, Isaac N. Vance; Second Lieutenant, Charles L. Linton.

Company D—Captain, Silas Parker; First Lieutenant, James Mamon; Second Lieutenant, Matthias Minton.

Company E—Captain, Aaron Gregg; First Lieutenant, Thomas A. Stone; Second Lieutenant, Irwin F. Sansom.

Company F—Captain, Thomas Henry; First Lieutenant, John B. Stokes; Second Lieutenant, Alex. H. Calvert.

Company G—Captain, H. H. Bingham; First Lieutenant, Wilson N. Paxton; Second Lieutenant, Joseph W. McEwen.

Company H—Captain, Samuel Campbell; First Lieutenant, Austin Miller; Second Lieutenant, John B. Vance.

Company I—Captain, James Darrah; First Lieutenant, Wm. McCallister; Second Lieutenant, George A. Shallenberger.

Company K—Captain, W. A. F. Stockton; First Lieu-

*For date and order of change see page 68.

tenant, Alex. Sweeney; Second Lieutenant, Wm. B. Cook.

On the ninth of September, the day following the organization of the Regiment, marching orders were received and instant preparations were made, as we supposed, for a move to the front. Knapsacks, haversacks, muskets and cartridge boxes were furnished promptly to each company. Forty rounds of cartridge per man were also issued, and, with no little excitement and wonderment as to what the future had in store for us, we took our first lessons in "packing up." To our great disappointment, we were furnished with antiquated "Vincennes" muskets, heavy and cumbrous to handle, with sabre bayonets, which hung in broad scabbards by our sides. We were assured that some day these awkward weapons would be exchanged for brand new Springfield rifles, but this assurance was not made good until some four months later.

On the evening of the 9th, we left Camp Curtin in company with the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, and marched to the station of the Northern Central Railway. The One Hundred and Forty-eighth, which was thus thrown into close relations with our Regiment for the first time, was ever afterward,—until the war closed,—within hailing distance of it in camp, on the march, and on the battlefield. It was in touch with the One Hundred and Fortieth for three months of service on the line of the Northern Central Railway; it marched with it in the beginning of the winter to the Rappahannock from Washington City; and during its entire service with the Army of the Potomac, was in the same division of the Second Corps. Its young and sprightly Commander, James A. Beaver, was a personal friend of Lieutenant-Colonel John Fraser who had been the favorite professor of his college days, and there were many among the rank and file of each regiment who had much in common and readily affiliated together. The One Hundred and Forty-eighth ranked as one of the best drilled regiments in the volunteer service, and had a splendid record for service at the front in the famous Division to which it belonged.

The train which had been engaged for our transportation was not at the railway station when we arrived, and no one

seemed to know when it might be expected. After waiting for two or three hours by the side of the road, we unrolled our blankets and disposed ourselves as best we could on the ground for rest and sleep. About four o'clock in the morning the belated train appeared. We boarded it at once without any knowledge of our destination except the apparent fact that we were heading towards Baltimore. In the afternoon, about two o'clock, the train came to a stop at Parkton Station in Maryland, where to our great surprise, we were ordered to leave it and fall into line by the roadside. After a short period of rest in a dusty field, we were marched to a position on higher ground. Here we pitched our tents and for a period of about three months guarded a section of the railroad which had been assigned to us. This was not the kind of service we had expected, but we were all glad to get away from barracks and rendezvous camps, and out into the open, where we could take our part with those already in the field and realize that we were closely associated with them in the desperate contest for the saving of the Nation. Aside from guard duty, our time was fully occupied while at Parkton in company and battalion drills and the ordinary routine of camp life.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP SEWARD—PARKTON, MARYLAND.

'Tis the cause makes all
 Degrades or hallows
 Valor in its fall.—BYRON.

THE immediate occasion of our hurried departure from Camp Curtin was the invasion of Maryland by the Confederate Army. On the 5th of September, the day of arrival at Harrisburg, General Lee crossed the Potomac and pushed rapidly northward in the direction of Frederick. When midway across the river, as the story goes, he paused, took off his hat, and rising in his saddle, pointed toward the Maryland shore. Catching his meaning—or was it arranged beforehand?—the bands of the regiments following him struck up the tune of “Maryland, my Maryland.”

At once the men within sight and hearing took up the strain and joined heartily in singing the verses of the song which from the early days of the Confederacy had been associated with it.* It was the general impression of the people of the South that the inhabitants of this border State were in full sympathy with the Confederate cause and were only waiting the opportunity to co-operate with them, as they advanced in destroying railroads and bridges, and in rallying to their side to repel, as they were wont to put it, the “northern invader from their shores.” This proved to be a fallacious hope so far as the masses of the people were concerned, but

*Some of the stanzas of this song in the original are more forcible than elegant, as, for example, the couplet:


“She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb:
 Huzza! She *spurns* the *Northern scum*.”

there were enough of these sympathizers to act as spies within our lines and to threaten the security of the bridges and other vulnerable points on the line of the railroads, upon which the Union forces were relying for re-inforcements and supplies. Anticipating the evident plan of the enemy to destroy communications on the Baltimore and Ohio and the Northern Central roads, the authorities at Washington at once took steps to defend them. The task assigned to our Regiment, in connection with the One Hundred and Forty-eighth, was to guard a portion of the last named road extending from Parkton to Lutherville, a distance of about twenty miles. While on this duty, the Regiment was under the command of Major General Wool, of the eighth army corps, whose headquarters was at Baltimore. At Parkton, the headquarters of the Regiment, four companies, B, F, G, and I, went into camp as a reserve force, while the rest were distributed along the road. At times these companies were called to Parkton for drill or inspection and so long as the weather was favorable the time, not spent upon guard duty, was fully occupied with squad, company and battalion drill. In general, the detail for guard duty came to each man, in turn, every fifth day. From this service, unless excused by the surgeon, there was no escape. During the twenty-four hours of its continuance, each man had the round of two hours on his beat and four hours off. At any time during this period, he was liable to be called out on the line and was expected to keep his accoutrements on his person in order that he might be ready for instant duty. Every survivor of the Regiment,—who was fit for duty—can recall some dismal nights and dreary days when the rains descended and the floods came and the cold winds blew unmercifully upon him, as he paced his lonely beat, marking off the long hours of his appointed watch. At such times, when it was not possible, and would not have been permissible, to have exchanged one's water-soaked attire for warm, dry clothing, not even in the interval of the "four hours off," what wonder if the shivering soldier of the line would be tempted to join in the old-time wail of the Irish recruit: "Oh-o-ne! Oh-o-ne! why did I come for a soger!" There were some who took

such hardships seriously to heart, and actually died of despondency and home sickness. But with others, and these were by far the larger number, they were lightly regarded and quickly forgotten, when the days of sunshine and happier surroundings returned.

One day, during the early part of our stay in Camp Seward, the Colonel received an intimation that a Confederate scouting party, some eight miles away, was heading toward our camp and would probably attempt to surprise its defenders during the night. To guard against this danger, sixty men from each company of the battalion were detailed for a reconnaissance, and were deployed at intervals by the roadside, a mile or more outside the camp.

Soon after nightfall the command was given to load our muskets and keep quiet. There was something weird and uncanny in the hour and the place, as well as in these mysterious preparations, and with tense nerves and bated breath, we awaited the approach of our expected foes. Suddenly, there came to our attent ears the sharp report of a musket, and in an instant every man was in his place and ready to repel an attack. It proved to be a false alarm, however, occasioned by the indiscretion of a nervous sentinel, who thought he had discerned a lurking enemy amid the dark shadows of the wood beyond him. After a wait of an hour or more, most of the men fell into fitful slumbers, trusting to their comrades on the outposts to give warning of coming danger. We remained in our several positions in the woods all night, but the enemy for reasons best known to themselves, did not disturb us. We captured one solitary horseman returning from a store and detained him until morning. He was the only prisoner who fell into our net and was able to give so good an account of his movements, that he was allowed to go to his home in peace. There were some suspicious characters who were found prowling about the camp, at times, during the Confederate invasion, who could not give satisfactory evidence of their presence or intentions to the officers of the post and were sent for further examination, or for safe-keeping, to Fort McHenry.



Access to the camp was allowed, for awhile, to the venders of pies, doughnuts and cakes of very questionable character and of various degrees of indigestibility, but when some persons, who were supposed to be spies, found entrance under that guise, this inside traffic was summarily prohibited. This proved to be a wise precautionary measure in the interests of the health of the men as well as for the safety of the Post.

The "goodies" in general, which men weary of hard tack, beans and butterless bread eagerly bought of these neighborhood venders, were aptly described—as the boys interpreted it—by one old woman, not overtidy in appearance, who was wont to call out as she went up and down the company streets: "Here's yer cakes and pies en (pizen) things."

One night, in the month of September, the occupants of a tent—six in number—were rudely awakened by the collapse of their canvas house, which, as it fell, enmeshed them in its dripping folds. As one by one they struggled out of the mass of prostrate canvas, blankets, overcoats, muskets and equipments, a cold, drenching rain poured down upon their unsheltered heads and scantily clothed bodies. To right and repitch the tent under such circumstances was not an easy matter, and, after it was accomplished, its occupants were, perforce of circumstances, obliged to sleep the rest of the night under wet blankets and in wet clothing. It relieved the situation somewhat, in so far as the feelings of these wrecked tent-mates were concerned, to know that many of their associates were involved in the same calamity. In that dark night of surprise and consternation there were only six tents out of sixteen in the company street which weathered the gale and stood erect. On every hand was heard the shouts and calls of men, who, like the occupants of their own mess, were crawling out from heavy folds of canvas into the driving rain. Some were scolding and fretting, some indulging in the "speech of Ashdod," while others bewildered, or about half asleep, were sitting still and helpless in the driving rain. The ludicrous side of the situation soon appealed to everyone and under the healthful stimulus of this reaction, the damage to the tents was soon repaired. The day following this un-

toward experience, we received some practical lessons with respect to the manner of pitching tents and driving pegs so as to resist the strain of the contracting canvas when thoroughly soaked by heavy or continuous rains.

Our camp, being in an exposed location on a little swell of ground at the edge of a broad valley, was favorably situated for the warm weather period of our stay, but when the cold blasts of November and December overswept it, we frequently had occasion to wish for housing of a more substantial kind than the canvas walls and flapping folds of our regulation tents.

One morning, about the first of November, we awoke to find a furious snowstorm raging about us. A cold northeast wind had drifted the snow against the sides of our tents and sifted it inside whenever an opening could be found. As the day wore on the wind increased in velocity and the snow continued to fall in great feathery flakes covering the ground outside to the depth of several inches. This was our first experience of wintry storms in tent life and, because of our lack of foresight in preparing for it, was a decidedly uncomfortable one.

Inside the canvas walls, which were dripping with moisture, there was not enough of dry space to accommodate all of the ordinary occupants and to those who ventured outside there was no shelter for their heads and no place to which they could go, except to the camp fire in the company street. Here there seemed to be enough smoke at all times to go around, but it was a difficult matter to get near enough to the fire to realize any compensating benefit for the outside exposure to storm and snow which had to be endured, in order to enjoy it.

Acting on a hint which came from Headquarters the afternoon of that dismal and long to be remembered day was spent in collecting stones from the bed of the stream below the camp with which to build rude fireplaces, topped out with sticks and mud, inside the tents. Some of them smoked the occupants out and had to be built over again, but in general they did good service and made our canvas houses much

more comfortable during the remaining days of our stay. Most of the companies along the line of the road had the use of barracks and were not so much exposed to the rigors of these fitful and exceptionally severe climatic changes.

Because of these changes, and for other reasons, not so apparent, there were many cases of serious illness in the several companies of the Regiment. The prevalent types of the most dangerous diseases were malarial and typhoid fevers. From the first of October until the middle of November the hospital tent was overcrowded, and ten deaths were reported up to the date of our transfer from Maryland to Virginia.

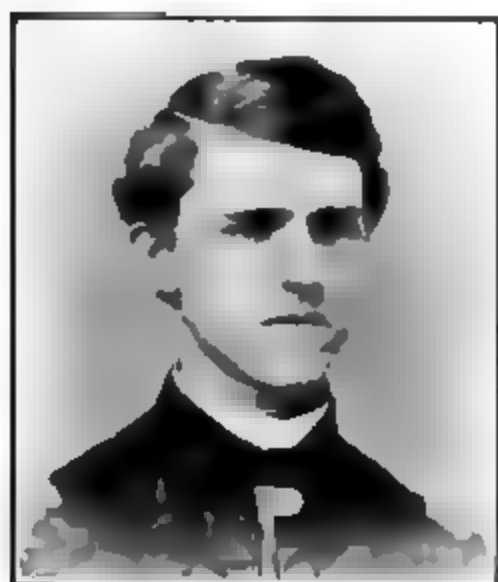
In the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment there was, as already intimated, a large proportion of professing Christians who were as loyal to the Master, whose name they bore, as to the country and the flag they had sworn to defend. In this Maryland camp, and, where the conditions were favorable, in other camps, a brief public service of prayer was held morning by morning in the company streets. This service, led by an officer or someone selected from the ranks, was held while the men were in line, immediately after the roll call. The long line of bowed, uncovered heads in the grey of the morning, as someone voiced the petitions of the company, was a most impressive sight, suggestive in many cases of home memories. and prophetic, also, of a better day when each man, who might be spared to see it, should be free to worship God once more at the home altar, with none to molest or make him afraid.

Following this service, the men usually sprinted in a body to the stream several rods below the camp for their morning ablutions. Later in the season it was necessary to break holes in the ice in order to avail themselves of this privilege.

While at Parkton, a committee of officials, appointed by Governor Curtin, presented the State colors,—a beautiful silk flag—to the Regiment. This stand of colors was borne alongside the National flag from that date, and it is now in the Museum of the new Capitol of the State, with scarcely enough of its original fabric remaining to make its identity certain.

About the first of December a lot of lumber was delivered at the railroad station, and a few days later a band of

carpenters brought it over to the camp and commenced the construction of company barracks. We naturally inferred that this meant the continuance of our stay in winter quarters, but in military affairs it is usually the unexpected that happens. While the hammers were vigorously pounding away on the new structure, an order was on its way from Headquarters in Baltimore, to report at once to Brigadier-General Casey in the Department of the District of Columbia. The "boys" were delighted to hear the news of this forward movement and with hearty enthusiasm began to pack up and prepare for it. For lack of transportation we did not get away until the evening of the 10th of December, almost three full days after the order was received. Had we gone at the date indicated, we should have reached the Army of the Potomac in time to take part in the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg. Through no fault of our officers we were hindered from going at that time, and, looking back from the standpoint of to-day, we are content that it was otherwise ordered by the Disposer and Overruler of human events.



BREV. BRIG. GEN JOHN FRASER. LT.-COL. THOS. B. RODGERS.
WM. S. SHALLENBERGER, Adjutant. J. L. MILLIGAN, Chaplain.
DR. J. WILSON WISHART, Surgeon. BREVET BRIG. GEN H. H. BINCHAM



CHAPTER III.

SOUTHWARD FROM MARYLAND TO DIXIELAND.

On! brothers on! for the Flag that is peerless!
Striped from the rainbow and starred from the sky;
On with a sturdy step! dauntless and fearless!
On to unfurl it in triumph or die.

THE Northern Central Railroad, which we had guarded with ceaseless vigilance, by day and night, for three months, furnished the Regiment with transportation to its terminus in Baltimore in rough freight cars of various types and patterns. We were favored in having a clear track, however, and the journey, which covered a stretch of twenty-nine miles, was shorter than we had anticipated. At the station we joined forces with the One Hundred and Forty-eighth and marched through the city, with bands playing and flags flying, to the station on the Washington side, a distance of nearly two miles.

All along the line of this march, although at a late hour of the night, we were welcomed by crowds of enthusiastic residents who waved flags from windows, doors and balconies, or came out to the very curb of the pavements to wave handkerchiefs and call out "God Bless you boys," "The Union forever!" We entered this fair city with forty rounds of cartridges apiece, not knowing what might befall us there, but this enthusiastic welcome took us by surprise, and in response we made the long avenue on which we were marching ring with cheers and the soul stirring strains of our National anthems. At the end of this march we were directed to the Union Association Hall, where we sat down to a home-like table covered with clean, white linen and enjoyed an excellent midnight supper, which had been provided for us. We were comfortably quartered in the same building for the night and

until the evening of the next day. This generous entertainment was given at the expense of the city. Up to this date her loyal citizens had fed and cared for more than fifty thousand troops, who, like ourselves, were on their way to the front.

During the daylight period of our stay in Baltimore, the opportunity was given to those who were not on duty to see the public buildings, the notable monuments, the bay, the shipping, and at all these places every courtesy and kindness was shown them. In the evening the Regiment was entrained once more as *live freight*, for the long night run to Washington. The box cars into which we were crowded, were provided with rough planks for seats, and the only heating arrangement within our cramped enclosures was the aggregate of the blood heat of our bodies. This proved to be insufficient in its counteracting influence to offset the wintry temperature outside, and we suffered not a little from chilled hands and feet as the long night wore away. In the floor of the car which was occupied by Company G there were two large circular plates of iron, which suggested to someone the possibility of using them as makeshift fireplaces. Acting on his own conception of the fitness of things, the author of this brilliant idea deliberately cut a little heap of shavings and slivers from the inside lining of the car and placing them on the iron plate beside him, called for a match. This was furnished by a comrade beside him and soon the little pile was blazing merrily. A careful watch was necessary to keep the fire from spreading to the woodwork around the plate by those who were fortunate enough to enjoy the benefit of this novel, but somewhat hazardous, method of toasting their chilled hands and feet. After feeding the flames for a while with such material as could be easily secured, there remained a little bed of glowing coals, which for a few moments, did good service. To guard against the outbreaking of the fire to the woodwork by a sudden lurch of the cars or by reason of the rapid progress of the train, a squad of volunteer firemen were at hand with a good water supply in canteens.

When the train came to a dead stop on a siding a few

hours later, someone ran out to a hay stack near by, and set it on fire. There were but few, perhaps, of the shivering occupants of the cars on the long train at rest, who approved of this act, but no one hesitated to join the rapidly growing crowd of unfortunates who danced around it and warmed their chilled limbs by the roaring flames. In view of the extenuating circumstances it is fair to presume that "Uncle Sam," upon application of the owner, good-naturedly paid the bill.

After a wearisome, sleepless journey of ten hours, a considerable part of which was spent upon sidings, we reached the outskirts of the city. Here we were quartered, awaiting further orders, until the afternoon of the next day. Washington at that time was a great military camp and distributing station for troops and army supplies. The streets were cut into holes and deep ruts by the almost continuous passage of army wagons and artillery trains, and all the elevated sites in and around it were strongly entrenched. Army officers of all grades were prominent in public places and on the streets, and everywhere the rumble of wheels, the click of horses' hoofs and the clang of trailing sabres were heard. Around the Capitol and especially in the vicinity of its unfinished wings, there were acres of ground covered with rough-unhewn or partly dressed stones. The Washington Monument was an unsightly pile which had been halted in mid air to await the coming of a better day, but the work of reconstruction and addition, which had been undertaken before the war, in connection with the great building which represented the hope as well as the power and dignity of the Nation, went steadily on through all its vicissitudes and reverses. With pride and admiration, we looked upon the swelling dome which crowned the great building, even then of magnificent dimensions; but the bronze statue of Liberty, which now towers high above it, was not swung into its place until a few months before the close of the war. Was it not a wise ordering of the Great Ruler of the nations that the place provided for it should remain vacant until the integrity of the Union should be assured; until the Nation welded together by indissoluble

bonds in the furnace blast of war should receive its "new birth of freedom," and so make good the old-time jubilee proclamation of liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the thirteenth of December, the Regiment left Washington City under orders to march to Liverpool Point, about sixty miles distant.

We crossed the east branch, or estuary of the Potomac, and bivouacked for the night in a muddy field thickly studded with stubs of cornstalks. In obedience to orders we had turned in our large mess tents to the Quartermaster's Department and had not received the shelter tents, which were to take their places, when we left Washington City. With a view to making the best of the situation, we made a framework of fence rails, which fortunately were close at hand, to keep us out of the mud. Spreading our blankets upon them, we slept soundly under the stars, within sight of the Dome of the Capitol. The next day the shelter tents were distributed and from this time until the close of the war, they were the only covering provided for the troops, who were in active service. This tent consisted of four sections. Each section had button holes on one side and buttons on the other and every man of the mess was expected to carry one, which he could utilise in the construction of the tent or as a cover for his couch. When in camp two of the side pieces were buttoned together, stretched taut over a slender ridge pole and made fast on the ground. The third piece formed the back of the tent, and a fourth was sometimes utilized as a screen or veil before the door. When on the march two muskets, with bayonets placed in the ground, one at either end, frequently served as a substitute for a ridge pole. When pitched this canvas hut had a maximum height of less than three feet. It would keep its occupants dry in a heavy shower of rain, except when someone touched the muslin roof. This overt act, whether by accident or design, brought the water down in a continuous stream. On this march our personal equipments, including overcoat, blanket, knapsack, haversack, with three days' rations, shelter tent section, cartridge box, with

forty rounds of ammunition,—heavy Belgian muskets, with sabre bayonets and accoutrements,—averaged sixty-five or seventy pounds per man. Two of the nights which we spent while on this march were bitterly cold. The chill wind which blew up the river came into our tents at every unguarded opening and the water in the canteens was frozen solidly. Sometimes when it was too cold to sleep, one or more of the occupants of the little tents would crawl out and sit for awhile around the camp fire of the company. But the fires usually burned provokingly low during the night watches and when fresh fuel was added, the smoke became so intolerable, at times, that it became necessary to retreat beyond the zone of possible heat, or disgustedly to crawl back to the shelter of the tent. At Liverpool Point where we rested for a few hours, a Government transport carried the Regiment down the River and across its broad bosom,—about four miles wide—to the mouth of Acquia Creek on the Virginia side. Here we heard for the first time of the repulse and crushing defeat of Burnside's army at Fredericksburg. We had hoped to hear of a great victory which would turn the tide in favor of the Union, but instead, we were coming to an army which, while noted for its splendid heroism in reverses, as well as in battle, was nevertheless defeated, baffled, discouraged and dispirited. The railroad which was in working order from Acquia Creek to Falmouth, was crowded with trains filled with wounded men, who were being transferred from the field hospitals to Baltimore and Washington City.

After a brief rest at Acquia Creek,—our first bivouac on Virginia soil,—we marched over a muddy, deeply gashed road, to Falmouth, a distance of sixteen miles, where a site for a permanent camp had been selected within sight and almost directly opposite the city of Fredericksburg. This selection was made for the reason that an order had been already issued assigning the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment to the First Division of General Couch's Corps, then commanded by General Winfield Scott Hancock, whose fearless conduct in battle and superb bearing in the presence of his troops had already made him one of the most notable and con-

spicuous leaders of the Potomac Army. In this Division, which was the largest in the Army, there were four Brigades. Our Regiment was assigned to the Third and the One Hundred and Forty-eighth to the First. Our position, including all the relationships with which we were concerned, was in the Third Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps, Right Grand Division, Army of the Potomac. The Brigade was commanded by General S. K. Zook, and the Right Grand Division by Major General Edwin V. Sumner. Referring to the arrival of reinforcements to the ranks of the First Division, General Francis A. Walker, the historian of the Second Corps, says: "Three days after the First Division returned to camp, it, as the most depleted division, received a reinforcement in the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, Colonel James A. Beaver, a regiment which was thereafter, through all the terrible struggles to the glorious end, to be associated with the Second Corps, and never to be named without honor. Two days later, viz., on the 20th of December, came another fine regiment from Western Pennsylvania, the One Hundred and Fortieth, Colonel Richard P. Roberts, which was assigned to Zook's Brigade." To it was given the distinction of serving also, but with a heavier loss, in the same notable Division until the close of the war.

As we marched to our place of encampment through the open ranks of a host of spectators from the Irish Brigade and other neighboring commands, with our comparatively new uniforms and equipments and full companies, we were chaffed not a little on the newness of our appearance and the fullness of our ranks. One called out, "Whose brigade is this?" "Aw," chimed in another, who had caught sight of our heavy muskets, "them's the walking artillery." "Luk at them twelve pounders." Farther on we hear the greeting, "Glad to see you bys, but ye ought to have been here three or four days ago. Niver mind bys, ye'll catch it yet," and the like. The men who were thus disposed to criticise our freshness and lack of military experience, were the veterans of the Potomac Army who had just returned from the bloody field of Fredericksburg, and it was pathetic to see the little groups which



MAJOR-GEN. A. BURNSIDE, Commander Army of Potomac
MAJOR-GEN. E. V. SUMNER, Commander Right General Division Army of Potomac.
MAJOR-GEN. DARIUS COUCH, Commander Second Army Corps. COLONEL RICHARD P. ROBERTS.
MAJOR-GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, Commander First Division Second Corps.
BRIG.-GEN. S. K. ZOOK, Commander Third Brigade, First Division.

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remained in their company streets, or rallied around their colors, where once had been full companies and regiments like our own. From official sources, as well as from the men themselves, we learned that Hancock's Division had been in the very thick of the fight over the River and that every regiment belonging to it had suffered phenomenally heavy losses in the vain attempts which had been made again and again to take the impregnable defences on Marye's Heights.

CHAPTER IV.

WINTER QUARTERS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the Nation.—WHITTIER.

THE location selected for our camp was an open space at the edge of a strip of woodland, which up to this time had escaped the hand of the spoiler. It was directly behind the town of Falmouth and over it could be seen the spires and fortified heights of the City of Fredericksburg. A ground plan of the regimental camp was prepared, before any of the winter huts were erected, on which were laid out with mathematical skill the company streets and lots, and even the exact position of each mess of the several companies. Going into the strip of timber-land beside us with axes furnished by the Quartermaster's Department, we felled trees, mostly of pine, right and left, shaped them into logs of suitable length, and with these constructed the framework of our winter huts. As only four or five days remained before Christmas, we worked like beavers to complete our quarters in time for its celebration. The enclosure of logs which was usually about four or five feet high was plastered inside with Virginia mud or clay. An opening large enough for a fireplace was cut on the back side, and outside this opening a semicircular back wall was made by driving stout stakes closely together. Inside this, about eight inches or more, a corresponding wall of lighter stakes was constructed after the same fashion. The spaces between these curved lines of staves was then filled with a mixture of clay.

The portion of the chimney above this rudely constructed fireplace was made of split sticks, built up like the corncob

houses of our childhood days, and thickly plastered with mud within and without. The inner row of stakes which gave direction to the curve of the fireplace burned out gradually, as they became dry, but by that time the mass of mud which they supported, had become sufficiently hardened to make a safe and substantial back wall. A drop curtain made of a section of a shelter tent screened the entrance to the hut and to a limited extent protected its inmates from the cold blasts which swept through the company streets.

The roof was made of joined sections of shelter tents. A ridge pole, supported on notched boards nailed as uprights to the logs, gave the desired pitch and the muslin cover, which was stretched over it, was nailed fast to the upper tier of logs on either side. For a few days following our arrival, a supply of cod fish was issued to the troops. This ration was not popular as an article of diet with the men from the interior, and frequently the larger ones, spread out to their utmost limit, were utilized as windbreaks on the tops of the chimneys. Six occupants, designated as bunkmates, were allotted, at the outset, to each hut. At night they were stowed away on an upper and lower berth made of a log frame and slatted with long flexible poles placed closely together, lengthwise. The mattress, which was regarded as an essential feature of this spring bed, for reasons that are evident, was usually made of muslin or gunnysack filled with hay, dried grass, leaves or straw. The lower berth was made a foot or more wider than the upper one and in the daytime was used as a divan or sofa. There was enough space between the berths and the fireplace to admit of seats, including the projection of the lower berth, for all the occupants. This space was designated as the kitchen, and the cook for the week had the post of honor in the chimney corner.

In less than a fortnight, the Regiment cleared five acres of ground for building and firewood. While in the midst of this work, an order came from General Burnside to pack our belongings, prepare three days' rations and be ready to move at short notice.

This arrested all our activities and for three days we

awaited orders to break camp. At the end of this period, the original order was countermanded, and we resumed the work, which had been so summarily suspended, on our winter quarters.

It was evident, however, from several disquieting indications, that another movement was contemplated against the enemy before settling down to the quiet and security of a winter encampment.

The first of January was one of the coldest days of the season, and the men who were on picket or detailed for other work outside the camp suffered severely. The days following, until a day or two beyond the middle of the month, were for the most part clear and cold. The ground was frozen so firm and hard that it was comparatively easy to maneuver with troops or artillery, and within this time, there was a succession of daily drills, reviews and inspections of the Brigade, the Division and the Corps.

The most notable of these parades was the review of the Second Army Corps, which took place on the seventeenth of the month. The day was clear and frosty and the sun shining upon the glittering lines of polished muskets and the swiftly moving columns of the several brigades and divisions made the display a memorable one, even to those who had long been accustomed to such exhibitions of the pomp and circumstance of war. Generals Burnside, Sedgewick,—temporarily in command of the Corps in the absence of General Couch—Sumner, Hancock and other noted leaders of high rank were present and participated in this grand review. On its rolls the Corps had a numerical force of about 35,000 men, but the battle of Frederickburg, sickness, from exposure, and other causes had greatly reduced this number. To those of us who had not been accustomed to see such large bodies of men it seemed like a very great army, despite the record of its losses, and present day absentees. As the commanding officers rode down the lines General Sedgewick remarked to Burnside when directly opposite our front: "General, this is a very fine looking regiment." "Yes," replied Burnside, "Very fine, Sir. Everything about them looks complete." We were raw enough—"green

enough," as some one in the Irish Brigade expressed it,—to cheer the brave old commander, for brave he was in his misfortunes, as well as in his conduct before the face of the enemy. The most beautiful sight of the day to many of us was the review of the artillery connected with the Corps. There were about forty-five guns in this parade and the marching and countermarching of the several batteries was a marvel of precision and soldierly discipline.

Immediately following this review orders were issued to the men of the several divisions to hold themselves in readiness for an advance movement. This was followed on the 20th of January by a general order announcing that the time had arrived when the commander purposed again to lead the Army of the Potomac against the enemy and asked the co-operation of every officer and soldier in the army to the intent that this undertaking might issue in driving him from his defences.

There was a brave ring in the wording of this order but to many, apart from the fickle behavior of the weather at this season, the conditions for such an advance were not favorable. The depression which followed the disastrous attempt to carry Marye's Heights by storm was still felt and many of the men who had attempted to do that apparently impossible thing were sore at heart. They were willing to follow the commander who had been appointed over them, since it must be so, but they felt that in the former campaign they did not have a fair chance and were not enthusiastic over his leadership. As a man General Burnside was highly esteemed by all who knew him and as a Corps commander he had been notably successful, but his failure at Fredericksburg, the whole blame for which he generously took upon himself, had discouraged and well nigh demoralized the entire army. Smarting under the criticisms which were made by high officials of the government as well as in the columns of the public press, he resolved to make another attempt to engage the enemy before going into permanent quarters for the winter.

On the 18th of January, two days before the beginning of this movement, the Regiment received a supply of new


Springfield rifles in exchange for the old Vincennes muskets. There was great joy among the men when this exchange was made, for the "shoulder cannon," as they were termed, had become a reproach as well as a burden.

With this new, light and effective weapon in our hands we felt that we could take our rightful place by the side of the old campaigners and manfully do our part.

When the movement which General Burnside had carefully planned began the weather was all that could be desired. The sky was clear, the air crisp and frosty, and the roads were hard frozen and solid. On the left of the line the Grand Division under command of General Franklin took the initiative; for it was a movement from left to right up the river. For two days the troops of this Division could be seen as they filed past on some of the hill tops in the rear of our camp. They were followed by Hooker's Grand Division in the centre. With blankets rolled up and three days' rations in our haversacks we awaited the order to break camp.

This order was not given to Sumner's Grand Division for the reason that his camps were in full view of the enemy and also, as we learned afterwards, because it was General Burnside's intention to follow up the turning movement by a direct attack, under the lead of General Sumner, on the defences of the City of Fredericksburg.

During the night which followed the movement of General Franklin there was a storm of wind and pelting rain, which continued with slight intermission or abatement for two days and nights thereafter. The poor fellows who moved on Tuesday—the first day of the march—were drenched with rain and chilled with the wind,—which blew a gale all night long—as they cowered under the trunks of nearby trees or sat disconsolately around huge bonfires of pine logs, which with no little exertion and difficulty were kept burning. On Wednesday the movement was continued, and by that time the whole of Burnside's army, except our Grand Division, with its artillery and equipment, was out and exposed to the pitiless storm. The incessant rain had not only swamped the surface of the ground in many places but had brought on the



"January thaw." The roads and fields were well nigh impassable, even for infantry, and the men who were struggling on to reach the points they were expected to occupy that night, waded at times through mud and slush almost to their knees. The heavy wagons which carried the pontoons were mired all along the way and there were not enough horses or mules in the army to pull them out. In some places batteries were held fast in the mud up to the cannon's mouth. In one case the attempt was made, without success, to pull out one piece of artillery near our camp with thirty horses. It is scarcely possible for one who was not a spectator of such sights to conceive of the condition of a break-up on Virginia soil after an immense army, regardless of roads, had passed over it. The artillery alone which filed past our camp moved in an almost continuous procession for over twenty-four hours. Further advance under such conditions was impossible and on Thursday the wearied, mud-covered and discouraged troops were ordered to return to their camps. This movement had gone down into history as Burnside's "Mud Campaign." He was not to blame for the weather conditions which no one could foresee, and yet he took a great risk, pre-doomed, as some regarded it, to failure in making such a venture with a great army in one of the most uncertain months of the winter season in the latitude of Virginia. This disastrous attempt silenced the clamor of the critics in the North who had been urging a forward movement of the Army of the Potomac, regardless of time or season, and, for the first time since the Fredericksburg disaster, the men were encouraged to settle down and make themselves comfortable in winter quarters. As soon as the troops of the several commands had returned to their camps, General Burnside tendered his resignation. It was accepted and General Hooker was appointed by the President in his place. Coming to this responsible position at a time of great discouragement with a brilliant record based on his fighting qualities, the new commander at once secured the esteem and confidence of his men by his liberality in granting furloughs and his unremitting attention to their present every-day needs. Ovens were built at convenient locations

within the lines for the baking of soft bread and orders were issued at once for a generous supply of potatoes, carrots, onions and other kinds of nourishing foods and vegetables. The first instalment of these luxuries was hailed with delight. For nearly two months we had subsisted upon salt bacon, hard tack and beans and it was good to see a bountiful supply of bread, vegetables and fresh meat once more. It was not so strange therefore that the recipients of these luxuries began to look on the brighter side of the situation, or that with one accord they were disposed to bless "Fighting Joe" in their hearts. At a later date boxes from relatives and friends supplemented the "extra rations" of General Hooker; and there were few messes that did not share in a portion of the good things that were enjoyed by the folks at home. In one week near the close of the month of February, 15,000 boxes arrived from the North and were stacked up in huge piles at the railroad station.

During this period of suspended hostilities there were several visitors from the sections in Western Pennsylvania, which had representatives in the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, who were always cordially welcomed and in so far as our limited means and space permitted, were hospitably entertained. Among those who came from Washington County were two highly esteemed citizens from the neighborhood of Canonsburg, the Rev. James Sloan, D.D., and Dr. Emery—a doctor of medicine,—each of whom had a son in Mess No. 9 of Company G. Both were heavy weight men physically, as well as mentally, and on their road from the station to the camp had great difficulty in making their way through the swampy ground intervening. Dr. Sloan, the heavier man of the two, was extricated from a slough of the treacherous Virginia mud, when almost exhausted, by a passing soldier who kindly came to his aid. There were others nearby not so considerate, who could not resist the temptation to call out to their fellows: "Come boys and see the big citizen stuck fast in the mud!" "Oh my!" "Why don't the Army of the Potomac move." At the door of the hut to which these unexpected visitors were directed an enthusiastic wel-

come was given them, but the door itself proved to be too strait for the admission of the whole of their bodily frames. After a few moments delay a hand saw was procured and the entrance was made wide enough to admit them to the comforts and generous hospitality of their friends inside.

In Hancock's Division the prescribed routine of camp life and army regulations was scrupulously observed.

At 6 o'clock in the morning, the bugle at headquarters sounded the reveille and immediately after the bands of the several regiments took it up and made the air vibrate with the rattle of their noisy drums. This was the signal for the awaking of an army of over 100,000 men whose camps occupied a broad belt in continuous succession from the outposts of Sumner's Grand Division on the right to the outposts of Franklin's on the left, a distance of about nine miles. Before the ending of this noisy demonstration every man was expected to be in his place on the company street to answer to his name. At this time the details for camp, picket or fatigue duty were announced. A brief space after breakfast was usually spent in the brushing and dusting of clothing, cleaning and scouring of guns, brasses and equipments and in putting our little houses in order for the day. At 8 o'clock the detail for duty assembled on the color line for "guard mounting" which included a thorough inspection of arms, clothing and accoutrements. The detail for picket duty reported for a still more rigorous inspection at an earlier hour of the morning. Those who regarded themselves as unfit for duty were summoned to the surgeons' tent by the "sick call." This was unlike all the other bugle or drum calls and was interpreted by the boys to mean: "Come and get your *quinine*" "come and get your quinine." At 8 o'clock the companies were called out, if the weather was favorable, for an hour or two of drill and general maneuvers. In the afternoon at 2 or 3 o'clock the regiments with flags flying and drums beating, were usually assembled under the direction of the brigade or division commander for field evolutions, and the more intricate forms of maneuvers by regiments and brigades.

The great event which closed the active duties of the day

was the dress parade. The writer of the "History of a Famous Regiment," the Sixty-third Pennsylvania, gives the following description of this beautiful and imposing ceremonial:

The regiment, dressed in its best, with everything as bright as it could be made, the men fell into line by companies and in a few moments a line of 1000 men (when the regiment had its full complement) stood silent and immovable like statues. The band, standing on the right of the line, led by the drum major with his big brass-headed staff, struck up a slow and solemn air and marched down the front of the line to the extreme end, then wheeled, and changing the air to a lively one, returned briskly to their position at the head again. About one hundred feet in front of the center of the line the Colonel took his position. At a command from the Adjutant, the orderly sergeants of the companies advanced to the front and center, and saluting, gave their report of the officers and men present and absent. After the orderlies had returned to their position, the Adjutant read any orders that related to matters concerning the service. The commissioned officers then advanced in line to front and center and saluted the Colonel, who acknowledged it and the parade was dismissed.

After this, until the hour of taps, the men were free to write letters, play games, tell yarns to entertain their bunk-mates, or enjoy themselves in any legitimate way that seemed good to them. When the weather was unusually severe or stormy those who were not on guard or picket duty, had an abundance of time at their disposal, and many were the devices with which to while away the passing hours within the close confines of the winter hut or the regimental camp.

On Washington's birthday the troops in camp had some experiences which were not so agreeable. A leaf from the records of Sergeant Powelson of Company K, gives an inside view of the manner of its observance in the mess to which he belonged:

During the night of February 21st there was a heavy fall of snow accompanied with a strong northeast wind. When we awoke on the 22d (Sabbath morning) we wit-

nessed to satisfaction the romance of soldier life. We found ourselves literally in a snow drift. The snow had been forced in by the wind through the many crevices of our shanty, till everything within was whitened by the intruder. We were pretty comfortably located when we were wrapped up in our blankets, covered with snow, and preferred to remain there, till Boyd, whose turn it was, had "built the fire and put the kettle on." And then we broke the crust and huddled around the fire to eat our scanty meal. The storm continued to rage with unabated fury throughout the day. The wind howled around our homely shelter like a pack of wolves. Huddling about the fire with our toes in the ashes and shivering with the cold, we found some diversion in listening to the roar of artillery, above the howling of the storm, as different parts of the army were celebrating the birthday of Washington. Then followed a night of intense cold, during which some on sentinel duty froze to death.

Some of the most trying experiences of this exceptionally severe and stormy winter were on the picket line of the Division which was quite close to the river and had no protection, such as we enjoyed further back in the camps, from the cold winds, which frequently swept up the valley from the sea.

Under ordinary circumstances every one who was fit for duty was included in this detail once in a period of five or six days. It meant to every man on this list a night bivouac without shelter and for the greater part of it without fire. The time limit while on this service was two days.

After the regimental inspection, to which reference has been already made, the picket guard joined the pickets of the Brigade and were then marched to the Division headquarters about a half a mile in rear of our camp. Here the body as a whole was reviewed by General Hancock or some member of his staff. Then with the consolidated drum corps at the head, and the drum major dancing and twirling his baton in front of it, the guard marched and countermarched in the open space in front of the general's tent. When this performance was over the pickets of each regiment were taken back to the front and thence by the most direct route to the station assigned them on the line.

During the two days and one night of this service the


pickets occupied three positions designated as the reserve, the support and the advanced post. At the first, which was the nearest to the camp, the luxury of a fire was allowed and permission was given to rest or sleep. At the second the occupants were expected to be ready to fall in and go to the support of the men on the outposts at any hour of the day or night. At the outposts, which in general were in plain view of the enemy, the men were stationed in groups of four and the changes were made every two hours so that each man served two hours on "post" and four hours off. A portion of the line assigned to our Division was directly opposite the City of Fredericksburg, and the whole stretch covered a distance of about two miles.

Soon after our arrival at Falmouth, a large detail from the regiment was taken out to the picket line by a German field officer, who spoke in very broken English. At the picket reserve we were halted and permission was given to stack arms and rest. A few moments later we were surprised to hear the order "fall in." As we were about to move the commanding officer said to a lieutenant nearby, "Dis ground vill not do. It is licy." This announcement was a revelation to most of us. It meant that some of the old troops were so plagued with that notorious pest of the march and bivouac, familiarly known as "gray backs" that they actually infested the ground where the pickets had been stationed for a considerable length of time. Knowing that we had not yet entered upon this experience our German officer was considerate enough to move us to a new location. Despite every precaution these blood-thirsty parasites, which were no respecters of persons, would appear suddenly and at every opportune moment would sally forth from their hiding places inside the seams and folds of shirts and undergarments to carry on their insidious work. When once established in these hidden retreats the only effective remedy was to plunge the garments which sheltered them into boiling hot water. While in camp this could be easily done by those who would take the trouble or the time from other things, but on the march it was well nigh impossible.

Some of the days and nights spent upon the picket line during this winter season were bitterly cold and the men, who were exposed to the stormy elements without fire or comfortable shelter for two-thirds of the time of their period of duty, had experiences of discomfort and suffering which were scarcely equalled by Washington's command at Valley Forge. On the Confederate side we could often see blazing fires on or near the advance line, while we stamped around on the picket line or its support to keep our chilled limbs from becoming frost-bitten or paralyzed with the cold. Directly behind us wood for fuel was plenty enough, but because of orders, as changeless as the code of the Medes and Persians, no fires, except on the reserve, were allowed. On the night of the 22d of February, the exceptionally cold night already alluded to in the record quoted from Sergeant's Powelson's diary, twenty-three men of Company D came from the picket line with frozen feet. The larger number of this detail were so seriously injured as the result of this exposure that for a long time they were not able to walk. The officer in charge of this section of the line conceived it to be his duty, in view of the situation, to march his detail to their quarters in the camp. This assumption of responsibility, without orders from his superior officers, was regarded as a serious offence. A court martial, convened in haste, listened to the admissions of the party with respect to this violation of the letter of the law and sentenced every man belonging to it to a severe punishment, including loss of pay and other privileges and perquisites; the heavier penalty being meted out to the officer, who to save his men, as he supposed, from freezing to death, had assumed this responsibility. When the plea was made in his behalf that the act was inspired by a desire to save life, the general commanding the Division replied that it was not an unusual thing for men to lose their lives on the picket line. From his standpoint nothing but an order for recall could justify such an act, for the reason that these men were placed on that outpost for the defence of the entire army. The writer can distinctly recall another experience of prolonged discomfort a little later in the season. When the reveille

awoke the men from their slumbers at daybreak that morning the air was darkened with falling flakes of soft snow. By the time the usual inspections were over the unbroken mass of snow through which it plodded was more than a foot in depth. When we arrived at the first station the snow was still falling, and, as no shelter had been provided for such an emergency, we found that the best and only thing we could do was to tramp around in a limited space to make a solid standing place. The temperature was comparatively mild, but the soft snow had melted on our clothing as it fell and, as a result, we were uncomfortably damp through and through. During the eight hours which we spent in that place some of the men huddled together in groups on their feet, while others spread their rubber blankets on the beaten bed of snow and dozed or dreamed the long hours away. When night came on we were in another position, similar in many respects to the first, on the support. Here we were to stay until after midnight and were permitted to spread our rubber blankets upon the unbroken bed of snow. Then in groups of four or five we lay down to rest, using some of our woolen blankets for bedding and the rest for a cover. As the snow continued to fall we soon had more heat than we wanted. The light downy quilt of closely compacted flakes of snow which covered the blankets was warmer than a comforter of down and almost smothered those beneath it. Shaking this off we slept on that bed of snow more soundly, perhaps, than when under more favorable surroundings, we had laid us down to sleep on our mother's feather beds.

When we reached the outposts on the edge of the river the heavy snow clouds that had so long obscured the sky, cleared away, and a cold, searching wind swept up the valley. In a short time the sleeves and breasts of our damp overcoats were frozen stiff, encasing us, like the soldiers of medieval times, in a cumbrous armor exceedingly difficult to manage while on, and which when on sentry duty we could not take off. After our release from service on this part of the line we found a resting place beside a well furnished house which had been abandoned by its owner or occupants. Either by design or



accident, presumably the former, a fire broke out inside the house and around its blazing timbers we thawed and dried our clothing and warmed our chilled and stiffened limbs.

These experiences of almost continuous hardships and discomforts were exceptional. Over against them we can recall many days of this service, especially in the early spring time, when it was more enjoyable to be on the picket line than in the camp. It was an understood arrangement that there should be no firing on the picket line during the period when offensive movements were suspended. When a movement was in progress by either army this suspension of hostilities did not apply. In most cases the sentries on the Confederate side were near enough to be heard in tones a little above ordinary conversation, as well as to be seen. In General Orders conversation with the pickets of the enemy was prohibited, but it was a difficult matter to enforce these orders when two men facing each other were practically alone, and wanted to say something.

Hence in general the rule was more honored in the breach than in the observance. On the one side the common appellation was "Johny Reb" or "Johnnie" on the other it was "Yank" or "You Yank." In these conversations opinions relating to the war and its continuance, the merits or demerits of the several commanders, the probable outcome of the next movement and other matters of common interest were freely and frankly discussed. There was at times a great deal of sharp hitting back and forth and of friendly invitations to come across and be sociable. This was not always intended to be understood as banter. At some points where the water was shallow the opposing parties would wade in and meet each other, shake hands, and proceed to "swap" tobacco and Richmond papers for coffee and *New York Tribunes* or *Heralds*. Sometimes the "Yanks" would rig up a little boat with these articles of traffic, set the sail carefully to catch the breeze, while the pickets of both sides watched with eager interest its progress from shore to shore. Frequently the little vessel was captured a good distance from the shore by a Johnnie who waded or swam out to meet it. Of course this evidence

of good will was reciprocated and the little boat was returned with its cargo of Southern commodities.

In General Gordon's Reminiscences of the Civil War there is an instance given of this sort of friendly intercourse which happily illustrates its nature and significance: While riding along the line of Confederate posts he noticed some confusion at one point with an evident attempt to conceal a sudden movement in the high weeds which lined the river bank.

"What is the matter," he demanded of one of the sentries, "with those weeds?"

"Nothing at all, sir," was the response; "but," says the General, "I ordered him to break the weeds down." There I found a soldier almost naked. I asked:

"Where do you belong?"

"Over yonder," he replied, pointing to the Union Army on the other side.

"And what are you doing here, sir?"

"Well, General," he said, "I didn't think it was any harm to come over and see the boys just a little while."

"What boys," I asked.

"These Johnnies," he said.

"Don't you know, sir, that there is war going on in this country?" I asked.

"Yes, General," he replied; "but we are not fighting now." This was almost too much for the dignity of General Gordon, but, assuming a stern aspect, he said:

"I am going to teach you, sir, that we are at war. You have no rights here except as a prisoner of war, and I am going to have you marched to Richmond, and put you in prison." This terrible threat brought the "Johnnies" to his defence, and they cried out, "Wait a minute, General. Don't send this man to prison. We invited him over here and we promised to protect him, and if you send him away it will just ruin our honor."

The object of my threat had been accomplished, I had badly frightened the Northern guest and his Southern hosts. Turning to the scantily clad visitor, I said: "Now, sir, if I permit you to go back to your own side, will you solemnly promise me on the honor of a soldier, that—" But without waiting for me to finish my sentence, and with an emphatic "Yes, sir," he leaped like a bullfrog into the river and swam back.

The Second Brigade of Hancock's Division, consisting originally of the Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth New York Volunteers, was recruited at the beginning of the war, from men of Irish birth by Thomas Francis Meagher, the famous orator who had been exiled from his native land, because of the prominent part he had taken in the rebellion of 1848. To this brigade were added, when reduced by frequent losses, the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts and One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania.

It was designated from the first as the "Irish Brigade" and because of the glamour associated with the name it frequently received special mention from the newspaper correspondents for deeds of valor, which it shared in common with other regiments and brigades of the same command. It was without doubt a notable brigade, suffered heavy losses as did all the regiments of its Division, and, as General Walker puts it, "was until the close of the war one of the most picturesque features of the Second Corps, whether in fight, on the march or in camp."

On reviews and other special occasions its gaily attired commander was always a conspicuous figure. He wore a handsome silver scabbard by his side, the gift of his Irish admirers, and rode a well groomed, white horse, with easy grace and abandon. In each of the regiments of this command the green flag of Ireland was carried by the side of the National colors.

One of the events which helped to while away the hours of the winter cantonment by the Rappahannock was the old-time celebration of St. Patrick's Day by the officers and men of this brigade. The director and prime mover was General Meagher. It was a public affair to which all the troops of the Corps who were not on duty were invited.

On a high platform erected for the occasion were most of the notable generals of the army and a score or more of ladies, who were visitors from the North. The day, March 17th, was fine and the sports of the morning came off blithely and according to program.

There were hurdle races, foot races, sack races and

athletic contests of the Irish type. Three of the jockey riders were thrown at the hurdles in the first course, for the ditches were wide and the barriers high, and before the race was ended, several of the contestants were badly bruised and shaken up. When the horses came in on the home stretch, General Meagher and his staff had all they could do to keep the excited Irishmen from crowding in upon the race course, and freely belabored the offending ones by striking them over the head and shoulders with his riding whip,—all of which they seemed to take in good part. After a brief pause for lunch some ludicrous attempts were made by several contestants to climb a greased pole. The catching of a greased pig, which had been closely shaved and freely anointed, was the next item on the program. While preparations were being made for this contest an unexpected interruption was announced by the dull roar of artillery on the right of our line.

A few moments later General Meagher received a message from headquarters and mounting his horse shouted out the command, "Back to your quarters every man. The enemy is making an attack on our right." Instantly there was a scattering of officers and men in every direction. On our return to camp orders were given to be ready to move at a moment's notice. The roar of artillery was heard for some time, but we were not called out from the camp. We afterwards learned that the commotion which had so suddenly broken up the merrymaking of the afternoon was caused by an attack of our cavalry under General Averill, who for some reason was pushing the Confederates on the outposts of their left wing.

A few weeks later the entire Division, including its ambulance corps, artillery mule drivers and musicians, was ordered out to witness a military punishment of unusual character. Three men who had been convicted of cowardice and desertion in the face of the enemy, at Antietam and Fredericksburg, had been sentenced to the disgraceful ordeal of "drumming out of the service," and the assemblage of the Division was for the purpose of carrying out that sentence. After the men of the several commands had been formed into

a hollow square the prisoners were brought inside it at one end, under the charge of the Provost Guard. One-half of their heads had been closely shaven, and a broad board with the word, COWARD, writ large, was fastened on their backs. Three soldiers with bayonets at a charge were then placed close behind them. At the word of command the men started forward with about a hundred drums and half as many shrill fifes playing the "rogues march" behind them. Its suggestive "Tee-hee, Tee-hee," sounded in their ears every step of the long way up one line and down the other. These miserable men with downcast eyes and tottering limbs, with buttons and facings cut from their uniforms, had to march about a mile before they reached the point where they were formally banished from the camp and the service.

During the three months which were spent in winter quarters, under command of Major-General Hooker, the men of all branches of the service had gained greatly in discipline, effectiveness, military bearing, and the army as a whole was hopeful, loyal and in splendid condition. The Grand Divisions which had been in existence for some time were broken up under Hooker's administration, and more stress was laid upon the organization, equipment and leadership of the several corps. One excellent feature of his ordering and initiation was the adoption of "corps badges" to be worn alike by the officers and men. "These badges," says General Walker, became very dear to the troops, a source of much emulation on the part of the several commands, and a great convenience to the staff, in enabling them, quickly and without troublesome inquiries, to identify divisions upon the march or along the line of battle."

While the corps badges differed in form and outline from each other, they all had red for the First Division, white for the Second and blue for the Third. The device assigned to the Second Corps was the trefoil or shamrock. The adoption of this form of badge was probably suggested by General Meagher, or given out of courtesy to the men of the corps who had borne aloft in every battle, with the colors of the Nation, the green flag of Erin's Isle. The flag which led the

Division, Hancock's flag, as it was called at that time, had a large, blood-red trefoil in its centre and was a very conspicuous object at headquarters, as well as on the march and in time of battle.

On Wednesday, the eighth of April, four corps of the army, including our own, were reviewed by President Lincoln, who was accompanied by Secretary Seward, Mrs. Lincoln and her two boys. The vast field in which this display took place was in plain view of the Confederate signal stations in Fredericksburg, and also of thousands of their soldiers, who crowded the summit of Marye's Heights and the elevations south of it to witness it. The formation was in three "lines of masses" of two corps each. The length of each line was estimated to be more than a mile, and the depth of the three lines from front to rear, including the spaces between, at about one-fifth of a mile. The number of men present was estimated at 80,000. The marching of the troops after the cavalcade, including the commanding general, the President, the officers of the staff and their escorts, had swept through the open spaces in the lines of formation, moved in the same compact order past the reviewing stand. On this, as on every other visit to the Potomac Army, the President received a hearty and enthusiastic welcome.

For magnificence of display and widely extended reach of vision this was, without doubt, the finest military pageant ever witnessed on this continent. A considerable number of the men of our Regiment were on the picket line that day and missed the most imposing features of this great parade.

It was General Hooker's intention to open the campaign of 1863 by a movement to the right, on the 15th of April, and, with this in view, our overcoats and other clothing in excess of present needs was sent to the Quartermaster's Department for storage during the summer months. Orders were issued to all the troops to provide themselves with *eight days' rations*, five to be carried in the knapsacks and three in the haversacks. This movement was prevented by heavy rains and well nigh impassable roads for several days. There was no recall, however, of the orders, and the men were held in readiness for an

advance at the earliest possible moment. The appearance of the paymaster on the 20th of April, with two months' pay for each man in crisp greenbacks, was hailed with delight and contributed not a little to the general good feeling which prevailed throughout the army on the eve of this memorable campaign.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.

April 28th to May 3d.

Many and many a weary day
Our lion-hearted legions lay,
Waiting and hoping for the strife,
Weary of an inglorious life.
At last the onward orders given,
With cheer on cheer the air is riven!
And 'mong themselves the soldiers say,
Hurrah! Hurrah! boys, this the day
We cross the Rappahannock.

Now the encampment's all alive,
And seems like some vast human hive,—
Now rattle and roll the noisy drums,
The long roll beats and calls to arms!
Then "Forward" the commander saith,
The soldiers almost hold their breath
And in the very face of death
They cross the Rappahannock.

THESE beautiful verses happily depict the spirit of the Army of the Potomac, as well as the stirring events which inaugurated the opening of the campaign of 1863.

A more favorable initiative for the great turning movement which General Hooker had so carefully planned could scarcely have been imagined. The splendid army which he had brought up to a high state of discipline and efficiency, and had inspired with confidence in his leadership, was the largest and the best equipped military force which had ever been called into service on this continent. Including all the arms of the service it numbered nearly 130,000 men, the most of whom had already proved their mettle and won imperish-

able renown on many a hard fought battlefield of the preceding campaigns.

On the 21st of April a feint was made of crossing the river at Port Royal, twenty miles below Fredericksburg. The real movement, so long delayed, began on the 27th, when the Eleventh, Twelfth and Fifth Corps, under the command of Howard, Slocum and Meade, were sent to occupy Kelly's Ford, twenty-seven miles above Fredericksburg. This point was reached on the day following. On the night of the 28th and the morning of the 29th, this turning force crossed the river and began the march down its right bank, uncovering as they advanced the lower fords in the direction of Fredericksburg. The Rapidan was crossed at Ely's and Germanna Fords, and without any serious opposition the flanking column pushed on toward the Chancellorsville House. To co-operate with it and carry out the plan, which General Hooker had so carefully and skillfully outlined, the First and Third Divisions of the Second Corps were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to cross the river at United States Ford. The Second Division was not included in this order and afterwards co-operated with General Sedgewick's command on the left wing of the army. As already indicated, every preparation for the movement on our part was made on the evening of the 27th. At three o'clock on the morning of the 28th, the reveille sounded and every man who was fit for duty answered to his name on the company streets. A short time was allowed for breakfast after which the blankets were rolled up, the huts unroofed, and the sections of shelter tents, which for four months had covered them, were distributed among the members of the several messes. While we were all awaiting the order to move, an incident took place in the company street, where the writer stood with his comrades, which made a deep impression upon all who were present. At a given signal, a young officer stepped to the front and announced that it had been suggested—the suggestion came from the Lieutenant-Colonel, as we supposed—that a few moments should be spent in devotional exercises. To have morning prayers in our company street on the Sabbath and at other times when the

weather was favorable, was not an unusual thing, and at this time, when we were about to face unknown dangers and unusual experiences, the suggestion seemed to be peculiarly timely and appropriate. As we bared our heads in the gray dawn, the leader read in distinct, impressive tones, the beautiful sentences of the 121st Psalm—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." Then followed a brief prayer to Jehovah, the Keeper of Israel, who made the heaven and earth, beseeching Him to defend us from all evil in our outgoing and incoming, whatever might befall, from henceforth and forevermore. The bugle call to "fall in" quickly followed the ending of this brief service, and slinging our heavy knapsacks, we awaited the note which meant "forward." At the word of command, as it rang out on the still morning air, every musket came to a shoulder, then to a right shoulder shift, and every foot instinctively obeyed the familiar signal. At last the command to which we belonged was in motion, and for us the campaign of 1863 was begun.

We marched about five miles that morning, and, as we had more than enough time for our part in the concerted movement, went into camp in the midst of a dense forest of pine and cedar. During the night, the pontoon train passed us on its way to the designated place of crossing, United States Ford. There was a heavy rain fall during the afternoon of the day on which we started, and at some places the road over which we expected to travel was almost impassable. On Wednesday the 29th, there were showers at intervals and a force of 2,000 men were out all day in our front making corduroy roads. In the evening the Division marched about four miles and bivouacked in the vicinity of the ford. The Third Division crossed the pontoon bridge soon after its completion on Thursday. When our turn came the evening shadows were beginning to fall. On the other side no stops were made, except to close up the long drawn out files. At times as the night wore on, we were permitted to rest on our backs for a few moments, but the orders were imperative to refrain from unslinging our heavy knapsacks and haversacks until the designated place of bivouac should be reached.

This resting place was about a mile from Chancellorsville, and we did not reach it until near midnight. Here we connected with the troops of the Fifth Corps in accordance with the program which had been outlined by General Hooker, before the movement began. Thus far his plans had been carried out successfully and in view of all the difficulties with remarkable promptness. With very slight loss he had placed a strong force of infantry and artillery in a position which threatened the safety of General Lee's left flank, and on his own left wing had effected a crossing of the river below and in front of Fredericksburg. Acting in concert with the flanking forces, General Sedgewick had carried and was actually occupying the heights which Burnside had tried in vain to take a few months before.

There was a basis, therefore, for the somewhat boastful General Order No. 47, which "announced to his army that the operations of the past three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

It seems passing strange that the man who dictated these words should be hesitating and undecided, and finally fall back to a defensive position without a struggle when in the very moment of realizing the fruition of his labors and anticipations.

Alluding to this unaccountable change of purpose the historian of the Second Corps says:


While the movements of the Union commander, from the 27th to the 29th of April, had been not only brilliant but audacious, it had been observed that, even on approaching Chancellorsville, General Hooker showed signs of that hesitation which was two days later to thwart his own project. The concentration of the right wing on the 30th of April had been effected much less rapidly than it might have been without distressing the troops, and the morning of the 1st of May found General Hooker irresolute when victory was already within his grasp. Sickles' Third Corps, which had been called up from the left so soon as the occupation of Chancellorsville was assured, was now crossing at United

States Ford. With such superiority of numbers on the Union side, there was no justification for an hour's delay. The cry should have been "forward," at least until the turning column, consisting now of four corps and two divisions, should be deployed before Lee's positions.

The advance which General Hooker finally ordered in the direction of Fredericksburg, did not begin until about eleven o'clock. There were three roads available for this purpose and down each one of them detachments of the leading corps were sent, preceded by cavalry and a heavy force of skirmishers. Two divisions of the Fifth Corps taking the lead, moved on the road next the river and advanced to a position a little more than two miles beyond Chancellorsville. Slocum, with the Twelfth Corps, moved down the plank road, while Sykes Division, supported by Hancock's command, took the turnpike road which lies between the river and the plank roads.

On this advance we had our first experience of the grim realities of war. The rattle of musketry on the skirmish line and the bursting here and there of a shell within our lines were the first intimations that the enemy were in our immediate vicinity. Farther along we met wounded men coming back to the rear. The first of this blood-stained procession had a handkerchief bound about his forehead, covering, as he said, a furrow which a ball had made on the side of his head. When we reached the crest of a low ridge where a halt was called, shells from the Confederate batteries began to fall in lively fashion in our immediate vicinity. For some reason, unknown to us at the time, there seemed to be a great commotion among the troops which had preceded us and apparently a number of them were falling back.

A few moments later, an officer of General Hancock's staff came with an imperative order to fall back at once. This was quickly followed by the command, "By the right of companies to the rear." In the execution of this movement, which had become familiar by frequent repetition on the drill ground, the several companies were supposed to retire from the line of battle in parallel lines, thus facilitating a rapid





GEN. J. C. CALDWELL, Com. 1st Div. 2nd Corps. MAJOR-GEN. JOS. HOOKER, Com. A. of P.
MAJOR-GEN. GEO. G. MEADE, Com. A. of P. LIEUT.-GEN. NELSON A. MILES, Com. of 1st Brigade.

and orderly retreat. In this case, however, the wilderness through which we had passed, and in which we had been deployed, was so dense that we could see but a few steps ahead, and could only guess at the general direction which the companies nearest to us were taking. We were happily unconscious of the fact, which was known to the general officers, that at this time most of the troops which had preceded us had been withdrawn and that a large force of Lee's veteran army under "Stonewall" Jackson, was bearing down with all speed on our flank, with the hope of cutting us off from the main body at Chancellorsville. As we struggled along through the underbrush, we could see but little about us until we came to an open space in the midst of which was a broad but comparatively shallow swamp. While the men were trying to pick their way around it General Hancock suddenly appeared on horseback, his face blazing with the heat and excitement, and with expletives and gestures, which, at times, were characteristic of the man, emphasized his short, curt command:—"Dash through that swamp or you will all be taken by the enemy." At this moment he was "Hancock, the Superb." Then for the first time we realized that the enemy in strong force was close behind us.

As we reached the turnpike road, we saw before us on the crest of a steep little hill, the double line of Sykes' regulars, the command which had preceded us, stretching across the road and evidently in momentary expectation of receiving the enemy. There were several guns of the batteries belonging to this Division, charged with grape and canister, and every gunner was standing at his post with lanyard in hand, and ready for the word—"Fire." As we rushed up panting and breathless between the lines which open to admit us, we were hastily assigned to a position a few rods back of the Division which had appeared so timely for our rescue from destruction or capture. Before we had time to look about us, the Confederates charged the line with a terrible blood curdling yell,—the "rebel yell"—heard by the men of our Regiment for the first time. With an answering shout of defiance from the Union side came a crash of musketry and artillery which

drowned every other sound and darkened the air with clouds of smoke, heavily charged with sulphurous fumes.

Unable to bear up against the leaden hail which swept through their ranks from that line of fire on the crest of the hill, the charging columns of the enemy hesitated, wavered, and then fell back to the shelter of the woods.

General Walker, in his history of the Second Corps, gives as a reason for our tardy withdrawal, the fact that General Couch delayed to give the order allowing Sykes' men to fall back in rear of his Division, in the hope that the Commander would reconsider what he regarded as a fatal blunder.

"As the retiring column came nearer to Chancellorsville," he says, "the efforts of the enemy to interrupt their retreat became more vigorous, but, by the skilful conduct of Hancock's skirmishers, and by the assistance promptly rendered by Sykes' 'regulars,' Hancock came off safely, and took position across the turnpike between divisions of the Fifth Corps on the left and on the right."

With respect to the ground which the advance of the reconnoitering column had abandoned, the same author writes :

The position reached, somewhat more than two miles from Chancellorsville, was one in every way easy to hold. It afforded room and range for a powerful artillery force, and could readily have been crowned before night by ninety guns. The ground in front was largely open; the roads behind sufficiently numerous for a rapid reinforcement of the line or for a safe retreat. The field was exactly such a one as the men of the Army of the Potomac had always been crying out for—one on which they could see the enemy they were called to fight. Yet this position General Hooker, in an evil hour, determined to abandon, not for one further advanced, but for the low and wooded ground about Chancellorsville, relinquishing the very form and show of aggression, retreating before the enemy, and taking up a line which was completely commanded by the high ground already occupied.

Elsewhere, he says :

As Generals Couch, Meade, Sykes and Hancock sat on their horses in a group close behind the division of the last named officer, General Meade, looking up the road, exclaimed, with great emphasis, "My God, if we can't hold the top of a hill, we certainly cannot hold the bottom of it."

Colonel Beaver, the Commander of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Regiment, was present when an Aide from Hooker's headquarters delivered the order for withdrawal to General Couch. The General was much surprised, he tells us, and said:

"That cannot be, sir!" The Aide insisted upon it, but the General refused to retire, until he had sent one of his own staff to ascertain that the order was peremptory. From the hour of this unfortunate blunder, General Hooker's good judgment seemed to forsake him. There were those who had opportunity to see him after his arrival at Chancellorsville, who openly asserted that he had been drinking freely to celebrate his success in the flanking movements and that the disasters which followed the placing of his splendid army in a defenceless position, together with other strange actions and omissions on the days following, were directly traceable to the condition of a befuddled brain.

The historian of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who had the opportunity to see the condition of affairs at Army Headquarters on Sunday, the 3d of May, says:

The libations, in view of the character and surroundings, were quite imposing, and the beverage luxuriant and expensive. The many abandoned bottles, the broken and empty baskets, the frequent and suggestive popping of champagne corks, indicated a free and liberal allowance of this intoxicant, just then so exclusively confined to army headquarters.


Shortly before his death, Carl Schurz summed up the conflicting opinions relating to General Hooker's condition at this time in these words:

There has been much speculation as to whether those who accused General Hooker of having been intoxicated during the battle of Chancellorsville were right or wrong. The weight of the testimony of competent witnesses is strongly against this theory. It is asserted, on the other hand, that he was accustomed to the consumption of a certain quantity of whiskey every day, that during the battle he utterly abstained from his usual potions for fear of taking too much inadvertently, and that his brain failed to work because he had not given it the stimulus to which it had been habituated. Whichever theory be the correct one, certain it is that to all appearances General Hooker's mind seemed, during those days, to be in a remarkably torpid, dazed condition.

It is certain, also, that General Lee was quick to take advantage of the change in situation. Ignoring the demonstration of Sedgewick, for the present he threw his whole available force upon Hooker with a view to prevent his advance beyond the low and practically defenseless position to which he had retired at Chancellorsville.

While the Confederates were rallying their forces in front of General Sykes' Division for a second attack, we were sent to the support of a battery directly behind this line. When the attack was renewed, we were ordered to lie flat on our faces in order to allow one or two batteries on slightly higher ground to fire over us. While in this humiliating position, with most of our heads lower than our heels, a score or more of rifled guns worked with a rapidity which was amazing, sending one screaming shell after another over our heads into the dense timber in which the enemy were hiding. While in this uncomfortable situation a sergeant and four or five men of the Regiment were injured by shells which had bursted prematurely and scattered their whizzing fragments among us.* The second attempt to carry our position by assault was as much of a failure as the first and for the time the contest was ended.

*A fragment of a shell which had struck the ground within reach of someone was passed down the line of prostrate men from hand to hand. It was more of a curiosity then than it would have been a few days later.



As the Regiment was marching to a new position a herd of Texas steers, which had been driven, for slaughter, into the edge of the woods, were stampeded by some bursting shells and charged madly, with heads down and tails up, across the open space in which we were moving. To meet the onslaught of this new enemy, the men who were directly in the line of their approach were quickly halted and faced about. As the line of muskets were brought down quickly to a charge, the frightened animals threw up their heads and, veering off by the flank, left us in undisputed possession of the field. This encounter was designated, by "the boys" who were immediately concerned, as the "charge of the Texas Steers."

Our new position was in a dismal woods where we spent the night as a support to the troops in our front. The Confederates had planted some batteries on the high ground which we had abandoned and at intervals through the long hours of darkness, shelled the section of the woods in which we were lying. At one time their deadly missiles came so near to us that we had to hunt for trees to shield us.

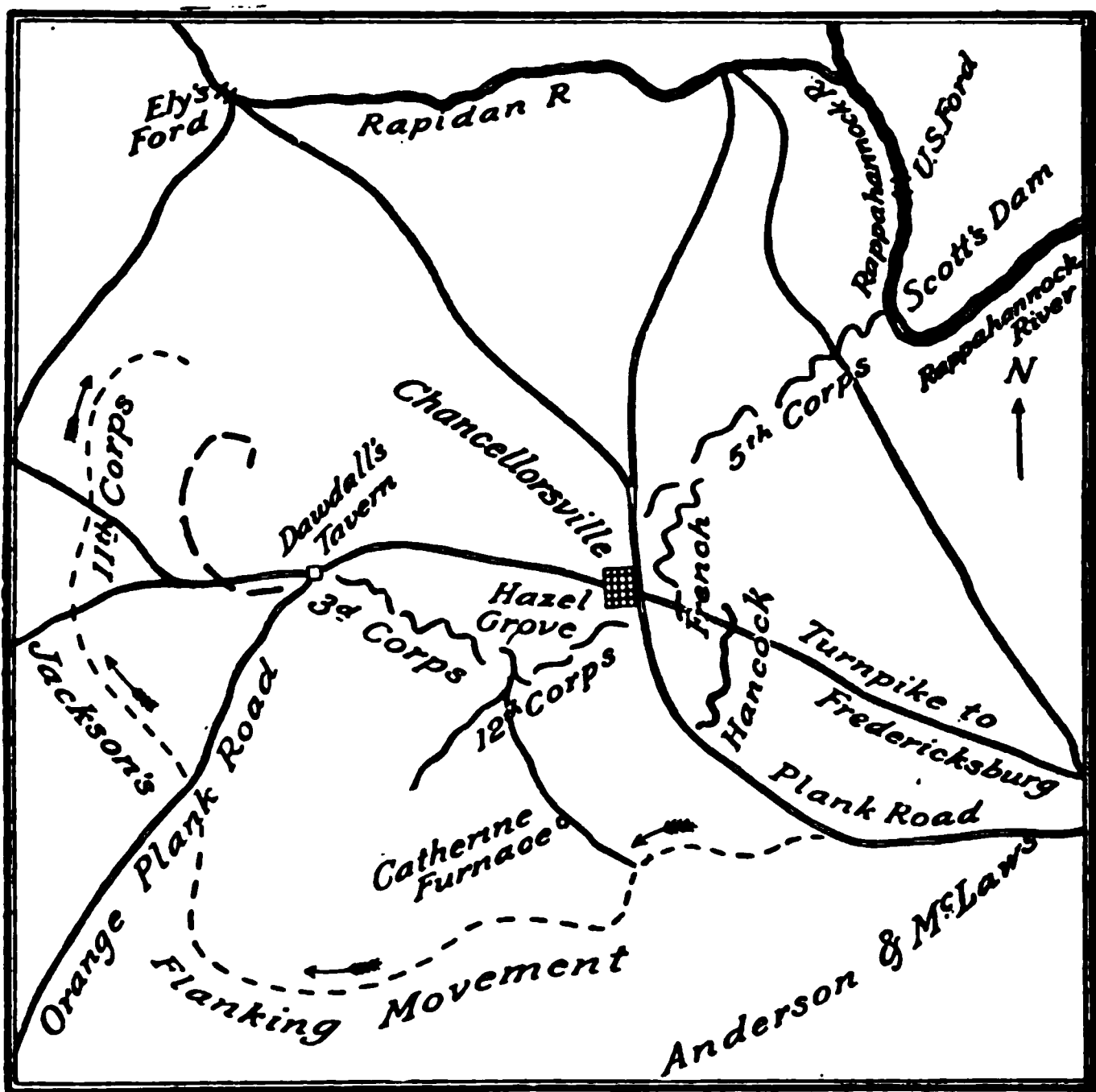
The available ones were all so small in girth, however, that they afforded but a slight protection. Under the circumstances, it was almost impossible to sleep. From our position in the woods, we could see the broad sheet of flame which issued from the mouth of the guns before we heard the racket of the shell and this more than anything else, unless we except the insistent call of a disturbed whip-poor-will, seemed to get on our nerves.

About three o'clock in the morning, we were moved from this uncanny location to a position, with the rest of the Corps, on the line of battle. This was in front of the Chancellor House, directly across the turnpike road which leads to Fredericksburg. The Union line as a whole, was in very nearly the form of a horseshoe. The disposition of the troops, May 1st, as given by General Walker, was as follows:

The left was held by Meade's Fifth Corps, extending southwesterly from Scott's Dam on the Rappahannock, his front covered by Mineral Spring Run. The Second Corps

here took up the line—French on the left, with Hancock extending across the turnpike and connecting with Geary's Division of the Twelfth Corps, not far from the plank road. On the right of Geary, and somewhat advanced, was Williams' Division of the same corps, and beyond this the powerful corps of Sickles, while upon the extreme right lay the Eleventh Corps, under Howard, most dangerously "in the air."

Hancock's position was the most exposed on this portion of the line, and if the attack of May 2d had been made from the direction of Fredericksburg, as on the day previous, it would have been the very center of the conflict.



When the Regiment reached the position indicated in the sketch above, we were provided with tools to construct a rifle pit. Not knowing what moment we might be attacked, it was to the interest of every one to work with might and

main, and in an incredibly short time we had a strong line of defense. This was made still more secure by slashing the timber in our front. The men on the outposts took advantage of a line of rifle pits which had been constructed the day before by General Sykes of the Fifth Corps. Owing to the advanced position of the Division which seemed to invite attack, the skirmishers, under the command of Colonel Nelson A. Miles, were posted about three paces apart with strong reserves and practically formed a single battle line. Company A, of the One Hundred and Fortieth, was detailed for duty on this line and shared in the perils to which it was exposed in the frequent and persistent attacks which were made upon it that evening and the next day.

At intervals during the day, attacks were made on portions of the line to our right, but these were of short continuance, and, as we afterwards learned, were diversions to cover the flanking movement of General Jackson, who spent most of the long day in moving his compact force of over twenty thousand men to a point where he could hurl them with resistless fury upon the unready and unprotected troops of Howard's Corps, who were posted a mile or more in advance of any other forces, on our right wing. This moving column, which made a detour of about fifteen miles, had been discovered at several points, but Hooker and Howard had both been obsessed with the idea that it meant a retreat of the Confederates, and no immediate danger was anticipated. General Carl Schurz, who commanded a division of the Eleventh Corps, says that the first intimation that a heavy force was bearing down upon them, was given by a number of deer and rabbits which came bounding out of the woods in their front. Close behind them were the solid columns of Stonewall Jackson, and they fell upon the advance line of Howard's First Division, taking the men who belonged to it completely by surprise, and crumpling up the feeble force which opposed them before the troops in their rear could get into position. Some heroic attempts were made by General Howard and his division commanders to rally the panic stricken men who were thus overpowered, but it was too late to recover

the lost ground or impede the terrific onslaught of the exulting enemy. In a few moments of terrible confusion and amid a pandemonium of discordant noises above which could be distinctly heard the "savage screech of the rebel yell," the right flank of Howard's Corps was completely turned and his entire command forced to flee in helpless rout and confusion. Before this attack was made the Eleventh Corps was directly in the rear of our position, or in other words, Howard's men were facing in an opposite direction on the other side of the horse-shoe bend. Hence in their mad rush for the rear, hundreds of them came down pell-mell to our rifle pits and would have dashed through them, if they had not been opposed, into the enemy's lines. A few were rallied by General Hancock and his staff and were placed in position in the rear and to the left of our line, but the greater number made good their escape in the direction of the United States Ford.

"The stampede of the Eleventh Corps," says General Morgan, Chief of the Corps Staff, "was something curious and wonderful to behold. I have seen horses and cattle stampeded on the plains, blinded, apparently by flight, rush over wagons, rocks, streams, any obstacle in the way but never, before or since, saw I thousands of men actuated seemingly by the same unreasoning fear that takes possession of a herd of animals. As the crowd of fugitives swept by the Chancellor House, the greatest efforts were made to check them; but those only stopped who were knocked down by the swords of staff officers or the sponge-staffs of Kirby's battery, which was drawn up across the road leading to the ford. Many of them ran right on down the turnpike toward Fredericksburg, through our line of battle and picket line, and into the enemy's line! The only reply one could get to argument or entreaty was, 'All ist veloren; vere ist der pontoon?'" "Although the appearance of thousands of fugitives from battle, with ambulances, wagons and caissons, all in a wild stampede," says General Walker, "is apt to be very disconcerting and demoralizing to a line of battle, the troops of the Second Corps did not appear in the smallest degree affected."

It has been said with truth that "there is no logic in a

panic which for the time deprives brave men of self control," but usually such senseless frights are limited to commands which have not learned in the rigid school of drill and discipline, to stand by each other and rally from the shock of an unexpected attack. More remarkable, however, than this illogical panic, is the historic fact that the troops which fled so ingloriously that day were afterwards numbered among the heroes who so gallantly stormed the heights of Missionary Ridge.

In the midst of the noise and confusion which followed the driving in and breaking up of the Eleventh Corps, and while as yet the issue of the battle was not definitely known to us, a military band of brass pieces took position in an open space between the lines and with shot and shell crashing around them, played a succession of National airs for ten or fifteen minutes, beginning with the stirring strains of the grand old song, born amid battle scenes:—"The Star Spangled Banner." The effect was indescribable. Spontaneously, the men who were yet standing by the flag broke out into cheers and took heart again. The band which stood its ground and did this splendid service when pandemonium seemed to have broken loose, and everything appeared to be going to pieces, belonged to the Fourteenth Connecticut Regiment. It is said that one or two of the men belonging to it were slightly wounded by fragments of flying shell and that some of the instruments were borne away with honorable scars.

A discordant note, wild, weird and thrilling, which was heard before this concert began and continued for some time afterward, was the "rebel yell." At first it came to our ears, mingled with the awful din indistinctly, then clearer and nearer indicating unerringly the success of the Confederate attack. This battle-cry, unlike anything we had ever heard before, has been described as "a falsetto yelp, which, when heard at a distance, reminded one of a lot of school boys at play." The high strung monosyllables "Ki-yi-yi-yi" which made up the sum and substance of it, when once heard in their battle setting, could never be forgotten. The marked

difference between the attacking columns of the blue and the gray described by the historian of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania in the sentence following, will be recognized as an accurate representation by the veterans of either army:

"When the Union men charged, it was with heads erect, shoulders squared and thrown back and with a deep-chested ringing cheer, but when the Johnnies charged it was with a jog trot in a half-bent position, and though they might be met with heavy and blighting volleys, they came on with the pertinacity of bulldogs, filling up the gaps and trotting on with their never-ceasing 'ki-yi' until we found them face to face."

It was about half past five o'clock in the evening when Jackson broke through the lines of the Eleventh Corps. Before his progress was checked by the hastily formed lines of Sickles' Corps, the nearest of the Union forces at hand, he had advanced nearly a mile and a half to a position directly in our rear and within a mile of the Chancellor House. While the issue between the forces hotly engaged at this part of the battlefield was still in uncertainty, several attempts were made by the Confederates under McLaws, to drive Colonel Miles from his entrenched picket line in our front. With rare courage and ability, this young officer held back again and again the assaulting columns sent against him and kept his line intact until after nightfall. In his history of the battle, Mr. Swinton says:

So delighted was Hancock at the splendid behavior of his skirmish line that, after one repulse of the enemy, he exclaimed, "Captain Parker, ride down and tell Colonel Miles he is worth his weight in gold:" while Couch, turning to his major-generals who commanded his two divisions, said, in his quiet but emphatic way, "I tell you what it is, gentlemen, I shall not be surprised to find myself, some day, serving under that young man."

While we were thus temporarily at rest between two fires, one on our skirmish line and the other a mile away in our rear, General Zook, the commander of our Brigade, came

down the line with a pale, anxious face and briefly told us the peril of the situation. "If," said he, "the line in our rear gives way, you are the last hope of this army. I mean to hold my ground right here. Will you stand by me?" "Yes, yes," was the response from every hand. "We are with you, General." "Yes," cried one of the boys just beside him, "we will stand by you as long as there is a button left on our breeches."

Turning our backs on our strong line of defense, we formed a temporary breastwork with our knapsacks and awaited the result. For several hours after nightfall, the battle raged almost continuously, but the progress of the exulting foe was at length checked in the vicinity of Hazel Grove, by the determined men who had gone to fill in the gap.

While trying to reform his troops who had been thrown into a condition of disorder and inefficiency while charging through the underbrush, "Stonewall" Jackson was mistaken for an enemy, and mortally wounded by his own troops. Heavy losses at other points had made this day's advance a dearly bought victory, but the Confederates had gained another advantage in position which practically broke up the Union line of defense and told disastrously upon the still more desperate and bloody battle of the day following.

CHAPTER VI.**THE CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.**

May 3rd to May 6th.

Picket line and battle fray,
And weary marching night and day.

WHILE holding his position at the Chancellor House, General Hooker contracted his lines, necessitating the moving of troops and the placing of artillery on the high ground in our immediate vicinity. Hence there was but little opportunity for sleep that night. Before the dawning of that Sabbath day, the third day of the conflict, those who had fallen asleep by the rifle pit were rudely awakened by the roar of artillery and the bursting of shell. It seemed as if the little knoll above us was literally crowded with batteries, and all of them seemed to be vigorously at work.

The ground beneath us heaved and trembled and the atmosphere was dense with smoke and sulphurous fumes. Following this came the rattle of musketry, at first like the popping of fire crackers, and then in a few moments more, a steady and almost unbroken roar, which told us plainly enough that the men of Jackson's Corps, commanded now by General "Jeb" Stuart, were bent upon following up the advantages which they had gained the night before. The object of this fearful onslaught was to carry the open space, or platform, on which the Chancellor House stood. Fearful that he could not hold his ground here, Hooker had constructed a new line of defense, under the direction of his Engineer Corps, at Bullocks' clearing to the left and rear of our position, for it was of vital importance that the approach to the river fords should be held.

As matters now stood, the salvation of the army de-

pendent upon holding this line of communication and the Fifth Corps which had been on our left was shifted to the new line. During the night the First Corps, under General Reynolds, came down from United States Ford and was so aligned as to support the Fifth Corps, if necessary. Meanwhile, the contest for the possession of the plateau, raged with undiminished fury.

Again and again attempts were made, also, to carry the line of defense in our front which Colonel Miles was charged to hold at all hazards. To strengthen it still more, details of two companies from the One Hundred and Fortieth—A and B—and other contiguous regiments were added to the force, which had held it the day before, and with the same unflinching courage every attempt to rush it was foiled. "At last," says General Walker, "after miraculously escaping injury through nearly four hours of constant exposure, the heroic young officer, who had so long conducted this gallant defense, was shot through the body and carried from the field." From half past five o'clock in the morning until nine, the battle raged on the right and center with varying degrees of success and failure. In several spirited dashes, colors and prisoners had been taken by the men of either side. Thousands had fallen or were unfitted for duty and yet our battle line in the main, up to this hour, was still intact. Then came a lull—an ominous silence on the part of the Confederate Army. It did not mean withdrawal, but the gathering up of the decimated ranks of the assailants for a final assault. When it came, it found our troops in that quarter almost out of ammunition. Repeated and earnest requests had been made to General Hooker for a fresh supply both for the artillery and infantry, but those whose duty it was to supply it, whether for lack of orders or some other reason did not deliver it. As the Confederates advanced from right to left all along the line with their blood-curdling yells, some of the troops, who had nothing but the bayonet to resist them, fell back. In the confusion which followed, a general retreat was ordered on the right, followed by a giving way in the center. Sullenly and in comparatively good order, our men withdrew in the

face of the enemy. In eager, but somewhat cautious pursuit, the Confederates from two sides of the circle swarmed over a section of the open space upon the Chancellorsville plateau. As the troops of the several commands which had faced to the south, made their way back toward the new line, they passed close to the line of our Division, which quietly remained in its place. As on the evening before, our backs were turned toward the strong intrenchments which we had built for our protection from the enemy in front. Facing now in the same direction, we watched with growing anxiety and concern, the broken columns of the troops who were falling back by companies and squads, followed by the vengeful shells of the enemy. A few rods from our line, a little group of powder-begrimed men paused for a moment for some reason and while clustered together, a well-aimed shell burst in their midst. Instantly the survivors scattered to right and left, but some of their number had fallen, perhaps to rise no more, while others who were wounded were helped off by their comrades.

Among those who sought the rear with greatly accelerated speed, by reason of the shells which were bursting around them, was a beautiful young woman, who had fled from the Chancellor House, now the very center of the concentrated fire of the enemy. There was a dash of crimson on one side of her pallid face which indicated a slight hurt. Her strength and courage seemed to be equal to the occasion, however, and she was soon beyond the range of our vision as well as of the destructive fire of her friends—the enemy.

A graphic description of the perilous situation of the Division as a whole, at this time, and the reason for the delay in its withdrawal, is given in the History of the Second Corps by its accomplished Adjutant-General, Francis A. Walker, from which we take the following quotation:

The field was lost. The center and right had gone out, and the Confederates were swarming over the plain from the south and west and establishing their batteries on the crest they had just captured. But there still remained the divisions of Hancock and Geary, receiving fire at this time,

of musketry and artillery, from three-quarters of the circle. Colonel Cross' command had once during the morning changed front and formed line of battle to meet the troops of Anderson's division, then threatening to break through Geary's right. So that when the right and center fell out, Hancock was in two lines of battle,—one facing toward Gordonsville, the other only a few hundred rods away fronting east toward Fredericksburg. Only fourteen guns were at command, and of these but nine were in condition to be effective. The nine mentioned, Pettit's six and three of Thomas, under Lieutenant Donahue, were directed to fire up the turnpike: the remaining five, belonging to Lepine's Fifth Maine Battery from the First Corps, had been taken possession of by General Couch and placed in the peach orchard behind the Chancellor House. Geary's division at this moment held the approach from the south along the plank road. All the other troops were gone; but this little army lingered on the field to cover the retreat. The gallant bearing of these troops checked the progress of the enemy's infantry, who, fearfully punished in the great battle of the morning, in which they had lost nearly eight thousand killed and wounded, conceived that they had a new battle to fight: but the fire of the Confederate artillery had now become infernal. Lieutenant Donahue, in command of Thomas' three guns, was mortally wounded. Lepine's battery, in the peach orchard, was almost instantly cut to pieces; every officer was killed or wounded, whereupon General Couch requested Lieutenant Kirby, of the First Artillery, to take command of the battery. Hardly had Kirby reached his new position when his horse was killed, and a few minutes later this most heroic and promising young officer fell mortally wounded. And now a heavy infantry column fell upon the front which General Geary had maintained with so much spirit across the plank road. Stubbornly the men of the Twelfth Corps resisted; but at last that part of the line fell out, and Geary's command passed, in no disorderly column, down the road to the Bullock clearing, where the new position was being taken up. It was still of great importance to gain time; to hold the enemy at bay as long as possible, until the roads leading to the rear should be cleared of troops, and the broken and disordered brigades should be reformed. This necessity pressed strongly upon General Couch, and nobly did he set himself to discharge the duty. His example was superb. Of slight stature, and usually of a simple and retiring demeanor, he became sublime as the passion of battle and the high-mounting sense of duty took

possession of every power and faculty, every thought and feeling, every limb and nerve. His horse was killed; he was himself twice hit. Nobly, too, was he seconded by the chief of his First Division (Hancock), whose horse was killed, and who was only able to secure a re-mount on an animal hardly large enough to allow the general's feet to clear the ground.

The Chancellorsville plateau was now a hell of fire—shot screaming over it from every direction but the northeast; the house itself in flames; yet Hancock's division, alone where seven divisions had been, stood in two lines of battle, back to back, east and west, while the fourteen guns held the enemy at bay on the south.

At last the word came that the First Division might withdraw. The long skirmish line, which had so nobly done its work all the morning and the day before, upon the left, was quickly, and but for a blunder of one officer would have been cleanly withdrawn. The guns of Lepine's battery, which had lost all its officers, all its cannoneers, and all its horses, were drawn off by the hands of the men of the Fifty-third, One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania; the wounded were removed from the burning house by Lieutenant W. P. Wilson, of General Hancock's staff, one of the bravest and coolest of men, with a detail from the Second Delaware; and then the heroic rearguard fell slowly and steadily back toward the new line at the Chandler House.*

Evidently General Walker relied on official records to describe the removal of the wounded from Chancellor House. Zook's report, not filed for so many years, makes clear the reason for Hancock's eleventh-hour supplementary and personal appeal to the One Hundred and Fortieth for detail of Company to complete the work going forward under Lieutenant W. P. Wilson's charge.

From this general description, which throws much light upon the situation, we come back to the part taken in this last stand by the men of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment. At the critical moment when all the divisions were falling back, except our own, we were ordered up to the support of the forlorn hope which was still holding the section of the plateau by the Chancellor House. Leaving our knapsacks at the edge

*See page 317 for mention of additional details for this purpose, including Company F of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment.

of the rifle pit, we advanced in double line of battle through the intervening strip of timber land at such a pace that General Zook, who superintended our part of the advance in person, could hardly keep his place ahead of the line. It seemed to be the eager desire of every man in it to get to the end of this perilous course, whatever it should bring to him, as soon as possible. When the Regiment reached the edge of the woods which came up almost to the house, we were ordered to lie flat on our faces as a support to Lepine's Fifth Maine Battery. Here we remained for something over a half hour amid a tempest of iron hail which might well have appalled the stoutest veteran. The deadly missiles which were hurled against this battery ploughed the ground behind it, scattering dust and gravel over our prostrate bodies, while those which were aimed a little higher tore the limbs from the trees above us. Again and again they struck within our lines, also, killing, wounding and maiming for life, one and another by the side of those who remained unhurt. The morning was hot and sultry, and so intolerable was the thirst which parched throat and lips in this terrible place that some of the men, including the writer, took the risk of losing life or limb in order to get a mouthful of tepid water from the canteens by their sides. As the leaden moments passed, the responses from our battery became less frequent, as one after another the guns were disabled, and the men who had manned them were killed or wounded. In his official report of this cannonade, General Couch says: "The enemy had thirty pieces in position on our right and advanced some of their guns to within 500 or 600 yards of the Chancellor House." To add to the terror of the scene, the immense building, in which were nearly two hundred wounded men and several women, was set on fire by a bursting shell.

Desperate attempts were made by the surgeons in charge to remove their helpless patients, but outside help was needed, for the house was burning rapidly, and there was not a moment to be lost. Riding up to our Regiment, then the nearest to the burning building, General Hancock directed Wm. S. Shallenberger, adjutant, to make a detail to assist

in the rescue. Company F, in the immediate vicinity, was promptly selected by him for this perilous duty. Thomas Henry, the Captain of the company, at once sprang up and calling to his men to follow, rushed up to the building, and, entering it by the east door, brought out 33 wounded soldiers and three women. The provost guard and details from some other regiments in reach assisted in this rescue. So far as known all of the occupants of the house were removed or went out unaided, before the roof and side walls fell in. Dr. Fisher, Assistant Surgeon of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, who had been detailed for duty with the wounded in the Chancellor House makes mention of a room full of wounded Confederate, and of several women, all of whom were taken out by the rescue parties. Captain Henry, (afterwards promoted to rank of Major) mentions the fact that he came out of the house with one woman on each arm, the other holding to his coat tail. They were taken to the Chandler House, then occupied as a hospital inside the new line of battle. Alvin Taylor, of Company F, one of the rescue party, makes the statement, which is corroborated by others, that James A. Carson, the first man to rise in response to his Captain's command was instantly killed; another, Joseph Baker, quickly met the same fate, while four others were wounded in attempting to do the work for which they were detailed.

Meanwhile, at the same end of the line, a detail was made under charge of Captain Linton, to take off the guns and caissons of the disabled battery, which had lost all its officers and nearly all its horses and men. In response to this call, a number of men from Companies D, C and H, rose to their feet, threw down their rifles, and following the lead of Captain Linton, took off two guns and as many caissons into the woods where they were out of sight and range of the enemy.* It is evident from a comparison of records that details of other commands assisted in the removing of the remaining

*For the names of several men on this detail and other interesting facts see page 317.

pieces. This fact, which we willingly concede, detracts nothing from the honor due to the brave men of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, who *took the initiative in this act*. Neither does it detract in the least from the honor due to the men of Company F, that brave men of other commands assisted in the rescue of the imperilled occupants of the Chancellor House.

The silencing and removal of the battery in our front opened the way for the unhindered advance of the enemy; and, as nothing further could be gained by holding our perilous position, the order was given to withdraw. This was followed by another order to "fix bayonets," as the men rose to their feet. It was given in anticipation of a charge by the Confederate forces, whose skirmishers had already reached the plateau which we had been holding. Happily for us the enemy hesitated to take advantage of his opportunity at this critical moment and we lost no time in falling back to the rifle pits which we had left. Here we picked up our knapsacks and under the cover of the guns on the new line, reached the place assigned us within its defenses.

At the roll call of the several companies it was found that the heaviest losses had been among the men who had been posted on the extreme right and left of the regimental line. In Company F, at the head of the Regiment, three were killed and two wounded; in Company D, two were killed and four wounded; in C, one killed and one wounded; in K, four wounded, while in Company G, at or near the other end of the line, four, including the Second Lieutenant, Joseph W. McEwen, were killed. Two of this Company met with the loss of an arm, one a right arm and the other the left. Three or four more were injured slightly by fragments of shells.*

*A young soldier belonging to the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, who had got lost from his own regiment, fell in with Company G as we were about to advance to the Chancellor House, remarking as he did so that he would stand by the One Hundred and Fortieth. He was in the rear rank of the company in support of the battery and was killed by a shell. No one present seemed to know his name or company, and his body, which was mangled beyond recognition, doubtless fills an unknown grave somewhere on that bloody field.

Two of the companies were absent on the picket line which had been held so bravely by Colonel Miles. The position of the companies present was as follows: F, D, I, C, H, E, K, G. In this position, Company F was nearest the Chancellor House and on the left of the line owing to the fact that the Regiment had been about faced before we went up to the Chancellor House.

The losses in the Fifth Maine Battery were six men killed and nineteen wounded. Captain Lepine, the Commander, was killed before the battery could be put into position and soon after both of his Lieutenants were carried off the field desperately wounded. Forty-three horses belonging to the battery were killed or disabled. In a magazine article published some years ago, a sergeant who stood by his gun until all the remaining pieces were silenced, gives a thrilling account of the scene at the Chancellor House in which he was both a witness and an actor. From this description entitled, "A Battery at Chancellorsville," we give some brief extracts which bear directly upon the incidents above mentioned:

When we reached the crest, he says, our Captain rode rapidly forward to inspect the ground. Turning to the Aide (of General Couch) he said: "I can take my battery in here, but no power on earth can take it out again." "Take it in." And without a thought, except for the doomed men, and that he might do his duty, he ordered his battery in. It was past ten o'clock of that sultry Sunday morning. Before the battery could be put into position Captain Lepine was mortally wounded and removed from the field.

As we moved out of the belt of woods into the open, a line of infantry, perhaps six hundred yards from us, opened from the center to right and left, and moved into the woods to cover, unmasking three batteries which knew our distance to a foot, as it seemed to us, so deadly accurate was their fire. Our right rested on the woods and our left on the Chancellor House. It did not seem a minute before the air was full of the pieces from bursting shell, or crackling spherical case shot, or whistling minnies. No one dared to

raise a hand unnecessarily for fear of having it pierced by the one or the other. The air was beaten by the sudden and doubly continuous shocks of the rapid discharges, till it palpitated like the heart of an animal too frightened to run away. A bird would have been beaten about by these commingling waves as a boat is tossed by the whirlpools below Niagara. The trees in the open were torn into fragments. The wooden outbuildings were blown into splinters. The Chancellor House was set on fire. Men and horses dropped on either hand. Within twenty minutes the four guns next the woods were silenced. Then those eighteen guns in our front and the infantry lurking all around us poured all their fire unchecked on the two guns next the house, which still kept pounding away at the enemy concealed in the woods. A chest of ammunition with over forty pounds of powder in it exploded close by, but no one knew it until the eye noted its absence. After each of the two guns left had fired about sixty round there remains one gun with a battered face and with only the sergeant left to work it: another with a broken wheel and only the gunner left for duty. All the rest, officers and men, are dead or wounded or have been driven back into the woods. The two who are left could do no more. The gunners spike two of the guns which seem in danger of immediate capture. The sergeant, however, succeeds in finding a detail of infantry who fix the prologue and draw the guns back into the woods.*

This vivid description of one of the most heroic stands against overwhelming odds in the history of the Civil War, corresponds in every detail with the observations and experiences of men of the supporting regiments. The report of General Zook, the Brigade commander, which had been lost for many years, has at last come to light and gives some valuable information with respect to the events just described. The following quotation is from the portion of it which relates to the part taken by the One Hundred and Fortieth on the 3d of May.

On the morning of the 3rd some regiments having been withdrawn from the rifle pits on my right, the One Hundred and Fortieth was moved in that direction to maintain con-

*See Report of General Zook, page 74.

nection with those which remained. In this new position the regiment lost some men killed and wounded. Subsequently the One Hundred and Fortieth was moved to the support of a battery on the right of the Chancellorsville House, the Fifth Maine.

Half an hour after taking this position the house caught fire. Being filled with our wounded, a company of the One Hundred and Fortieth was ordered to assist in their removal, which duty was well performed under very severe fire. Another detail of forty men was made to bring off the guns of the battery above named, which had lost all its officers and nearly all of its men and horses. This detail first drove two caissons into the woods out of the enemy's sight and then returned and removed two guns to the same position. It was then and there they first saw men of any other brigade. Some men of the Second and Fourth Brigades assisted part of the detail to bring off their guns, whilst the remainder went back for the other three, which they found some men of the Second and Fourth Brigades were endeavoring to remove. Lieutenant Linton, of the One Hundred and Fortieth, in charge of the detail, ordered some of his men to assist with each gun until they reached a place of safety, which was done. The gun detail and that for the removal of the wounded necessarily left their arms with the regiment, which moved away in obedience to orders during their absence. In this way some rifles were lost, although many of the men and some of the officers carried off quite an armload of pieces. Conspicuous among the latter was Lieutenant Stokes, who abandoned his rations, blankets, etc., for that purpose. * * * I am happy to express entire satisfaction with the conduct of my command.

(Signed) S. K. Zook,
Brigadier-General.

Headquarters Third Brigade, First Division,
Second Corps.


May 12, 1863.

This official statement made by the Brigade Commander, May 12th, 1863,—nine days after the events it describes—effectually disposes of the random assertion, first made by irresponsible newspaper correspondents, that all the guns of Lepine's battery were taken off by men of the Irish Brigade. This famous organization was—in the estimation of some of these imaginative writers, like the "Black Horse Cavalry,"

or the "Louisiana Tigers,"—supposed to be everywhere present and to perform all the deeds of heroism, which were done in the command to which they belonged. This we might pass without further comment were it not for the published statement in the sketch of the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, prepared for Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, which affirms without qualification that the battalion then commanded by Colonel Mulholland, regardless of the deadly missiles which swept that devoted ground, rushed forward, seized the guns and through the mud and mire into which the ground had been trodden, *dragged them off*, and *brought them all safely* to the point where the reserve artillery was parked." The statement attributing *all* the credit of this action to the battalion above named is so manifestly unfair, and so flagrantly at variance with the report of General Zook and the statement of General Walker, already quoted, who connects with it the Fifty-third and the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiments—as well as with an accumulation of evidence furnished by those who were witnesses of it—that it defeats its own purposes and makes a fuller refutation unnecessary. At a later date, January 5th, 1905, Colonel Mulholland admits that in passing down the road after hauling off the guns he found about a dozen men of the One Hundred and Fortieth, who had come out of the woods, apparently "off the picket line," who took hold and "helped us off with *one* of the guns." In making this statement, we presume that he was not aware of the fact that Captain Linton's detail had already taken off two guns with their caissons into the woods, nor that the men whom he found coming out of the woods were not "coming in off picket," but were returning for the remaining guns which they, his brave men, helped them to haul off. More than is justly our due as a Regiment, we do not claim, but we do assert that the initiative was taken by the detail taken from it under Captain Linton, and that it afterwards shared in the honor of removing the pieces which still remained. After a lapse of nearly fifty years, it seems to be high time to correct such misapprehensions and misstatements as the above mentioned, founded on imperfect

knowledge; and in all fairness, to give honor where honor is due.

Behind the strong defenses of the new line of battle the wearied, powder-begrimed men of Hancock's Division, in whose ears the din of battle had sounded continuously for seven hours of that Sabbath morning, a quiet, much needed rest was enjoyed for the remainder of the day. On the afternoon of the day following a heavy detail was made from the Regiment for picket duty outside the broad belt of slashed timber in front of our line. A narrow pathway led down to the position which was occupied by the men we were expected to relieve: and the moment we appeared on the other side of the breast-work, a battery which had been trained upon it opened fire upon us. This unexpected demonstration greatly accelerated the speed of the little party, some of whom were seen to dodge as they ran, but no serious harm was done by the flying missiles which were hurled against them. Several attacks were made by the enemy on this part of the picket line during the night, and at intervals the next day. So dense was the undergrowth in the wilderness section below us that we could hear the approach of the enemy's skirmish line before we could see them. During the night it was necessary to be on the alert every moment to guard against surprise, and yet, despite this danger, many of the sentries were so overpowered with weariness that they fell asleep at their posts. When the officer who was in charge of the picket detail came to the posts in our section he was greatly excited and cried out in a despairing tone: "My God! What shall I do! Nearly every man along this line is asleep." Fortunately for all concerned our picket line was not attacked at that hour of the night, and probably for the reason that our opponents had as much as they could do, at the same time, to keep awake. When the supports were called out to assist in repelling an attack each man took to a tree and behind this cover did his part in keeping up a fusillade until the enemy came to a realization of the fact that we were not to be caught napping. During one of these minor engagements Samuel McBride, of Company G, was struck by a minie ball in the forehead, directly above the



bridge of the nose and fell to the ground, as one dead. To the great surprise of those who were near him he sprang to his feet after a brief moment of unconsciousness and with a dazed look staggered back along the pathway through the slashed timber to the main line. Supposing that he was trying to escape from his post of duty an officer on the works halted him with a drawn revolver. His attitude toward him quickly changed, however, when he saw the ball sticking fast in his forehead. This missile, which the writer held for a moment in his hand, a few days later, had penetrated the outer layer of the frontal bones and made a deep dent in the forehead without inflicting a mortal wound. With this visible token of devotion on the forefront of his honest face, young McBride was discharged from the service; and, for well nigh forty-five years, has been a preacher of the gospel in Western Pennsylvania. After one of these encounters with the enemy the undergrowth below us was set on fire, whether by accident or design we do not know, but inasmuch as a brisk wind was blowing our direction it spread rapidly and came like the crest of an advancing wave upon us. Falling back from the outposts we joined forces with a body of men who came to our relief and at last succeeded in beating out the flames at the very edge of the broad belt of slashed timber. This accomplished, we went back, through the blackened waste and smoldering embers, to form the line anew at or near its former location.

At three o'clock in the afternoon a storm of wind and rain burst upon us and quickly drowned out the smouldering fires. For three hours or more the rain came down in torrents, cooling the atmosphere and drenching all who were exposed to it to the skin. About this time vague rumors came to our ears that the men on the main line were falling back from the entrenchments with a view to recrossing the river. This was confirmed by the arrival of a relief force who took our places in order that we might have the opportunity to return to the main line, gather up our belongings and take a brief rest. A good while before daybreak we were aroused from the deep sleep into which we had fallen, regardless of

rain, watersoaked ground or garments, and were hurried off after those who had preceded us, in the direction of the United States Ford. The artillery, wagon trains and ambulances which had gone on during the night made the roads almost impassable. The mud and water through which we waded was frequently knee deep and some of the men had its unsightly discolorment on their clothing almost to their armpits.

When we reached the open space near the Ford, we found a great host of men, massed by divisions and corps waiting for their turn to cross on the pontoon bridges.

“Had the enemy known this,” says Carl Schurz, “and succeeded in planting one battery in a position from which it might have pitched its shells into this dense mass of humanity, substantially helpless in its huddled condition, the consequences would have baffled the imagination. A wild panic would have been unavoidable, and a large part of the Army of the Potomac would have perished in the swollen waters of the Rappahannock. But, as it turned out, General Lee did not disturb our retreat, and by four o’clock in the afternoon—Wednesday—the whole army was safely over.”

When the Brigade had crossed the order was given to march. It was obeyed with alacrity and before nightfall we were back in our old camp. We occupied the huts we had left and made ourselves as comfortable as possible until we could get new supplies to supplement our imperfect and inadequate outfit.

The rain continued at intervals for two or three days after we had reached Falmouth. We left it on the morning of April 28th. We returned to it on the evening of the 6th of May—eight days thereafter. We left it in high hopes and with no thought of returning that way. Despite all our efforts we had suffered a disastrous defeat, the outcome of which meant the undertaking of a new campaign under circumstances which could hardly be more favorable or promising. It goes without saying that the Army of the Potomac was discouraged and humiliated, but it was not demoralized nor unwilling to make a new attempt when the order should

again be given. To the men in the ranks there seemed to be no good reason for abandoning the second line of defence; for in this we felt secure against any attack which might be made upon it until the Union army should have been ready to resume the offensive.

We did not know until it came out later that several of the leading commanders of divisions and corps favored the return of the army, because they had lost confidence in the judgment and efficiency of the General commanding.

“Among those who voted to retreat,” says General Walker, “was the Commander of the Second Corps, whose observation of General Hooker, from the first to the fifth of May, had convinced him that no change of disposition and no accession of numbers would serve to enable that officer to win a victory, in the condition of mind into which he had fallen and that a renewal of the fighting would simply mean fresh disgrace and increased losses.”*

This judgment was based upon the ill chosen site of the low ground about the Chancellor House; upon the failure to guard his right flank against sudden attack; upon the failure to meet the emergency arising from lack of ammunition from supplies near at hand on the morning of the 3rd of May; upon the refusal to reinforce the hard-pressed divisions at the front with fresh troops in easy reach; and the fact that in the most critical moments of the same day there were two large corps of his army, comprising nearly one-half of his present command,—37,000 men—who were not called into action to recover the ground which had been lost or to assist those who had been compelled for lack of support to abandon the plateau which they had so long and so courageously held.

The bulk of the losses, according to the official report, in the Second Corps, amounting to 1,923, had fallen upon Hancock's Division, whose killed, wounded and missing reached a total of 1,123.

In the closing of this campaign as a recent writer has happily expressed it:

* Walker's History of the Second Army Corps, page 250.

The Army of the Potomac sounded the depths of humiliation for the last time. It is to be baffled and resisted by the rebels with deathless valor. It is to make appalling sacrifices, to fight battles more bloody than any it has yet seen. It is to witness carnage the historian staggers to describe. But it is to leave no battlefield except as a victor. Though its commander is to be changed once more, its defeats have been chronicled for the last time. While its losses will startle the world, its failures will furnish no more glaring headlines.

* Brewer's History of the Sixty-first Regiment, Pennsylvania, page 58.

†See General Hancock's letter to his wife, page 417.

CHAPTER VII.

NORTHWARD FROM FALMOUTH TO GETTYSBURG.

THE initiative in the new campaign, which was to carry us northward to the defense of our own native State, was made by the Confederate commander on the third day of June, a little less than a month after the return of the Union army to its winter camp on the Rappahannock. During this interval General Lee reorganized his army, dividing it into three large corps, which he placed under command of his able Lieutenants Ewell, Hill and Longstreet. The last named officer joined the Army of Northern Virginia with two divisions of well-seasoned troops soon after the battle of Chancellorsville. Additions were received from other sources at later dates, making an effective force of about 70,000 or 75,000 men.

It was an army elated with recent achievements, proud of its able Commander, and, as Longstreet has expressed it, "was in condition to undertake anything."

In the several engagements on the south side of the Rappahannock—May 1st to 5th—the Army of the Potomac had lost, in killed, wounded and missing, an aggregate of 17,197 men.

A still larger number of "two years" and "nine months" men whose terms of enlistment had expired on or about the first of May, withdrew from it, after the return to the north side of the river. It is true that a number of these honorably discharged men re-enlisted for a further term of three years, but to all such a furlough of one month was granted. It meant much therefore to this army and its Commander to secure a respite, if possible, from active operations for that or a longer period of time.

With all the accessions which could be secured up to the first of June, the Union Army, which before the battle of

Chancellorsville numbered 124,000 men, had an effective force all told, of less than 85,000.

The days of preparation which were thus necessarily spent in our winter camp on the Rappannock, were not days of idleness. As soon as we were safely housed and rationed, the old routine of camp life, guard duty, daily drill and dress parades was resumed. Picket duty, at regular intervals, was always in order, but with the return of the springtime, these two-day excursions by the riverside were regarded as a pleasant diversion from the ordinary experiences of army life.

If General Hooker had remained in the strongly entrenched defenses at Bullock's clearing, to which he fell back on the third of May, until he was prepared to assume the offensive, a secret movement looking to the invasion of northern territory would not have been possible and the "Wilderness Campaign" would then have been fought out to the finish under circumstances more favorable than any that obtained under Grant, one year later. But it was not so ordered and Gettysburg became a necessity. On the 28th of May, General Hooker telegraphed to the Secretary of War that the enemy was preparing for an important movement, but the object of it was not known to him. In anticipation of this movement he issued marching rations to his army on the second of June. Four days later, by his order, Sedgwick's Corps crossed the river on pontoons and held an intrenched line on the Fredericksburg side for several days. He met with spirited opposition at times from the troops of Hill's command, but could not get any definite information with respect to the movements of the rest of the army.

On the 9th of June, General Pleasanton, the Commander of the Union Cavalry Corps, crossed the river at Beverly Ford and at Brandy Station met the Confederate cavalry under General Stuart. As the result of a hard day's battle, one of the most brilliant cavalry engagements of the war, Stuart's purpose in screening the march of the Confederate forces was thwarted and information was obtained which made it certain that General Lee was heading northward with two of his army corps, on the westward side of the Blue Ridge, while Hill was

still confronting the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg.

With a view to guarding the approaches to Washington from the lower gaps of the Ridge, Hooker at once put the vanguard of his army in motion. Thus it came about that the rival armies moved northward to the Potomac, one on the west side of this great mountain wall and the other on the east, crossing it many miles apart, from Virginia to Maryland. The Second and Sixth Corps were left in the positions they were occupying until they had sufficient evidence that Hill's command had also started on its northward march.

On the eve of these great events some important changes were made in the leadership of the Corps and Division. After the battle of Chancellorsville, General Couch, for reasons already hinted at, requested to be relieved from his command and assigned to duty in another department of the Army. This request was granted and General Hancock was assigned to the command of the Second Corps, in his stead.

Brigadier-General Caldwell, who had rendered signal service as the commander of the First Brigade, was given the command of the First Division, which up to this and for a long time after was popularly designated as "Hancock's Division."

On or about the 20th of June, the positions of the companies in our Regiment were changed for the third and last time. The order designated, reading from left to right, was as follows: A, E, H, B, I, K, D, G, F, C. This gave to Company K the position of color company.

On the night of the 14th, Sedgwick's troops recrossed the river and followed the corps which had preceded it. The First Division of the Second Corps, which now became the rear guard of the entire army, drew in its pickets by the river side at daybreak in the morning of the 15th, and as soon as as this detail, which was larger than usual, had reached the camp the order was given to march. Enveloped in clouds of finely powdered dust, which had been pulverized and stirred up by passing trains and troops, we took our place in the line and moved out to the Alexandria road which led directly to Acquia Creek. This was the beginning of our long northward

march—a march of over two hundred miles, including its zig-zags and detours—which did not end until we had reached Gettysburg, in our native State.

At Stafford Court House we halted for a brief rest and then pushed on to Acquia Creek where we bivouacked for the night. The 15th of June was one of the hottest days in that unusually torrid summer, and the march over the dusty roads under the burning sun, was the most trying and fatiguing we had yet experienced. Hundreds of strong men fell out by the wayside and were left under the protection of the rear guard to come up more slowly. All the available ambulances were filled by those that were unable to walk and the surgeons reported the death of fifteen men who had fallen in their tracks from fatigue or sunstroke. The next day was but little better, and the same experiences of dust and excessive heat were met and endured.

We camped that night at Wolf Run Shoals on the Ocuquan River. A few moments after the order had been given to break ranks, the stream was fairly alive with bathers. How refreshing it was to plunge into this clear flood of running water after the long day's march under a burning sun and amid the ever present clouds of dust. Up to this time the men had suffered from excessive thirst. The only opportunity to get water while on the march, was to make a dash from the ranks and as quickly to return to them, in order to avoid the imputation of straggling. Sometimes there was not a drop of water in sight for miles and too often the only supply we did find by the way was in muddy streams or stagnant pools, along whose borders dead horses or mules were lying.

On the 17th the march was resumed to Fairfax Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where we remained in line of battle in anticipation of an attack from Stuart's cavalry, until the afternoon of the 19th, when the corps pushed on to Centreville.

On the 21st we moved to Thoroughfare Gap, encamping for the night near the town of Gainsville at the entrance to the Gap. On our way to this place, we passed directly over the battlefield of Bull Run. The second great battle on this

bloody field, under General Pope, had been more disastrous to the Union Army than the first, and the evidences of this fearful conflict were visible on every hand. Many mounds were passed where the dead had been hastily buried by heaping loose soil over them, which the rains had washed away, leaving skeletons of arms, hands, feet, skulls and other part of the body more or less exposed. Broken equipments, buckles, cartridge boxes, belts and torn clothing, some blue and others gray, were still lying on the surface of the ground. Every tree and house in sight was riddled with minie balls or torn and gashed with shot and shell. It was a sad, gruesome and never-to-be-forgotten sight.

Our object in making this detour from the course to Thoroughfare Gap was to find out, if possible, what General Hill was doing with the rear guard of the Confederate Army. On the evening of the first day of our stay at Gainesville there was some cannonading in our front, and we were cautioned to be on the alert against a night attack. A little after midnight there were indications of a fierce conflict at Haymarket, about three miles nearer to the Gap, during the continuance of which the town of Haymarket was burned to the ground. This conflict, as we afterwards learned, was between some of our cavalry and the advance guard of General Stuart's command. The appearance of the famous cavalry commander of the Confederates at this time, was entirely unexpected and the disposition which he made of his forces with a view to cutting off the Second Corps from the rest of the army, made the situation of Zook's Brigade at Gainesville extremely perilous. For several hours it was entirely cut off from communication with the rest of the troops of its own division and corps. From this perilous position we escaped by a rapid march and by a different route than that which we had expected to take, on the morning of June 25th. With reference to this critical situation, General Walker says:

It chanced that, just as the corps was withdrawing from the Gap, the Confederate cavalry, under General Stuart, were passing through New Baltimore toward Gainesville,

upon that raid which was destined to cause to Lee the loss of nearly his whole cavalry force throughout the highly critical movement he was conducting. At the little town of Haymarket, where Hancock's line of march turned to the north, Stuart opened fire upon our rear division, the Second, killing or wounding several men. Still further annoyance was caused by this unexpected appearance of the Confederate cavalry, inasmuch as Zook's brigade of the First Division, which was at Gainesville, was temporarily cut off from communication with the rest of the corps, and several messengers passing between Hancock and Zook were captured, among them Captain Johnson, of the Sixth New York Cavalry, the commander of the corps headquarters' escort.

The hurried march which was made to extricate ourselves from this Confederate trap was one of the most trying and wearisome on the long journey northward in pursuit of General Lee. From early morning until far into the night there were almost continuous showers of rain. Much of the way before us was up grade and the red Virginia clay clogged our feet and seriously impeded our progress. At Gum Springs, one of the halting places of General Braddock on his way to Fort Duquesne, one hundred and eight years before, we bivouacked for the night. It was about nine o'clock when we reached this place and here we rejoined our corps after several days of isolation and anxious solicitude. We were wet to the skin and too weary and indifferent to make fires, much as we longed for a steaming cup of coffee. In some cases shelter tents were hastily pitched, but most of the men wrapped their blankets about them and slept under the dripping branches of the pine grove in which we had been halted. Next morning we started early and marched rapidly through rain and mud until noon, the rain having ceased a short time before. By this time the warmth of our bodies had dried the water-soaked clothing in which we had marched and slept and when the sky cleared, the discomforts of the way were speedily forgotten. In the evening we reached Edwards' Ferry on the Potomac, where we found a long pontoon bridge which had been recently constructed by the Engineer Corps. Some of the Army Corps which had preceded us were here in the im-

mediate vicinity. We went into bivouac by the riverside awaiting our turn to cross, which did not come until after midnight. We then marched about four miles farther and went into camp for a few hours of rest. On the 28th we reached Monocacy Junction, near Frederick. Before crossing the Potomac, the troops were cautioned against the appropriation of live stock or food products of any kind and this injunction was strictly observed. It was not so easy, however, to give up the privilege of appropriating the rails or boards of the fences in the vicinity of the places of encampment. To provide camp fires for a great army like ours in a friendly country was not an easy matter, especially where the stay was only for one night. The men could not go to the forests and cut wood, nor could they get it anywhere in quantities sufficient for their needs unless they took it from the fences beside them. One order was to the effect that we might take broken rails. This was literally interpreted and the man who could not find a broken rail to cook his coffee, straightway proceeded to break the first one that came to hand, and then carried it away in triumph. The portion of Maryland into which we were so unceremoniously conducted was rich and singularly beautiful. This was especially true of the country in the vicinity of Frederick and the South Mountain.

On the 29th of June the Second Corps made the most memorable march of this wearisome northward journey. The order directing it was carelessly laid upon the desk of the Adjutant-General of the Corps, by the orderly who brought it, and was not noticed until about eight o'clock in the morning. It proved to be an imperative order for a march to a point beyond Uniontown, Md., which was 32 miles from our place of bivouac. Through that long, sultry day and a part of the night following, we tramped over the dusty road with blistered feet and heavy loads without pausing long enough to make coffee or cook a meal. General Walker speaks of it as "a day of tremendous exertions" and such in truth it was. The only drink we could take, without delaying the column, was the warm, insipid, and oftentimes muddy water in our canteen, and the only solid food available was a mouthful of

"hardtack," now and then, which we munched as we moved along. Giving the bridges to the wagon trains and artillery, we forded all the streams in our way, as we had done for days before. Sometimes we stopped long enough on the farther side to pour the water out of our shoes, but in no case could one tarry long, lest the men behind should be delayed or thrown out of their position in the line. During the day, and especially toward evening, hundreds fell out by the way from mere exhaustion. It was near midnight when the objective point of the long march was reached and those who attained to it were probably less than one-third of the entire corps.

Many of these overspent marchers came up during the night, and still more, perhaps during the following day, which was passed quietly in camp.

A pleasant feature of this memorable day was the warm and enthusiastic greetings we received from men, women and children in every one of the Maryland towns through which we passed. At Frederick and Uniontown refreshments were freely offered at the gates of residences and by the side of the streets, and many a kind word and "God bless you, boys," rang in our ears and cheered our hearts, as we pressed onward to the greatest battlefield of the war.

One of the most depressing and painful experiences of the forced marches which the troops were compelled to make, during these long summer days, was caused by foot sores in varying degrees of chafing and inflammation. Some of the men suffered so much from blistered and swollen feet that they could not wear their shoes, and there were many, as we neared the border of Pennsylvania, who had to be carried a part, or the whole of the time, in ambulances. The man who did not have a limp in his gait in those trying days was a rare exception among his fellows.

While in this camp awaiting further developments, we received the official notification that General Hooker, at his own request, had been relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that Major-General George G. Meade, the Commander of the Fifth Corps, had been assigned

to this responsible position in his stead. This was a genuine surprise to the men of the rank and file, but in general it was received with favor and ready acquiescence.

Upon assuming the command, General Meade issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

June 28, 1863.

By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier, in obeying this order—an order totally unexpected and unsolicited—I have no promises nor pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest. It is with just diffidence that I relieve of the command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier, whose name must ever appear conspicuous in the history of its achievements; but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust which has been confided to me.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

On the first of July, little knowing what the day was to bring forth, we started out early from our temporary camp near Uniontown. After going a few miles on the road we were halted and ordered back to it. We then took the direct road to Taneytown, which we reached at noon, having covered a distance of about fourteen miles. We had heard the boom of artillery at intervals during the morning, but supposed it was an indication that the cavalry in our front had met with some of the advance guards of the Confederate Army. While we rested at the edge of Taneytown awaiting an order to go into camp, a messenger came from the front with the startling intelligence that a great battle was in progress with Lee's army on the northwest side of the town of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania. There were vague rumors, also, which proved

to be only too true, that the two corps, which had met the enemy, the First and Eleventh, had been overpowered and badly worsted in the conflict, and that General Reynolds, the commanding officer, had been killed or seriously wounded. A little later it was reported among the troops that General Hancock had started for the front in hot haste in advance of his departure was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

July 1, 1863, 1.10 P. M.

Commanding Officer Second Corps:

The Major-General Commanding has just been informed that General Reynolds has been killed or badly wounded. He directs that you turn over the command of your corps to General Gibbon; that you proceed to the front, and by virtue of this order, in case of the truth of General Reynolds' death, you assume command of the corps there assembled, viz, the Eleventh, First and Third, at Emmitsburg. If you think the ground and position there a better one on which to fight a battle under existing circumstances, you will so advise the General and he will order all the troops up. You know the General's views, and General Warren, who is fully aware of them, has gone out to see General Reynolds.

(Signed) GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

At half past three o'clock, Hancock appeared on the ridge, now known as Cemetery Hill. On the left the remnants of the First Corps were forming under cover of Buford's cavalry brigades, while a broad tumultuous stream of panic-stricken men, mingled with ambulances, artillery and ammunition wagons were hurrying out along the Baltimore Road. Behind the rearmost of this struggling host were the advance of the Confederates who had pursued them closely through the town. To stop the rush of these shattered regiments and reform them along the line of Cemetery Hill was Hancock's first and most pressing duty and in this he was ably seconded by General Howard, the commander of the Eleventh Corps. With the splendid tact and ardent enthusiasm which ever characterized this prince of leaders in the heat of battle, the



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF MAJ.-GEN. W. S. HANCOCK.
SCENE OF PICKETT'S CHARGE.



hesitating were brought to decision, the disheartened were rallied to their colors, the lines were rectified, batteries of artillery were planted on the heights and at every available point a brave front was presented to the enemy. At half past four a semblance of order had been brought out of the confusion and Hancock sent an officer of his staff to General Meade with the message that Gettysburg offered a suitable position for a battle and advised the concentration of the army at that point. Meanwhile the Second Corps, in anticipation of this decision, was making a forced march toward it. General Meade was with it when the message of Hancock was received, and a few moments later, hurried forward with his staff to the front. An ambulance containing the dead body of General Reynolds, which was being sent to the rear, passed us in the evening. Crossing the line between Maryland and Pennsylvania after nightfall we push on through the darkness, with brief pauses of a few moments only for rest, until nearly two o'clock on the morning of the 2d of July. We were then about two miles from Gettysburg and within supporting distance of the troops already assembled there. By direction of General Hancock, who met us at this point, we unslung our knapsacks and rested until near the hour of day-break. Our halting place was in a wheat field and the golden grain upon which we slept was almost ripe for the sickle. Some of the men were so overpowered with weariness that they fell asleep almost as soon as their bodies touched the ground. There were others, however, equally wearied, perhaps, in body, whose minds were too active with thoughts of home and of the day of decision just before them to yield so quickly to the insistent strain of overwrought nerves or the drowsy influences about them.

Resting side by side in the grainfield that night were two young men of the same company, who were residents of the same town and had been students of the same college. After a few moments of silence one said to the other: "Stewart, do you think you will come out of this battle alive and some day get back to the old home again?" "Well 'Ben' " said his friend in reply. "We're going into a great battle to-day. Many

must fall before it is ended. God only knows how it will be with us." After another brief pause the first speaker replied: "I've been thinking about this for some time and I have a presentiment that I will see the end of this war and get back to old Canonsburg. I would like to sing again in the choir of the old church on the hill and somehow I feel that this desire of my heart will be realized." These in substance were the words spoken. Before the shadows of the night of July 2nd had fallen over the earth the young soldier, who on the eve of battle had expressed this hope, was sleeping his last sleep on the advance line of battle beyond another wheat field, which will ever be known as the "whirlpool" of the Gettysburg battle.

After a rest of about two hours we were aroused from sleep, and without waiting to make fires, the command was given to "fall in," this, as it turned out, was to be the last stage of the northward journey. The Taneytown road on which we were marching, brought us past the Round Tops to the left of the Union line. The Third and Second Divisions which had preceded us were posted farther to the right along the ridge of Cemetery Hill.

For some time after its arrival the First Division was massed in the woods to the right of the Taneytown road.

Here at last we reached the objective point of our long series of marches and here, as an overruling Providence had decreed it, was to be settled the issue for weal or woe of General Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VIII.**THE TURNING OF THE TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.**

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget,
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wane;
Men start not at the battle cry,—
O, be it never heard again!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

There are more monuments on the Gettysburg field than on all other battlefields that have marked the history of the human race.—NELSON A. MELES, Lieutenant-General, United States Army.

Waterloo decreed the destiny of France, of England, of Europe. Gettysburg, not so directly or immediately, but practically decided the fate of the Confederacy.—General JOHN B. GORDON, of the Confederate Army.

IN the clear light of the sun, which had risen in a cloudless of the singularly beautiful and varied landscape which sky on the morning of the Second of July, all the features was now spread before us, came out sharply and distinctly.

Our position was on the lower slope of a well defined ridge which extended almost due south from the Gettysburg Cemetery, on the crest of the ridge, to Little Round Top, a bold, rock-covered peak, which closed the view in that direction. Behind us was the broad, shallow, rock-strewn bed of a stream, appropriately designated as "Rock Creek." This valley was edged by a strip of timber land, which with breaks here and there, extended to a more densely wooded section at the base and along the ridge of Little Round Top. In the foreground, facing to the west, was a broad, undulating plain, divided for the most part into fruitful fields with here and there a clump of trees, or a farmhouse with its outbuildings and barn. On the horizon line beyond was another ridge almost parallel with the one upon which we were standing which bounded the western side of the plain before us. This we were told was the defensive line of the Confederate army, but they were so well concealed by a strip of woodland which skirted the ridge in our front that we should not otherwise have known of their presence in that location.

It does not appear to have been the original intention of either of the commanding officers who faced each other on these ridges to select this place for a decisive battle. It was rather the logic of events partly beyond control which brought them here. And yet there were two remarkable features of the landscape as they found it which made it a most favorable site for such a contest.

One was the two parallel ridges running north and south, to which reference has just been made. The western ridge took its name from the Theological Seminary of the Lutheran Church which for several years had crowned a well-chosen outlook on its summit. It was almost continuous and afforded some choice locations for the planting of artillery. Behind it the Confederates found a sufficient water supply in Willoughby Run. Directly south of the town the eastern ridge bends sharply to the right, forming two rocky and densely wooded knolls, known as Culp's and Spangler's Hills. In outline it resembled a fish hook. "Cemetery Ridge forming the shank, Cemetery Hill the curve, and Culp's Hill the end of the hook."

The line of battle which was formed on the crest of this ridge was about four and a half miles long. The Confederate line was nearly the same in outline, but being the outer line was about five and a half miles long. The right of this line was held by Longstreet; the center by Hill; the left by Ewell.* The distance between the two ridges varied from fourteen to sixteen hundred yards.

The second remarkable feature is the convergence of ten well-kept roads, centering from every point of the compass in this quaint old Pennsylvania town; almost as regularly as the spokes of a wagon wheel at the hub. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that Gettysburg at that time had less than three thousand inhabitants.

General Meade utilized four of these roads in concentrating his army. On the Emmitsburg road Buford's Cavalry, the First, Third and Eleventh Corps, coming from the southwest, made their march. From the south the Second Corps approached by the Taneytown road; from the southeast the Sixth and Twelfth Corps by way of the Baltimore Pike, while from the east came the Fifth corps and the cavalry divisions under Gregg and Kilpatrick.

On the other side of the town the Confederate forces under command of Ewell approached from the north and northeast over the Mummasburg, Carlisle, Harrisburg and York roads, while those under Hill and Longstreet came from the northwest and west over the Chambersburg roads.

Thus it appears that General Meade made use of four of these lines of approach and General Lee of six. As a recent writer has put it:

From these unusual facilities for the movement and concentration of large bodies of troops, together with the conformation of the surrounding hills and fields, it would seem as if Gettysburg had been designed by nature for a battlefield.

*The Confederate corps corresponded with the grand divisions of Burnside's army. Hence these were only three corps in number.

We should rather say, in view of all the facts before us, that it was designed by the Lord of Hosts, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who watches over the destinies of men and nations, to be the "valley of decision," in which the great questions so long at issue between the North and the South, relating to the integrity of the nation and the perpetuation of human slavery, were to be settled at once and for all time.

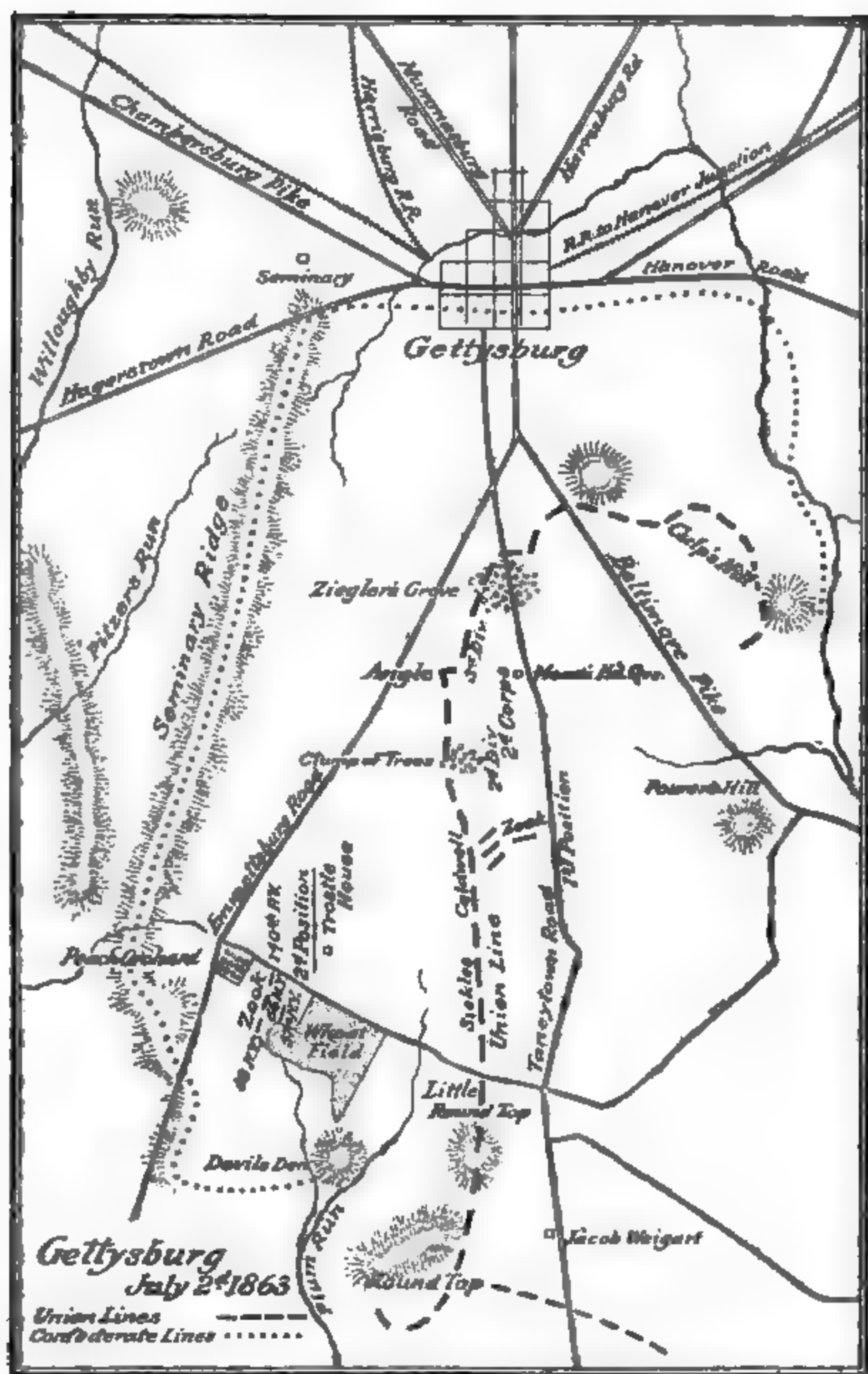
The troops which had arrived on the ground up to noon of July 2d, were disposed as follows:

On the right wing, under General Slocum, were the Twelfth and First Corps, extending from Culp's Hill to Zeigler's Grove on Cemetery Hill,—the right centre of the line. South of Zeigler's Grove was the Second Corps; Hay's Division being on the right, Gibbon's in the centre and Caldwell's First Division on the left. This Division occupied the left centre of the line, connecting with the Third Corps which extended to the base of Little Round Top. The Fifth Corps, under Sykes, marched from Hanover during the night and on its arrival took position in reserve on or near the base of Round Top. The Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, which made a forced march of about thirty-four miles in eighteen hours, did not reach the field until four o'clock in the afternoon. It was posted, as the several divisions arrived, in the rear as a reserve and portions of it did good service where most needed in the final conflict on the left, about nightfall.

In connection with the rectification of the line during the forenoon the First Division was moved from its first halting place to a position on the west side of the Taneytown road directly behind the main line of battle. Here in touch with Gibbon's Division on the right and the Third Corps on the left, it was massed by brigades in column of regiments.*

While in this position someone remarked that it was an unusual thing for Hancock's old Division to be held in reserve.

*In the accompanying sketch the positions of the several corps at 9 o'clock A. M. July 2d is indicated. The Fifth and Sixth did not arrive until later, and were then assigned temporarily to positions on the left of the line.




"Yis," said an Irishman, nearby, "resarved it is, for the hard fightin'." This proved to be a correct forecast of the after disposition of the Division when ordered to leave this defensive outlook for the whirlpool of the day's strife at the forefront of the Union army's advance.

As the morning wore away the heat of the unclouded sun became oppressive. There were some so overcome with fatigue that they slept under its burning rays and thus for the time were oblivious of the heat and the thirst which tortured their comrades, who, while on the alert, were confined to a post of duty which offered no grateful shade or immediate prospect of relief.

About ten o'clock the presence of some skirmishers, who had been hidden by the tall grass or grain in which they were lying, was disclosed by an occasional puff of smoke, but in every other respect the scene in our immediate front was quiet and peaceful. There was nothing to indicate, even to the most practised eye, the presence of an enemy in force, or an immediate collision of opposing forces, which was to shake a continent for two days; and, with wild tumult and roar, to rage around the bases of the Round Tops, Devil's Den, Cemetery Heights and Culp's Hill, ceasing not until many thousands should fall, and the whole vast field should be furrowed with shot and shell and drenched with human blood.

About three o'clock in the afternoon there were evidences of unusual activity to the left of the position we occupied. The skirmishers in front, lying flat on their faces, began to fire more rapidly and continuously. A few moments later a strong force of the pioneer corps in Sickles' front went out with axes and levelled the board and rail fences directly before them. Then it was given us to witness one of the grandest and most inspiring sights of the war. It was the advance of the Third Corps to a secondary ridge along the line of the Emmitsburg road. While the brave, but somewhat reckless, commander of this corps had the privilege of rectifying the line he was directed to occupy,—viz, from the left of our division to Little Round Top—he was not authorized by General Meade to take a position almost three-fourths of a mile in advance of the



Union lines, or to cut himself off from close touch with all the forces then on the left of the line. This he did in making that movement on his own responsibility, and unquestionably the effect was to imperil thereby the safety of the entire army.

When General Meade rode out to the left of his line and discovered the advanced position which Sickles was taking he immediately sent for him, expressing his disapproval of it and pointed out the line he expected him to hold. Sickles at once proposed to withdraw, we are told, but Meade told him he did not think the enemy would permit him to do so without a fight. To avert as far as possible the disaster which in his judgment was impending, General Meade then ordered the Fifth Corps to occupy the position on the line which Sickles had abandoned as a rallying place for the Third Corps in case it should be driven back.

Whatever may be said about the wisdom or folly of this movement it was certainly executed with great precision and skill. The corps was massed in line of battle by brigades with flags flying and burnished muskets, at right shoulder shift, glittering in the clear sunlight. Those who have described this scene almost invariably speak of the bayonets which reflected the brightness of the sunlight, but as every old soldier knows, bayonets are never used in battle where cartridges are expected to be used. The order to fix bayonets was seldom, if ever given, except to make or repel a charge at close range, where firing by volley would be inexpedient or impossible.

In this advance, as far to the left as the eye could see, batteries of artillery, ambulance trains and stretcher carriers moved in parallel lines in rear of the troops, while staff officers and orderlies flew back and forth directing the movements or bearing orders from one command to another. While we watched with breathless interest the successful occupation of the ridge which General Sickles had risked so much to reach we were not in a position to see the batteries of nearly sixty guns which Longstreet was planting to sweep the crest of that ridge or the force of more than 20,000 veteran troops which he was massing on the other side of it with a view to crushing the Union troops, who had been so unexpectedly

thrust out from the main line on Cemetery Hill, before they could get back to the shelter and defenses of that line.

From Sherfy's peach orchard, the farthest point reached by Sickles, his right wing was extended northward a considerable distance along the Emmitsburg road. His left wing under Birney made a right angle at the peach orchard and extended in a southeastwardly direction, following the conformation of the ridges to the Devil's Den at the base of Little Round Top. Thus while the left flank was "in air" the right was long drawn out and the angle at the peach orchard exposed the troops to a destructive enfilading fire.

For a brief period of time the only evidence of the impending conflict was the bursting of a shell here and there as if to get the range of the Union line. Then suddenly while we looked and wondered what the outcome might be, the dark masses of woodland beyond the Emmitsburg road were lit up with flashes of flame from the brazen throats of the guns which Longstreet had placed in position.

The rapid discharges from these guns were quickly followed by the continuous roll of musketry and the duller roll of the cannon which were heavily charged with canister, telling the story of a desperate conflict at close range. For an hour or more the brave men of this veteran corps held their ground against overwhelming odds, vainly attempting to hold a position which was so far removed from the main line and the support which could be sent from it, as to be practically untenable. At length Birney's Division was forced back from its perilous position toward the Trostle house. To meet this emergency Barnes' division of the Fifth Corps was hurried out to the assistance of the sorely pressed troops. With their co-operation the conflict was renewed, but in a short time the whole line in this portion of the field was outflanked and swept back to the wheatfield, which from that hour has been one of the most notable places in the history of this great struggle.

The roar of battle breaking out now in the direction of Little Round Top was ominous of a determined purpose to turn the left flank of Sickles' command and occupy that coveted

stronghold, so essential to the safety and success of the Union arms. How near Longstreet came to the accomplishment of this purpose, and how he was thwarted in it by the quick perception and prompt action of General Warren, was not then known to us, but it belongs to the history of that ever-memorable hour of destiny. We did know, however, as these events were transpiring, that we could not remain longer in the position of spectators when so much was at stake in the field of conflict beyond us.

In his description of the battle Major Mulholland of the Irish Brigade mentions the interesting fact that while he was talking with Generals Hancock and Caldwell, who had come to that point to view the contest, a staff officer rode up with an order to the commander of the Second Corps to send a division to report to General Sykes on the left. As he read the order, Hancock quietly remarked: "Caldwell, get your division ready."

From the point of view of the man in the ranks the first indication of an advance was the appearance of a staff officer at brigade headquarters. As he delivered his message the familiar word of command rang out, and was passed down the lines "fall in." In a moment every man was in his place. The next command was delayed for a few moments and during that interval we were witnesses of an unusual scene which made a deep impression upon all who witnessed it. The Irish Brigade whose green flag had been unfurled on almost every battlefield from Bull Run until this hour, stood in column of regiments in close order with bared heads while their Chaplain-priest, Father Corby, stood upon a large boulder and seemed to be addressing the men. At a given signal every man of the command fell on his knees and with head bowed low received from him the sacrament of extreme unction. Instinctively every man of our Regiment took off his cap and no doubt many a prayer from men of Protestant faith, who could conscientiously not bow the knee in a service of that nature, went up to God in that impressive and awe-inspiring moment.

General Hancock and his staff were witnesses of this service, and withheld the order to march until it was ended.

At the word of command, which followed the priest's Amen, we moved out quickly by the left flank in the direction of Little Round Top. In his report of the battle General Caldwell says he received the order to report to General Sykes between four and five o'clock and this accords with the observation of the Adjutant of the Regiment and others who took note of the time.

As we came nearer to the scene of conflict it became evident that our closely pressed troops were gradually falling back, and our pace was accelerated to a double quick. For about three-quarters of a mile we had been partially screened from the observation of the enemy by ridges and strips of woodland, but as we reached the vicinity of the Trostle house we came into the range of some of the enemy's outlooks and were vigorously shelled by their batteries. Halting for a moment near the edge of the wheatfield, the order was given to load, and then by an oblique movement we entered it and moved rapidly across its northwest section. Here we were met with deadly volleys at close range, and one of the first to fall was our brave and highly esteemed brigade commander, General S. K. Zook. His monument, one of the first erected on that blood-stained field, indicates the spot where he fell. This historic field seems to have been greatly reduced at the present time by the encroachment of trees and undergrowth on its borders, but at the time of the battle was quite a large open space in the landscape spread before us. For a short time the conflict within it and around it raged with unprecedented turmoil and fury. With fearful losses but splendid courage each of the four brigades charged across some portion of it, driving the Confederates from the stone fences which sheltered them and capturing a number of prisoners. Colonel Cross, commanding the First Brigade, was mortally wounded while cheering on his men; and, like General Zook, was carried back to the rear to die amid the din of the awful conflict. In a note written before the battle of Chancellorsville Colonel Cross said:

Having received nine wounds in the present war and three in other wars, I am not afraid of rebel bullets.

His last words were as pathetic as ever came from dying lips on the battlefield:

I did hope I would live to see peace, and our country restored. I have done my duty. I think the boys will miss me. O welcome death. All my effects I give to my mother. Say farewell to all.

Let it not be forgotten that with such patriotic sacrifices as these a lasting peace has been purchased and a dismembered country restored.

The part taken by each of the brigades in the wheatfield has been definitely given by General Caldwell in his official report, from which we quote as follows:

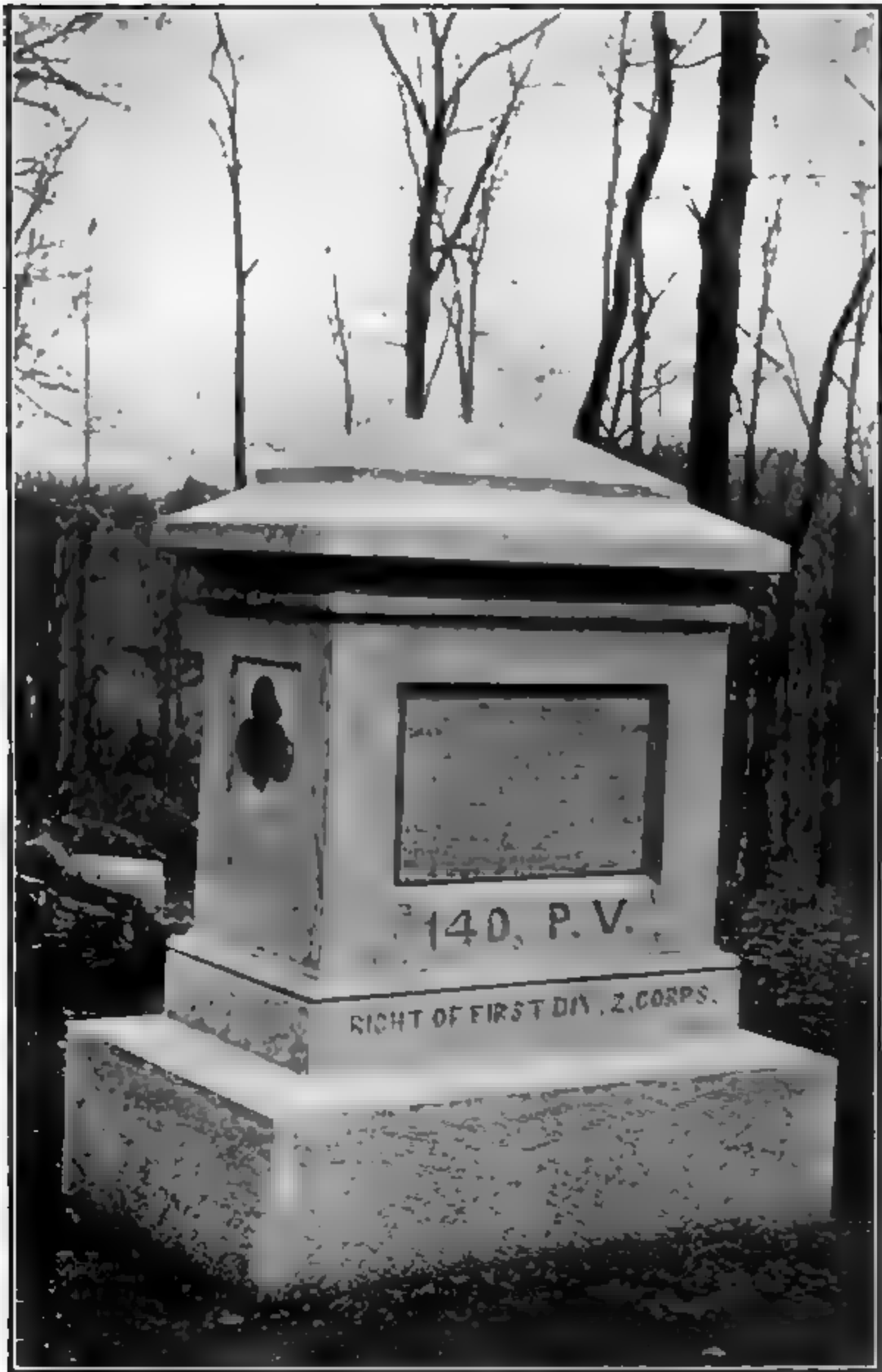
The position assigned me was on the right of the Fifth and the left of the Third Corps and I was ordered to check and drive back the enemy who were advancing at that point. I ordered Cross to advance in line of battle through the wheatfield, his left resting on the woods which skirted the field. He had advanced but a short distance when he encountered the enemy and opened upon him a terrific fire, driving him steadily to the farther end of it. In the meantime I had put the Second Brigade in on the right of the first and they advanced in like manner, driving the enemy before them. The Third Brigade I ordered still further to the right to connect with the Third Corps, while I held the Fourth in reserve. The First, Second and Third Brigades advanced with the utmost gallantry, driving the enemy before them over difficult and rocky ground, which was desperately contested by the slowly retreating foe. The First Brigade, which had been the longest engaged, had expended all its ammunition, when I ordered Colonel Brooke, of the Fourth Brigade, to relieve it. He advanced with his usual gallantry and drove the enemy until he gained the crest of the hill, which was afterwards gained by my whole line.

This clear statement of facts gives a reason for the placing of the Fourth Brigade on the left of the line instead of the right, where it properly belonged, in the order in which it reached the field. It also proves conclusively that the Third

Brigade held the right of the division on the crest of the hill, which was afterwards gained. With these facts in mind a better understanding of the part which the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment took in the advance beyond the wheat-field may be obtained.

In the official report of Lieutenant Colonel Fraser, the ranking officer after the battle, it is stated that the Third Brigade was formed by General Zook in order of battle, having the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania on the extreme right, the Sixty-sixth New York in the center, the Fifty-second New York on the left and the Fifty-seventh New York a short distance in the rear as a reserve. Although greatly reduced in number since the battle of Chancellorsville, our Regiment was about double the size of the two regiments on its left, and the whole front was probably less in extent than that of a complete regiment, such as the One Hundred and Fortieth was when it entered the service.

After the wheatfield had been swept of the enemy no orders were given to halt and we dashed forward, eager to hold our place in the line. Crossing the stone fence which bounded the western side of the field, we entered a rocky woodland in which were scores of huge uprising boulders, so thickly set that we had great difficulty to preserve our alignment. Forward amid the dead and wounded, for many had fallen here, we pushed on, over and around the rocks and through a dense pall of smoke and stifling heat, until we saw a blaze of light in front, revealing the dark forms of a double line of men who were actively engaging the enemy. In our course through the woods we had veered too far to the left and our line had overlapped Major Mulholland's battalion on the right of the Irish Brigade. This error was promptly rectified by a right flank movement, which cleared our front and carried the right of the Regiment out into the open at the edge of the woods. With ringing cheers we gained this position and immediately came into close quarters with the enemy. The "Peach Orchard," where so many had fallen during the period which Sickles had tried to hold his advanced line, was only a short distance from our position, on the right of the division, and,



Monument erected by the Regimental Association to mark the advanced position of the 140th P. V. at Gettysburg, July 2nd, 1863. Unveiled and dedicated August 11th, 1885.

when the smoke lifted for a moment, could be seen, but no troops of the Third Corps, with whom we were expected to join forces, were then in sight. In our front, and but a few rods away, there was an almost continuous blaze of light, behind which we could dimly discern the forms of the men who confronted us. While our persons were fully exposed, they were on the slope which fell away from the ridge we were occupying. "Load and fire at will," was the order given the moment we were halted, and every instinct of self-preservation as well as of patriotic impulse nerved the men of that blazing line to obey it. As our brave Colonel, with pale, set face, passed down the line to the right, his words rang out above the din of battle: "Steady men," "Fire low," "Remember you are Pennsylvanians." The first volleys from the side of the enemy were aimed too high and the balls rattled and crashed among the limbs of the trees behind and above us. This was not for long, however. With steadier nerves they, too, began to "fire low," and awful was the carnage which followed. Men reeled and fell on every side, but with dauntless courage those who survived stood their ground until the order came to fall back. The three companies on the right of the Regiment, C, F and G, being in the open and exposed to an inflading fire met with the heaviest losses.

At the head of the first mentioned company Colonel Roberts was mortally wounded. A few moments later David Acheson, the ranking Captain of the Regiment, a young officer of rare ability and winsome personality, was killed almost at his side. Out of seventy-two men on the muster roll of his company thirty-two were killed or wounded.

In Company F, which took three officers and fifty-five men into action, seven were mortally wounded and seventeen were more or less seriously injured. Out of a total of sixty-four officers and men which Company G took into action on this blood-stained hillcrest, nine, including the Second Lieutenant, Alexander Wilson, were killed, and thirteen wounded. Among the latter was the First Sergeant, John F. Wilson, who was shot in his right arm. His musket fell from his hand, and as he turned about he received another minie ball in his left arm;

and so, with arms hanging helpless on either side, went off the field. Close by the writer's side a stalwart young country lad,—John McNutt—who was always on hand when duty called, was mortally wounded and fell forward at his feet. A few paces away two college classmates—Alex Wilson and Hugh Wier—were stricken with mortal wounds. The casualties among the officers were unusually large. The names of those who were killed, including Colonel Roberts, have been already mentioned. Those disabled by wounds were Captains McCallister, McCullough and Campbell, of Companies I, A and H; Lieutenant Pipes and Purman, of Company A—the latter of whom lost a leg—and Lieutenant Vance and Stokes, of Companies C and F, each of whom lost an arm. The Adjutant of the Regiment, William S. Shellenberger, was severely wounded, falling for a short time into the hands of the enemy; and the Major, with two Lieutenants, Cook and Paxton, of Companies K and G, were captured by a flanking party of Confederate in or near the wheatfield.

Three of the color guard, including the bearer, Sergeant Robert Riddle, of Company F, were wounded on the hillcrest, not far from the present site of the old monument erected by the Regiment. Sergeant Riddle was shot through the left lung and fell with the flag in his hands. It was taken from his prostrate body, he having fallen upon it, by one of the nearest of the guards, Corporal Joseph Moody, of Company H, who passed it into the hands of another guard, Corporal Jesse T. Power, of Company E, while he attempted to place his fallen comrade in a more comfortable position.

By this time the whole line had fallen back and the Confederates, but a short distance away, were calling out to him to surrender. Refusing to obey this summons he ran the gauntlet of the flankers and escaped without injury. Meanwhile Corporal Power, seeing that the line was giving way, carried the flag back at once through the wheatfield, and retained possession of it the rest of the day.

Major Henry gives the additional information that the colors were placed on the left of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania after the crossing of the wheatfield, and

as many of the scattered Regiment as could be gathered in the darkness and confusion immediately following were rallied around them.*

In a graphic description of the conflict of this ever memorable day, on the occasion of the dedication of the State Monument of the Regiment, September 11, 1889, the Adjutant, Hon. W. S. Shellenberger, said:

Terrible beyond words to picture the tempestuous rattle of the musketry, as it sweeps over our heads in the heavy timber and plows through our ranks. A rebel battery gains position and pours its inflading fire down our lines. With intrepid courage and reckless daring our Colonel rushes in front of his Regiment to lead it by the right flank and by change of line to meet and check, if possible, the flanking party coming against our right, but before he reaches position to command he falls to the ground pierced by several bullets. Loving hands carry him back a short distance and the fight goes on. Looking down our line to the left we see our Division rapidly retiring and our own left quickly following. None too soon, indeed, for already the rebel infantry is turning our right and passing down our rear. * * *

It was just six o'clock by the watch I carried when we crossed the corner of the wheatfield going into action. By count of the Regiment which I made that day we numbered twenty-five officers and four hundred and ninety enlisted men at that moment. Less than two hours later we had lost in action, by official records, fourteen officers and two hundred and twenty-seven enlisted men. Your own Lieutenant-Colonel was left the ranking officer of the Brigade. Sad and sorrowful was your duty that night rallying the remnant of a splendid Regiment.†.

When the flanking party of the Confederates swept through the open space on our right, which had been left by

*There are some apocryphal stories afloat regarding the saving of the flag at Gettysburg, but the above mentioned facts seem to cover the whole ground and are well substantiated.

†For additional information relating to the choice of location for the monument and of disputed points concerning the exact position of the Regiment see page 407.

the withdrawal of Sickles' overspent and overpowered men, they were in plain view of the companies nearest to this gap, but at first were supposed to be our own men who were falling back from the peach orchard or its vicinity. On this supposition orders were given to cease firing. We were soon undeceived, however, by a volley of musketry which enfiladed our line and revealed the intention of the enemy to envelop our flank in such a way as to make escape impossible. Fortunately the word to let go came before this was accomplished, but it was not soon enough to save some, who were the last to leave the line, from capture. Those reported as missing from the several companies were nearly all among the unknown dead or had fallen into the hands of the enemy. There were many more who ran the gantlet of the deadly missiles which swept the wheatfield and all the open spaces about it; some to fall in the attempt and others, heedless of the demand to surrender, to hold on their way until they reached some portion of the Union line. Those who were not so hard pressed by the exulting foe or had left the firing line more promptly came off in squads and detachments and formed the nucleus of the remnant which remained around the tattered and battle-stained flag on the main line.

One of the last to leave the crest of the hill was Sergeant Burns, of Company A, for the reason that he did not hear the order to fall back. His experience in "getting back," which tallies very closely with that of others who were in the same case, was given by a friend, as follows:

The Sergeant had heard of the terrors of Andersonville and was determined not to be taken prisoner. So, throwing his knapsack, but retaining his gun, he started back through the tangled wheat. He heard the Confederate shout "Halt, you d——d Yank," but on he went with bullets whistling lively around him. The trampled wheat would trip him and down he would fall, but up and on again. At last, however, he was exhausted. His breath had failed, and falling he was unable to rise. Looking through the ripening wheat a few feet in front he saw the Union line of battle. The men—presumably of Crawford's division of the Fifth Corps—were lying down and concealed by the standing grain.

Waiting a moment until his breath returned he arose, plunged forward and fell exhausted just behind the battle line.

The First Lieutenant and Orderly Sergeant of the same company, James J. Purman and James M. Pipes, had an experience in running this gantlet which proved to be much more serious in its results. When the company fell back they took hold of a seriously wounded comrade and carrying him some distance placed him between two boulders, where he was partially sheltered from the storm of balls which swept over the field, and where a day or two later he was found dead. While intent on doing this act of kindness the flanking party of the Confederates had gained upon them, and at close range was demanding their surrender. Disregarding this demand, they attempted to reach the farther side of the field, but were both stricken down by minie balls. Lieutenant Purman was shot in the left leg above the ankle by a ball which crushed both bones and made amputation a necessity a day or two later. Sergeant Pipes, who was also shot in the leg, was not so seriously wounded. With the aid of his rifle, which he used for a support, he attempted to hop off the field, but was captured by the enemy's flankers and held by them as a prisoner until the Union forces advanced in the evening of the next day and carried him back to a field hospital.*

The official report of the part taken by the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment in the Gettysburg battle, by Lieutenant Colonel Fraser, who succeeded to the command on the death of Colonel Roberts, gives some additional items of special interest, and because of its intrinsic and historic value is herewith given in full:

On the morning of the 2d of July the Regiment under the command of Colonel R. P. Roberts arrived on the battleground, where it remained for several hours in order of column by wings, right wing in front, a few paces in rear

*See page 118 for fuller account of these wheatfield experiences.

of the Second Brigade. About four P. M. the brigade was marched rapidly to the left to assist the Third Corps, which was sustaining a fierce attack. When it arrived nearly opposite the place assigned to it the Brigade was formed in line of battle with the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers on the extreme right, and was moved rapidly forward to engage the enemy. As soon as the order was given this Regiment opened a brisk fire, which it kept up with great firmness and coolness, steadily driving the enemy before it until we reached the crest of a small hill. During the advance to this crest the four left companies of the Regiment, with regiments to the left, gradually made a considerable wheel to the right. Shortly after reaching the crest, I observed a great many to the left of the brigade moving rapidly to the rear, and the rebels, apparently fresh troops, in large numbers and in good order marching to outflank us on the right. Anxious to know what orders General Zook had to give in this crisis, I sent twice to get instructions from him, but neither the General or any of his staff could be found. I did not know at the time, nor until after the fight was over, that General Zook had been mortally wounded when leading the brigade into action. Inferring from the large number of men who to the left of my Regiment were continually rushing to the rear that a large portion of our division was actually retreating, I judged it necessary for the safety of those who had wheeled considerably into the enemy's ground, to maintain my position and keep the enemy at bay as long as possible. I, therefore, held my position until I considered it necessary to order my men to march in retreat, which they did at first in good order, the four right companies halting several times and firing to check the pursuit of the enemy. After this engagement on the 2d the Regiment assembled with the brigade and formed in line of battle on the left center of the battleground, and about fifty paces in rear of the Second Brigade.

(Signed) JOHN FRASER,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

This portion of the report above given which deals with the events of the second day's battle, accords at all points with the reports of the operations of the brigade and division. Major Favill, of General Zook's Staff, asserts that the Third Brigade was diverted from its line of march by an order from

Major Tremain, of Sickles Staff, who led it in person to save the shattered forces of the Third Corps at a point on the line where danger was imminent. It is not easy to reconcile this statement with the official reports above quoted, and it is a fact that by whomsoever led the brigade did go in on the right of the Second Brigade and reached the crest of the hill in touch with the rest of the command, as stated by General Caldwell, on the right of the division.

The language of the Division Commander is very definite on this point. "The Third Brigade," he says, "I ordered still further to the right (of the Second) to connect with the Third Corps, while I held the Fourth in reserve." This might imply assistance from a staff officer of General Sickles to locate Zook's position, but, as a matter of fact, there were no forces of the Third Corps then in sight with which to connect. In our advance many of them had passed through our lines, in an utterly exhausted state, to the rear.

However this may be, General Caldwell does not speak of any diversion from his command. On the contrary, he adds, "The First, Second and Third Brigades advanced with the utmost gallantry, driving the enemy before them over difficult and rocky ground, which was desperately contested by the slowly retreating foe." After the advance of Brooke's brigade, he says, "The crest of the hill was gained by my whole command." This certainly implies that the Division as a whole moved together in the line of advance and under its own commander.

With respect to the conduct of his command as a whole General Caldwell says:

The Division on the afternoon of the 2d fought with its accustomed gallantry, and performed everything that could be expected of either officers or men. The large number of killed and wounded attest its desperate valor. That it fell back was owing to the breaking of the troops on the right, permitting the enemy to get on its flank and rear.

While driving the enemy triumphantly before them two of my Brigade Commanders, General Zook and Colonel Cross fell mortally wounded. They were both old and tried

soldiers and the country can ill spare their services. They both fell in the front of battle while driving back the invader, and lived long enough to know that the enemy had been driven back with terrible repulse.

A grateful country will remember their virtues and hold them up to the admiration of posterity.

Colonel Roberts, of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Merwin, Twenty-seventh Connecticut, were instantly killed: both gallant officers and brave men. * * *

The conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers, was worthy of all praise.

(Signed) J. C. CALDWELL.

The following quotations from official and semi-official sources give in its true and wider setting the important part which Caldwell's Division took in this brief but truly titanic conflict:

But at this moment, says the historian of the Second Corps (the moment of Sickles' imminent peril), when all seems lost a powerful reinforcement is approaching the field. It is the division which Sumner organized in Camp California in the winter of 1861, and which Richardson and Hancock had led into action, commanded to-day by Caldwell. The scene of the conflict is the wheatfield so famous in the story of Gettysburg. This and the woods on the south and west are now full of the exulting enemy. Through this space charges the fiery Cross of the Fifth New Hampshire, with his well approved brigade. It is his last battle. He indeed has said it, as he exchanged greetings with Hancock on the way: but he moves to his death with all the splendid enthusiasm he displayed at Fair Oaks, Antietam and Fredericksburg. On his right Patrick Kelly formed the Irish Brigade and these two comrades in so many fights dash across the field capturing several hundred prisoners, but are received by a withering fire from the wall which lines the farther edge, now held by Kershaw's South Carolinians.

Cross falls, mortally wounded, with hundreds of his men. Of the 530 Irishmen who have entered the wheatfield, more than one-third are killed or wounded before the brigade is brought to a stand.

And now from the rear approaches Brooke. Relieving the regiments of Cross, which fall back to the road, he flings himself upon the enemy with one mighty effort. He will not be denied. On through the wheatfield, in spite of all, across the runlet choked with the dead, into the woods, up the rocky slope, clear to the open space beyond, into the very sight of the Emmitsburg road, Brooke pushes in his splendid charge, driving Semmes' Georgia brigade before him.

But impetuous as has been his advance he has not outstripped Zook's brigade, which comes up on his right. Zook's no longer, for that intrepid leader has fallen with a mortal wound. Roberts, too, of the One Hundred and Fortieth is killed. Brooke assumes command of the line thus thrust out on the extreme verge, far beyond Birney's original position, and there anxiously waits for reinforcements which shall make his flanks secure. But none appears; the enemy are pressing him actively in front and on both flanks; his retreat is threatened. Brooke sees that he must retire; at the word his regiments let go their hold and fall back. Stricker, on the left, handles the Second Delaware with great courage and address, beating back the enemy, who seek to cut off the retreat; while Fraser, with the One Hundred and Fortieth, performs a like soldierly office on the right; and thus this gallant command falls back to the road, having lost one-half its numbers. Walker's Second Corps, pages 278-281.

"The remnant of Birney's troops on the left," says J. M. Vanderslice, director of the Gettysburg Memorial Association, "was almost surrounded when Caldwell's First Division of the Second Corps, which Hancock sent to the assistance of the Third Corps, arrived and moved into the wheatfield which was to be afterwards known as the 'whirlpool' of the battle. This was Hancock's old division, the largest in the Army of the Potomac, and one of the best. It lost more men in killed and wounded during the war than any other division."

After a description of the advance made by each brigade and the ultimate necessity for withdrawal, Mr. Vanderslice continues:

As Birney's and Caldwell's commands, each with a loss of 1,200 men, and three out of four brigade commanders in Caldwell's division were being forced from the field. Ayre's

division of the United States Regulars, of the Fifth Corps, moved into action on the right.

"We went down the hill on a run," says an officer of this division, "and it was like descending into hell. The enemy were yelling like devils. Our men were falling back. It was terrible confusion—smoke, dust, rattle of musketry, the roaring of cannons and the bursting of shells."

"The splendid regular division," as one has put it, "charged two thousand strong; it only numbered eleven hundred when it fought its way back to the hill. It remained very appropriately that Pennsylvania's sons should finally settle the dispute and crown with victory the tremendous battle of the left wing; and when Crawford, hat in hand, followed by 'Buck' McCandless and the Pennsylvania Reserves charged, the weary rebels gave way and the Union flags were tossed in the ecstasy of triumph from the Round Tops to the center."

General Longstreet declares of the engagement of the afternoon of the 2d, that it was the "best three hours fighting ever done on any battlefield." And again, "To press my men to further effort would have been madness. I withdrew them to the peach orchard." Says Pollard, the Southern historian: "The results of the day on the right (our left) were unfortunate enough. Our troops had been repulsed at all points." "We salute our late enemies and accept their decision.*

"The fighting in the wheatfield," says Joseph Hoke, author of the Great Invasion, "has been called the whirlpool of the battle because of the confusion, the surging back and forth, the whirling around and round which prevailed. It is said that regiments from three corps and eight to ten brigades were fighting there promiscuously. The ground in this field and in the peach orchard was drenched with human gore and covered with dead and wounded. *Five hundred Confederates were found dead in the wheatfield alone.* With probable exception of the bloody angle at Spottsylvania, on no other place of equal extent upon this continent has so much human blood been shed. The fighting here, and throughout the whole of the engagement of this afternoon, was not excelled by any in all the previous history of the war for stubborn pertinacity and destructiveness."—*The Great Invasion*, page 328.

* Quotation from address of James P. Holt, Esq., at dedication of Monument of the 118th Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, September 12, 1889.

It seems most fitting to close the record of this day's struggle, which in reality was the turning of the tide, with a brief extract from "Reminiscences of the Civil War," by one of the bravest leaders and most chivalrous soldiers of the Confederate Army, General John B. Gordon:

The fiercest struggle is now for the possession of Little Round Top. Standing on its rugged summit like a lone sentinel is seen an erect but slender form clad in the uniform of a Union officer. It is Warren, Meade's chief of engineers. With practiced eye, he sees at a glance that, quickly seized, that rock-ribbed hill would prove a Gibraltar amidst the whirling currents of the battle, resisting its heaviest shocks. Staff and couriers are summoned, who swiftly bear his message to the Union leaders. Veterans from Hancock and Sykes respond at a "double-quick." Around its base, along its sides, and away toward the Union right, with the forces of Sickles and Hancock, the gray veterans of Longstreet are in herculean wrestle. Wilcox Alabamians and Barksdale's Mississippians seize a Union battery and rush on. The Union lines under Humphreys break through a Confederate gap and sweep around Barksdale's left. Wright's Georgians and Perry's Floridians are hurled against Humphreys, and break him in turn. Amidst the smoke and fury, Sickles, with thigh bone shattered, sickens and falls from his saddle into the arms of his soldiers. Sixty per cent. of Hancock's veterans go down with his gallant brigadiers—Willard, Zook, Cross and Brooke. The impetuous Confederate leaders, Barksdale and Semmes, fall and die, but their places are quickly assumed by the next in command. The Union forces of Vincent and Weed, with Hazlett's artillery, have reached the summit, but all three are killed. The apex of Little Round Top is the point of deadliest struggle. The day ends, and thus ends the battle.

As the last rays of the setting sun fall upon the summit they are reflected from the batteries and bayonets of the Union soldiers still upon it, with the bleeding Confederates struggling to possess it. The embattled hosts sleep on their arms. The stars look down at night upon a harrowing scene of pale faces all over the field, and of sufferers in the hospitals behind the lines—an army of dead and wounded numbering over twenty thousand.—*Reminiscences*, page 163.

Thus ended the active operations on the left wing of the Union Army on that ever memorable second of July. We had met the enemy at close quarters, had driven them before us, and had been, at length, outnumbered, outflanked and driven before them. Over this bloody ground, the "whirlpool of the battle," where more than 6,000 men had been killed or wounded, the Union troops had advanced and receded *five times*, and each time with fearful losses. And as nightfall fell at the end of the strife on the left, we were back at the line from which General Sickles had gone out so gallantly at 4 o'clock, but which he ought never to have left.*

The timely arrival of the rescue divisions of Barnes and Caldwell in this crisis hour of the battle; the stubborn resistance to the impetuous onslaught of the exulting enemy when Little Round Top was almost in their grasp; the driving back of the whole Confederate line from the Peach Orchard to Devil's Den—thus delaying the Confederate advance until reinforcements could be sent to this imperiled mountain stronghold—made it possible for those who followed to hurl back the enemy, as the night shadows were falling, and preserve the line, which Meade had proposed to hold, and but for Sickles' mistake, would have held throughout the day.

As the result of this apparently aimless strife, apart from the support and co-operation of the troops on the Cemetery Ridge line, we, nevertheless, with the co-operation of those who in turn were sent to our rescue, saved Little Round Top, the key to the Gettysburg line; saving this we saved the day and saved the Union.

We now know that the whole issue of the strife, as General Gordon has intimated, turned upon the failure of

*General Warren, in his account of the "Saving of Little Round Top," says: "The full force of the enemy was now (4 P. M.) sweeping the Third Army Corps from its *untenable* position, and no troops nor any reinforcements could maintain it. It was the dreadful misfortune of the day that any reinforcements went to that line; for all alike, Third Corps, Second Corps and Fifth Corps, were driven from it with great loss." History 155th Pennsylvania Volunteers, page 188.



MONUMENT OF THE 150TH REGIMENT
Hill crest beyond Wheatfield.

Longstreet to capture that frowning citadel of rock on the afternoon of the second day. It was this failure that made the disastrous charge of the third day a necessity. It was not in vain, therefore, that so many of our brave boys gave to the country and the flag, in that valley of decision, the last full measure of devotion, dying that the nation might live.

On the eleventh of September, 1889, a new and costly monument, erected at the expense of the State, which marks the farthest advance of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, was unveiled in the presence of a large number of the surviving comrades. It bears on its face this official record:

Present at Gettysburg, July 2d, 588 officers and men.

Killed and died of wounds, 3 officers and 50 men.

Wounded, 8 officers and 120 men.

Captured or missing, 3 officers and 59 men.

Total of losses, 241.†

About an hour after the noise of battle had died away on the left, General Ewell made a furious attack at Culp's Hill, on the extreme right of our line, and a little later hurled a strong force against the position held by the Eleventh Corps on East Cemetery Hill. From 8 o'clock that night until 10 these eastward ridges fairly blazed with the constant fire of artillery and musketry, and the turmoil of the strife at times was appalling. At Culp's Hill the enemy finally succeeded in taking a portion of the line of defensive works which had been thrown up by Slocum's corps, but which, owing to the urgent need for reinforcements for the defense of Little Round Top, had been left without a sufficient force to hold them. The attack on East Cemetery Hill was partly successful at first, but in the end the Confederates were driven back and the line was re-established as before. Thus it turned out, at the end of this long day's strife, that the Union line throughout its entire length, except at Culp's Hill, had been firmly held intact as originally established by Hancock and Meade. The only ground on the left from which the Union Army had been driven was the untenable position to which it had been

† All of the above losses occurred after 6 o'clock P. M.

committed by the unauthorized advance of General Sickles' corps.

During the first half of the night which followed these scenes of strife every effort was made to reach the wounded men within the Union lines who were lying on the ground and unable to help themselves, and all who could be found were at once taken to the field hospital. There were thousands, however, between the lines, or within the lines of the enemy, who were left where they fell, without attention or care from any one, to suffer or to die. One of the most pathetic incidents connected with this phase of the "Great Conflict" has been preserved for us in the records of Company D. This company was near the right of the line on the hill-crest, and, in common with other companies in that position, met with severe losses in killed and wounded. Among the number of those who received wounds which afterwards proved to be fatal was a corporal, Baden Bebout by name, who was a devout Christian and a faithful soldier. His name is on the honor roll of his company as one of the men who helped to haul off the disabled guns of the Fifth Maine Battery at Chancellorsville. As he lay on the ground awake and suffering that dark and terrible night Bebout, like Paul and Silas in the inner prison at Philippi, lifted up his voice to God in prayer. C. D. Sharp, a comrade and intimate friend, who was not far away, heard the pleading tones of that midnight petition and recognized the voice. He had been shot through both thighs and another ball had struck him in the breast. When he recovered from the shock he had found it deeply imbedded in his pocket Bible. Neither of these desperately wounded men were able to arise from the ground, but, locating each other by the voice, began slowly and painfully to come together. At length they succeeded, and side by side opened their hearts to each other. Two comrades not far away, Isaac Lacock and Charles Cunningham, recognized their voices and after the same manner dragged themselves to their sides. Here the four men, who were near enough to toss small articles to each other, talked of the nature of their wounds, the possibility or otherwise of their recovery, and each one,

in view of his dangerous condition, requested the comrade or comrades who might survive to bear the last message to the dear ones at home. When the long looked for morning arrived they were still between the lines and without any prospect of immediate relief. At some time during the day these weary sufferers were carried by some Confederate soldiers, to whom they engaged to pay two dollars each, to a barn on the edge of Willoughby Run. Here the Confederate surgeons amputated Cunningham's leg. Isaac Sharp, from whose manuscript statement this story is condensed, makes mention of the fact that an order had been issued to give no more opiates to Union soldiers, and that for this reason probably the wounds of the other comrades were not treated. However this may be, it is a well established fact that they did not receive any surgical treatment until the morning of the sixth of July, a period of four nights and three days of indescribable suffering and apparently hopeless waiting. In this pitiable condition they were found by Surgeons Wishart and Sharp after midnight July 6th, and on the morning of the same day were taken in ambulances to a house in Gettysburg, where they received every care and attention.

Two of this quartette of sufferers, Bebout and Sharp, died a few days later. The remaining two were sent home with sadly maimed and crippled bodies, to live a few years longer in the community from which they had gone out with high courage and in the full bloom of young manhood in defense of the imperiled country and its sacred institutions. To these men, and many thousands who suffered with them, this nation owes a debt of gratitude which it never can repay. Through their toils and sacrifices it has obtained under God a new birth of freedom and a prosperity unparalleled among the nations of the earth.

CHAPTER IX.

HIGH WATER MARK ON CEMETERY HILL.

July 3, 1863.

This is the costliest land beneath the sun,
'Tis priceless, purchaseless and not a rood
But hath its title written clear and signed
In some slain hero's consecrated blood.

ON the morning of the third of July, with the first streak of dawn, the slumbering hosts on the Gettysburg hills were rudely awakened by the clamor of human strife breaking forth and "rising and swelling to fury along the wooded and rocky slopes of Culp's Hill." It meant the renewal of the battle for the possession of the works which Slocum's corps had found occupied by the enemy on their return to the right the evening before. Long and desperately the Confederate General, Johnson, struggled to make good his victory of the night before, but step by step he was forced back and at length was compelled to withdraw altogether from his advanced position. There was an occasional outbreak on the skirmish lines for a little while after the noise of the contest on Culp's Hill had ceased, but after 10 o'clock there ensued a strange and unusual period of silence. On the Union side, now that all the lost ground had been recovered, it meant the complacent waiting for further developments on the part of the enemy. On the Confederate side it meant the massing of a number of batteries on the crest of Seminary Hill, numbering in all one hundred and thirty-eight guns, with a view to preparing the way for a desperate assault upon the position held by the Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps. Hence every one of these death-dealing pieces were trained upon this portion of the line.

On this fateful morning the writer was in the field hospital of the Second Corps to which he had found his way the night before with a bruised and stiffened limb, caused by the stroke of a fragment of shell. It was situated on a little slope, a part of which was woodland, on the edge of Rock Creek, somewhere behind the position held by the Second Division, and not very far from General Meade's headquarters. Here acres of ground were covered with wounded, dying or dead men. At times the stretcher carriers separated the dead from the living, but meanwhile others passed away in their places. Those who could care for themselves sat or lounged on the ground at the foot of a tree or beside a great rock, but the larger number were lying on their backs in long rows without pillow or shelter, for as yet the hospital supplies, somewhere in the rear, had not arrived. Between the rows of prostrate men there were narrow lanes to permit the attendants to pass. At intervals in the open spaces were long rows of tables around which faithful surgeons with sleeves rolled up to the shoulder had been at work since daybreak in two or three reliefs, each one working so long as his strength would hold out. In all serious cases chloroform was administered and thus much suffering was prevented; but, oh, the horror of the carving and the heaps of human legs and arms on the ground at the ends of the tables, and the pallid faces and the smothered moans of anguish, which could not be repressed. These and other sights and sounds that may not even be mentioned will remain while life lasts as the saddest reminders of those days of turmoil, suffering and fraternal strife.

At one o'clock the frightful cannonade, which will ever be memorable in history, began. The hospital which seemed to have been almost in the rear of the point selected by General Lee for the concentration of his attack, was, for a time, one of the most exposed sites behind the Union lines. In swift succession scores of shrieking shells burst in the air and on the ground scattering their deadly missiles in the midst of this mass of helpless sufferers, killing some outright and wounding others. In this emergency those who had the use of their limbs at once laid hold of the poor fellows who were

helpless pulling and dragging them as best they could, to places of comparative safety. For a few moments the confusion and distress which prevailed was terrible beyond expression. Those who could not move were crying out for help and many who were partially disabled were attempting to drag their maimed or helpless limbs as far as possible from the immediate danger zone of the plunging shot and shells. In a marvellously short space of time the most exposed places were cleared,—for all who could work at this task were desperately in earnest—and the new location to which all were transferred in one way or other, afforded a safe refuge for the rest of the day.

The horrid din of the cannonade which broke so unexpectedly upon this part of the battlefield continued without interruption for about an hour and a half. There were eighty or more guns along the ridge behind the Union line which vigorously responded and it seemed at times that all the titanic forces of the quaking earth and the rending heavens were crashing together in deadly strife.

One of the most realistic descriptions of this terrific cannonade is given by General Walker, the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Second Corps, from which we quote as follows:

At precisely one o'clock two cannon shot in quick succession, gave the signal, and instantly the Confederate position was, for three miles, wrapped in flame and smoke. Nearly one hundred and forty guns opened at once on the Union lines. The air shrieked with flying shot, the bursting shells sent their deadly fragments down in showers upon the rocky ridge and over the plain behind; the earth was thrown up in clouds of dust as the monstrous missiles buried themselves in the ground or glanced from the surface to take a new and perhaps more fatal flight; on every hand caissons exploded, struck by iron balls which but a half minute before had lain in limber chests of batteries a mile away. All that is hideous in war seemed to have gathered itself together to burst in one fell tornado upon Cemetery Ridge. The effects of this unparalled cannonade, as seen by the staff galloping along the lines, were, on one

side, very great, on the other comparatively slight. The plain behind the ridge was almost immediately swept of all camp followers and the unordered attendants of an army. Headquarters and ammunition wagons went to the rear with prodigious zeal; a body of stragglers and men usually absent from their regiments poured down the Baltimore road to the rear; even General Meade's headquarters were broken up by the intolerable bombardment, and the commander and staff mounted their horses in haste and sought safety nearer the line of battle. On the contrary, looking to the front, one saw only thin lines of infantry crouching behind the stone walls or clinging prone to the ground, the musket clutched tightly in each soldier's hand as he waited for the great charge which he well knew was to follow.

The main fury of the cannonade fell, of course, upon the batteries of the Second Corps, occupying the ground which Longstreet's columns were even now forming to assault; and well did those gallant officers and men stand in their place and make answer that day for their cause. Out of those five batteries were killed two hundred and fifty horses, and men fell by scores at the guns or bringing ammunition up through a literal storm of shot and shell. But not a cannoneer left his post. There was no flurry and no fuss. Monotonous discharges followed the command, "Number one, fire! Number two, fire!" as regularly as if the battery were saluting an inspection officer.

The story of Pickett's charge which followed immediately after the roar of the Confederate guns had ceased, has been so often told that it need not be repeated here. It is said that when Meade saw the retreating remnant of the Division, he removed his hat and murmured, "Thank God."

A mile away from Meade was Lee; and we can picture him as he stood there and saw his last assault repelled, his studied invasion fail, the flower of his army shot to pieces, and knowing that his men on that field, lying and standing, represented the careful gleaning of his country, he must have seen in the battle smoke above that valley of death the final end of the Confederacy.*

* The Last Day of Gettysburg, by Lt. Hon. Reeve, New York *Independent*, July 7. 1898.

About four o'clock in the afternoon General Hancock was brought to the hospital in an ambulance. He fell from his horse, while directing the movement of a flanking party, with a painful wound in the groin, which at first was supposed to be mortal. "While lying on the ground, his wound spouting blood, he raised himself on his elbow and gave the order, 'Go in, Colonel, and give it to them on the flank.'" Not until the issue was certainly decided did he allow the stretcher carriers to take him to the rear.

"History," says Ex-Governor Daniel H. Hastings, "will never record a grander sight than he presented, when with Mitchell, and Bingham and other members of his staff he rode, with corps flag flying, from the right out upon the field in front of his men and along down the line of battle, whilst the missiles of the enemy were filling the air about him, bowing to his expectant men as politely and gallantly as upon review day." Never was Hancock more superb in battle than on that memorable day when the men of his command gathered up thirty-three Confederate battle flags in their front and captured more than four thousand prisoners.

On him, next to General Meade, rested the responsibility of checking the advance of the main forces of the enemy on the second and third days of the conflict and nobly did he execute the trust which had been committed to his hands.

When he was taken from the ambulance many of the wounded men crowded about him in anxious solicitude, for the word had gone out that he was desperately, if not mortally wounded. Despite his intense suffering he roused himself to speak to them, not of his wound, but of the result of the battle. "Boys," he said in a voice that was still strong and resonant,—*"We have won a great victory."* *"It is the victory of the war."* With hearty cheers the men greeted this response and then left him in the hands of the surgeons.

With respect to the part taken by the Regiment in this day's conflict, Colonel Fraser, says in his official report:

On the morning of July 3d the Regiment, pursuant to orders, constructed breastworks immediately in front of the



CAPT. DAVID ACHESON

Boulder on Gettysburg Battlefield where Capt. David Acheson was buried.
The Wheatfield—"Whirlpool of the Battle"—where more than 6,000 were killed or wounded.

line. The severe and long-continued artillery fire which the Confederates opened upon us, prior to their fruitless attack upon our position in the afternoon of this day, did no harm to anyone in the Regiment.

Here, in the evening of the same day, in its place among the shattered regiments of the Third Brigade, the writer found the One Hundred and Fortieth—a battalion now,—numbering about two hundred effective men. In their midst was the tattered, battle-stained flag which more than five hundred had followed on the previous day. Behind the slight barrier which the men had erected they were privileged to see the charge of Longstreet's troops, who did not so much as break through their picket line. The storm of shot and shell which had been so fatal farther to the right swept by them, or passed over their heads. A few paces to the rear of the line were a number of dead horses which had been killed beside the batteries to which they had been attached.

In the history of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers mention is made of an attempt made by Lieutenant George McLaughlin and A. E. Lyon of that command to reach the scene of the severe fighting of the day before, beyond the wheatfield.

This was made possible by the temporary withdrawal of the Confederate pickets after the repulse of the charging column.

"These officers," says the writer, "had heard of the death in battle of Sergeant (Captain) David R. Acheson, of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, who had been their classmate in Washington College. The officers named found the position of the Regiment, and evidences of the terrible fighting under Sickles in the Peach Orchard, and of the losses sustained by the sight of the number of unburied bodies of the slain. They were unable, however, to find the body of their missing classmate, their search having been interrupted by the opening of the firing by the enemy, to whose lines they had unwittingly approached too closely. On a huge boulder in the Peach Orchard (?) is carved and visible to-day the name 'David R. Acheson, 140th

Penna.,' to mark the identical spot where this brave soldier fell."*

From the records of the Confederate army we know that General Lee prepared for a retreat by sending his long trains of wagons, many of which were filled with wounded men, in advance on the evening of the third of July. At the same time nothing would have pleased him better than to have met a counter attack that evening in his strong and well-chosen position. The line on Seminary Hill, which he had held since the first day's battle was still unbroken and there was enough artillery in position upon it to have held at bay the strongest force which could have been sent against it. Despite all that has been said to the contrary a counter charge at this time in the condition of exhaustion consequent upon the three days and nights of hardship and peril to which the Union army had been exposed, would almost certainly have been foredoomed to failure.

There are many well-informed persons who have the impression that the third day's battle was the greatest and most sanguinary of the series of bloody conflicts on the Gettysburg field. But, as a matter of fact, it was not a general engagement at all. It was a disastrous day for Picket's command, numbering with his supporters about 15,000 men, and yet the greater part of the forces of General Lee, and also of our own army were only spectators of this desperate assault and its repulse. On the Union side the Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps with the troops adjacent who were rushed to their assistance, were the only active participants at the real point of attack. This conflict notwithstanding the limitations mentioned was the turning point of the three days' battle and in a sense, of the war for the Union also. Taken in connection with all that precedes it, the verdict

* The reference to the Peach Orchard seems to have been owing to a confusion of locations, but the kindly impulse which prompted this quest in the face of imminent danger will be appreciated by all the comrades and their friends of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment.

of history will be in the future, as it has been in the past—that the “High Water Mark” of the great rebellion was reached at the bloody angle by the well known clump of trees on Cemetery Hill, the third day of July, 1863.

During the night following a furious storm of wind and rain broke over the heads of the thousands of prostrate men who were resting on the battle line. As one has put it “the downpour was in proportion to the violence of the cannonade” of the afternoon preceding. Everyone was drenched to the skin in a moment. Floods of water swept down the slopes of the hills and in some places almost submerged the weary sleepers who could scarcely be roused to the danger of their situation. The field hospital, which had been so directly in range of the enemy’s guns in the afternoon was now threatened with a new peril. In the lower levels of the valley the ground was quickly flooded and it required prompt action to save some of the helpless patients from drowning. Among those who were rescued from this danger were a number of seriously wounded Confederates. The men at the front with few exceptions had no blankets or wraps and slept behind their breastworks in the fatigue suits which they had worn in the heat of the day. So soundly did the writer sleep through that tempestuous night, that he was not aware, until he awaked at daylight that he was lying in a pool of muddy, bloody water which had backed up from the slope of rifle pit. The watermark on his clothing, which registered the depth of this submergence, could never thereafter be effaced by rubbing or washing.

The Fourth of July at Gettysburg was a day of lowering skies and frequent showers, and yet despite its gloomy enshrouding it will be regarded as the most memorable anniversary of Independence Day since the signing of the Declaration, because of two historic events. One was the retreat of the army which fought for the disintegration of the Union; the other was the surrender of the City of Vicksburg to the Union forces under General Grant.

The movement in retreat from the hills of Gettysburg began during the day. In the dark and stormy night which

followed the whole army was withdrawn and by daybreak was in full retreat. Their unburied dead were left on the field and thousands of their wounded were left in our hands.

"On the morning of the 4th," says General Morgan, chief of the corps staff, "the field of battle presented a curious sight. Parties were gathering up the arms abandoned by the enemy and sticking the bayonets in the ground, so that there were acres of muskets standing as thick as trees in a nursery."

The cavalry and one or two of the army corps were started in pursuit of Lee's army on the morning of the fifth. They captured a number of prisoners and destroyed some belated wagon trains, but the main body of the enemy made good their escape through Fairfield Gap and other adjacent openings in the solid mountain wall which had been their screen, and defence from direct attack, on the upward journey from Virginia.

In order to reach Williamsport, the objective point of the Confederate army, it was necessary for General Meade to make long detours by way of the lower gaps and hence several days elapsed before the two armies again confronted each other.

One of this retreating host has given us a glimpse of some of the dismal experiences which attended the beginning of this retrograde march toward the Potomac.

The great battle had been fought and lost; the tide of Southern invasion, which had poured through the mountain passes and surged northward to the Susquehanna, had touched its high-water mark, and now freighted with *debris*, which the war billows had gathered in their shock against Cemetery Ridge, the ebbing current set steadily toward the Potomac. An interminable throng of wagons, worn-out horses and wounded men choked the highways and, ever passing, still came and came. All arms of the service were there commingled without distinction; hundreds of Stuart's troops, dismounted or rendered temporarily unserviceable for active duty with their commands, and driving or leading their broken-down charges, were marching afoot as

train-guards; but by far the greater part of this doleful procession bore slung arms, or bandaged heads, or hobbled painfully as they went while the transportation was taxed to its utmost capacity for the conveyance of the more severely wounded. Through the dismal rain and the muddy paste of the roads which flowed like thin batter, the teams with dripping girths plodded and splashed their weary way, sending showers of the hideous mixture right and left over the pedestrians toiling single file along the narrow, slippery footpath, or by twos and threes in the fields beyond. It was a vast moving panorama of misery; the stolid farmer-folk by the roadside almost forgot their ruined harvests in the contemplation of so much suffering, and women who had come to their doorways to see the discomfited "rebels" go by—remembering, possibly, husbands, sons and brothers back yonder, and as yet unheard from—turned away from the spectacle with tears in their honest eyes.*

Gettysburg was the only battle of the war which was fought north of the Mason and Dixon line and the losses of the contesting armies were greater than in any other single battle which was ever fought upon American soil.

"The revised returns," says one of the best authorities, "show for the Army of the Potomac: killed and wounded, 17,555; missing 5,435, total 22,990; and for the Confederate Army: killed and wounded, 15,298; missing, 5,850, total, 20,448.† But the returns for the Confederate army are based upon reports which are confessedly imperfect and conflicting, some commands are not reported, and in others the regimental show larger losses than do the brigade returns from which the foregoing numbers are compiled." General Bingham, in his address at the unveiling of the monument to General Hancock at Gettysburg, gives 27,525‡ as the sum of the Confederate losses, and this is probably nearer the correct number than the

* A Boy in Gray, *Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. xxii, pages 647 and 648.

† General H. J. Hunt, Third Day at Gettysburg, *The Century*, Vol. xi, page 463.

‡ The estimate of 27,525 includes 700 of wounded and prisoners whose names were omitted from list but appear in the record at Washington.

total above quoted.*** This would make the total of losses on both sides nearly, if not altogether 50,000. On both sides a very large number of those reported as missing were either killed or captured and many of the wounded as well as of the captured, died after the official returns of the battle had been made out.

The data for the comparative strength of the two armies on the field of battle on the second and third days is also very unsatisfactory. The losses of the Union army, especially in prisoners, on the first day were much larger than those in General Lee's army and to this extent should be counted out. It should be noted also in making even an approximate estimate that while all but Picket's Division were in the engagement of the second day, that Sedgwick's corps, then the largest in the army did not reach the field until four o'clock in the afternoon, and but two of its eight brigades were in a position to repel the persistent attacks of the enemy. Hence the total of casualties in this splendid body of veteran troops, whose courage and endurance was tested to the utmost in their long march, was only 242. "At the 'points of contact,' " as General Hunt has expressed it, "the Confederates were almost always the stronger. On July 1st, 18,000 Federal combatants contested against at least 25,000 Confederates, and got the worst of it. On July 2d, Longstreet's 15,000 overcome Sickles' 10,000 and had to halt when a larger force was opposed to them. Williams' Twelfth Corps retook its works from a larger body of Ewell's troops, as at the contested point they were opposed by an inferior number; and then held them, for Johnson's superior force was as much hampered here by the nature of the ground as was Meade's on the left, the evening before."

"The Second Corps," says Walker, "had taken into the fight fewer than 13,000 men. It had lost 4,350, of whom 349 were commissioned officers. Of the total loss only 368 were among the missing. The corps had captured, on the second and third days, 4,500 prisoners. Gibbons' division had lost 1,634; Caldwell's, 1,269; Hay's, 1,291; the



PENNSYLVANIA STATE MONUMENT.

TABLET 140TH REGIMENT IN POSITION

artillery brigade, 149; the headquarters' cavalry squadron, 4; the corps' staff, 3.

In this battle on her own soil the State of Pennsylvania had a force of sixty-eight regiments of infantry, eight of cavalry and five notable batteries of artillery, making a total of 26,628 men. The general casualties in this little army of her defenders was 5,907.

"The people of each State," says John M. Vanderslice, "can be justly proud of its troops who fought at Gettysburg, and may well render unto them tributes of admiration and homage. And the people of our whole country can rejoice that there was nothing done by any to tarnish their record as soldiers. The two great armies of America, which, for those three memorable days, in the heat and glare of the July sun of 1863, met in determined, fierce and deadly combat upon the field of Gettysburg, by their fidelity, their fortitude and valor, carved the highest niche in the temple of martial fame and glory for the American soldier.

"'All time will be the millennium of their glory.' One was right and the other wrong. But, in the knowledge of the subsequent development, progress, peace and prosperity of our united, common country, victor and vanquished now alike, believe that in the Providence of God it was right and well that the issue was determined as it was."†

On the 27th of September, 1910, one of the most costly and imposing structures on the Gettysburg field was dedicated by Governor Stuart, on behalf of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to the memory of the soldiers who participated in the battle. A great concourse of people, including several thousand veterans, the survivors of the Pennsylvania organizations which took part in the engagement, was present to witness the ceremonies and listen to the addresses on this memorable occasion. By an act of the Legislature, free transportation was furnished to all of the surviving participants

* The Third Day of Gettysburg, *The Century*, Vol. xi, page 463.

† Gettysburg Then and Now, page 328.

connected with these organizations from every portion of the State.

Four acres surrounding this memorial structure have been set aside and designated as Pennsylvania Park to give to it a worthy and befitting setting.

The space around the base of the memorial arch, or monument proper, is filled with inscriptions and on the inside of the arch are recorded the names, beginning with General Meade, of thirty-four general officers of Pennsylvania who were intrusted with important commands during the engagement. The most unique feature of the monument, however, is the record on eighty-six bronze tablets of each command organized by the State, and the names of every soldier in their respective commands; thus forever perpetuating the record of the sons of Pennsylvania who participated in the battle.

The dedication legend, cut deeply into the granite at the base of this memorial structure reads thus:

"The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in honor of her sons who on this field fought for the preservation of the Union, July 1, 2, 3, 1863."

On another granite slab is a record of the commands present. It reads:

Pennsylvania at Gettysburg: 69 regiments infantry, 9 regiments cavalry, 7 batteries artillery. Total present, 34,530. Killed and mortally wounded, 1,182; wounded, 3,177; missing, 860; total, 5,219.

At the request of the chairman of the Memorial Commission a carefully revised list of the officers and men of the several companies who were present for duty at Gettysburg, was prepared by committees representing the companies. These lists after rigid inspection by the Commission were accepted and the names appearing upon them were then transferred to the bronze tablet which appears in its place at the base of the monument. The record thus prepared and safeguarded is of more than ordinary historic value, and is herewith appended without change or abbreviation.

ROSTER.

**ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEERS, JULY 1, 2, 3, 1863.**

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Colonel, *Richard P. Roberts.
Lieutenant-colonel, John Fraser.
Major, ‡Thomas B. Rodgers.
Surgeon, J. Wilson Wishart.
Assistant Surgeon, William W. Sharp.
Adjutant, †William S. Shallenberger.
Regimental Quartermaster, Saml. B. Bentley.
Assistant Surgeon, Benjamin F. Hill.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major, ‡Henry J. Boatman.
Quartermaster, *R. G. S. Smith.
Commissary Sergeant, Thomas L. Noble.
Hospital Steward, Joseph W. Lawrence.
Killed, 2; wounded, 1; captured, 2.

COMPANY A.

Captain, **†John F. McCullough.
First Lieutenant, †James J. Purman.
Sergeants, †James M. Pipes, John A. Burns, *William A. Brown, †Henry Zimmers.
Corporals, Mark G. Spragg, *Leroy S. Greenlee, Kramer Gabler, Cornelius J. Burke.
Fifer, Morgan Dunn.
Drummer, James Woods.

PRIVATES.

**John Acklin	John M. Lancaster
Oliver Armstrong	**Hiram McCullough
Harrison Anderson	Lindsey McCullough
Joseph Bane	William Ogden
Oliver Burson	Joseph Pettit
John Bennett	James B. Rinehart
John F. Coen	John A. Rush

* Killed at Gettysburg. † Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡ Captured at Gettysburg.

John Cox, Jr.	Edward Steel
George N. Dornan	Nicholas Steel
**Benjamin Dunstan	Simon P. Scott
††John W. Eddy	†Henry Scott
Michael Eddy	**John M. Spragg
John Fisher	†Jesse Sprowls
David Frays	Jesse Stewart
†George Freeland	Caleb Strosnider
**†John Gray	Keener L. Strosnider
†George Gray	Spencer Stephens
Simon Geary	**†Norval L. Troy
Stephen C. Harris	†Levi Taylor
David R. Hoge	Abner W. Taylor
Joseph Herrington	Harrison Woolum
John C. Jones	†Daniel B. Wychoff
Rezin S. Kent	John R. H. Wilson
*Benjamin F. Loar.	George W. Wilson
†John Long	†Benjamin F. Wallace
†John Meighen	Oregon Walters

Killed and died of wounds, 3; wounded, 15; captured or missing, 2, one of whom, John W. Eddy, died in prison at Richmond, January 27, 1864. Bates' history says Benjamin F. Loar died in Philadelphia, August 1, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Jason T. Giebner.

First Lieutenant, George Tanner.

Segeants, †James C. Nolan, Ranel C. Craig, John Satterfield, John Johnson, John Fox.

Corporals, **†George D. Moore, **Robert B. Porter, †Charles W. Giebner, Price Dilley, George Perrine, *Thomas G. Eagles, †James L. Griffin.

Musician, †Thomas J. Cozad.

PRIVATEs.

Wilson Bean	Daniel B. Mayer
William Blair	Alexander Patten
†Aaron Bolinger	William Perrine
Joseph Breackle	James B. Porter
William Brannon	Benjamin A. Posten
Nathaniel Breast	Samuel B. Rodgers
*John Buckley	James M. Robb

* Killed at Gettysburg. † Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡ Captured or missing at Gettysburg. ** Killed in subsequent battle.

George M. Bennett	George Rose
Wilson Calvert	John Roberts
†Adam C. Dilley	John H. Seiple
†Lewis F. Egbert	†William Shaw
John W. Gardner	†Hugh Shaw
Adam George	James J. Smith
William M. Griggs	†Gilmer Smith
†Martin Henderson	George W. Smail
†Samuel Holmes	Charles Smoyer
John Jones	†William P. Sutherland
*Allen Kirby	David B. Sinclair
Michael D. Maghan or Mc-	Madison Thompson
Gehan	†William H. Turner
†George Mears	Charles Vath
†Cyrus Moreland	Samuel J. Weir
**James McCoy	Thomas M. White
†Samuel McKindley	**George Young
**Henry C. Montgomery	

Killed, 2; wounded, 11; captured or missing, 9. William Shaw and Cozad, Holmes, Patton, Moreland subsequently captured, died in prison.

COMPANY C.

Captain, *David Acheson.

First Lieutenant, †Isaac Vance.

First Sergeant, *James D. Campbell.

Sergeants, J. Milton Ray, **William J. Cunningham, †James McFarland.

Corporals, James Blake, Eli H. Linton, †James P. Sayer, *William Horton, Richard Jones, †Samuel Fergus.

PRIVATES.

†William Armstrong	John Moore
John Billick	†Tillinghast Mourie
†John Blair	*Anthony Mull
**Ephraim Brown	George Norris
James B. Clemens	*Alvin Newman
†Isaac Cleaver, Jr.	*Albertus Patterson
David W. Cleaver	Andrew Plants
*Ellis J. Cole	William H. Pollock
Philip A. Cooper	William Pollock
Samuel Curry	Esau Powell

*Killed at Gettysburg. †Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡Captured or missing at Gettysburg. **Killed in subsequent battle.

†John A. Dickey	**Jackson Prall
**1. N. Dowling	†Charles Quail
Alexander S. Duncan	William J. Radcliff
†Nehemiah Gilbert	Charles Rentz
Aaron Gunn	Samuel Rettick
Mason Hart	Austin M. Richards
Alex. F. Hartford	**Gales Rose
**Lewis Henry	Silas A. Sanders
†Clark Irey	†Presley H. Shipley
†John J. Jordan	John Smalley
*Daniel L. Keeney	**William S. Stockwell
*James S. Kelley	†James S. Stockwell
**Thomas W. Long	John Stockwell
*Thomas B. Lucas	Jonathan Tucker, Jr.
†Robert H. Lindsay	*Simeon VanKirk
†Frank B. McNear	William VanKirk
David McCoy, Jr.	†Colin Waltz
†Thomas McCune	**James Wise
Hugh B. McNeil	†Samuel Wise
*Richard Miller	†John D. Wishart
Samuel Mills	†Jefferson Yonker

Lindsay and Wishart not on muster roll.

Killed, 12; wounded, 20; captured or missing, 2. Armstrong and Lindsay, who died in Richmond, December, 1863.

COMPANY D.

Captain, Charles L. Linton.

Sergeants, James B. Vandyke, Henry C. Swart, Fulton Bell,

*Cephas D. Sharp.

Corporals, †John A. Black, †Calvin Ramsey, Leroy W. Day,

*Beden Bebout, *James A. Bebout, †James M. Hughes.

Musicians, Alpheus Cunningham, Hamilton Parker.

PRIVATES.

†Enoch Baker	†Isaac Lacock
Zachariah Baker	**John W. Lewis
†Sample S. Bell	Cyrus Lindley
**†Abner L. Birch	Jacob McAfee
**James Birch	John B. McDonald
†Robert Birch	Joseph Meeks
Miller Blatchley	James Miles

*Killed at Gettysburg. †Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡Captured or missing at Gettysburg. **Killed in subsequent battle. Curry died in Andersonville.

****John L. Brannon**
 Charles H. Caine
 †John W. Cooper
 †Silas Crispin
 †Charles Cunningham
 *Lewis Dilley
****†Thomas Doty.**
 †Wilson Doty
 Abner Enox
****Samuel Evans**
 †Nathan B. Evans
 Jacob Frazee
 Enoch French
 Thomas Glennon
 Charles Guttey or Guttery
 John L. Hathaway
 James Hathaway
 Jonathan W. Hughes
 James A. Jackson
 †John Kelley

****James M. Miller**
 †George S. Moore
****Judson Peden**
****Philo Paul**
****Peter Phillips**
 George Redd
 William Rutan
 *Simon Sanders
****Emmet Smalley**
****Amos Swart**
 †Andrew J. Swart
 Harvey Swart
 Joseph Swihart
****Wm. H. Teegarden**
 George W. Teegarden
 Andrew J. VanKirk
 †William Williams
 †Henry Watson
 †Jacob Yoders

Killed and died of wounds, 5; wounded, 15; captured or missing, 4.

COMPANY E.

First Lieutenant, Irvin F. Sansom.

Sergeants, Samuel Potter, ****B. F. O'Bryson** or O'Bryon, Albert G. Beeson, John Barkley.

Corporals, Jesse T. Powers, Abraham Moore, †Samuel E. Pritchard, Simon Inks, ****Robert Herron.**

Musician, Charles King.

PRIVATES.

†Jackson Ballsinger
 †Harvey Ballsinger
 Benjamin Behanna
****Franklin Barringer**
 †Samuel W. Cady
 †Samuel Cashdollar
 James Caskey

†Levi Keenan
 George B. Kistler
 William Lawery
 Christopher Lickel
 †James Lytle
 George McMillin
 William P. McMasters
 Hugh Patterson

*Killed at Gettysburg. †Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡Captured or missing at Gettysburg. ****Killed in subsequent battle.**

Joseph Meeks, in Andersonville, from October 14, 1863, to May, 1865. Died at Annapolis on release, May 13, 1865.

James Chubbeck
 William Chester
 Isaiah Collins
 **Francis M. Daniels
 H. C. Diffenderfer
 *Francis M. Hansel
 Plummer F. Hall
 Daniel Handlin
 John S. Hindman
 **William Hirst
 **Jeremiah Huttenhouer
 Benjamin Ingles
 John Johnston
 †Andrew Johnston
 Thomas Kelly
 Killed, 1; wounded, 6.

William Pile
 George W. Pritchard
 Alden Rose
 Sparks C. Roberts
 **Robert Russell
 Robert Rudge
 William H. Sickles
 Jesse Stricklin
 William Turner
 Robert Wall
 William F. White
 **Solomon Williams
 Joseph Wiltsee
 **Joseph J. Woodward

COMPANY F.

Captain, Thomas Henry.
 First Lieutenant, †John D. Stokes.
 Second Lieutenant, **Andrew M. Purdy.
 First Sergeant, *John E. Harsha.
 Sergeants, Joseph R. Harrah, †Robert Riddle, Carmen Nelson.
 Corporals, †Alonzo B. McKenzie, Joseph W. Appleton, ‡Joseph
 R. Dunlap, †John B. Clark, †Seth Strock, Andrew G. White
 Musicians, Taylor M. Stokes, Thomas M. Anderson.
 Wagoner, William Pyle.

PRIVATES.

**John Anderson
 (on detached duty)
 Thomas O. Anshutz
 (detached, clerk at bri-
 gade headquarters)
 Jacob A. Baker
 (detached, in ambulance
 corps)
 *John S. Bell
 ‡George Bell
 †Benjamin A. Bonewell
 †William Bruce

James T. Hays
 Seth W. Irwin
 **Francis N. Johnston
 Samuel A. Johnston
 Hugh M. Kerr
 Adam H. Kerr
 (detached, in ambulance
 corps)
 James A. Lockhart
 James R. Lockhart
 Martin W. May
 (detached, teamster)

*Killed at Gettysburg. †Wounded at Gettysburg. **Killed in
 subsequent battle. ‡Captured in subsequent battle and died in prison.

William H. Bruce (detached in Thompson's battery)	John E. Moore (detached, clerk)
Benjamin Buckley (detached, in regimental hospital)	Madison Moore
Thomas Clark	George W. Minesinger
Robert H. Cooper (detached, in Thompson's battery)	Harrison Miller
William J. Cooper (detached, in Thompson's battery)	Alfred M. McCaskey
†Jonathan I. Davis	**†John McManamy
*William H. Dinsmore	‡†John McCullough
Samuel M. Dinsmore	Andrew McCullough
†William Doak	George M. Nevin
**John B. Douds	Andrew Robinson
John Douglass (detached, in regimental hospital)	Madison Reisinger
John S. Ewing	Henry Stevens
Henry Edwards (detached, in bakery)	*John P. Small
Joseph Graham	†Thomas Small
*Alvin L. Greenlee	Enoch Strain (in battle, but deserted July 11th, 1863)
†Robert N. Gillen	‡Joseph O. Schley
	John H. Short
	William Swearingen
	*Lewis Swearingen
	‡Ruel W. Strock
	‡†Alvin M. Taylor
	Lewis J. Wagner
	**Alexander White
	Michael B. Wilson

Total in company, 88; total on roster above, 73; present in line of battle with company, three officers and 55 men; on detached duty, 13 men; musicians, two; absent sick, 15; killed July 2, 1863, three men; wounded, officers, 1; men, 16; captured, five; subsequently died of wounds, three men, W. H. Dinsmore, Alvin L. Greenlee and J. P. Small; effectives July 5, 33.

COMPANY G.

Captain, †Henry H. Bingham, detached on staff.

First Lieutenant, ‡Wilson N. Paxton.

Second Lieutenant, *Alexander M. Wilson.

First Sergeant, **†John F. Wilson.

Sergeants, *Benjamin M. Black, William T. Pollock.

Corporals, James M. Patton, David L. Taggart, †Ebenezer H.

*Killed at Gettysburg. †Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡Captured at Gettysburg. **Killed in subsequent battle.

Martin, †Dunning Hart, ‡Joseph L. Moore, James G. Sloan, **†Bankhead B. Barr.

Musician, Josiah H. Carroll.

Wagoner, John M. Watson.

PRIVATES.

James Allison
 **William Armstrong
 *Simon Arnold
 John Arnold
 *John Barr
 **David W. Berry
 James L. Berry
 *David W. Boyd
 Addison A. Coleman
 James H. Crawford
 James M. Daggs
 ‡George Davis
 John C. Davis
 Ebenezer G. Emery
 **Alexander Gaston
 John L. Gow
 **Levi Griffith
 James W. Griffith
 †William S. Greer
 David Havlin
 †William A. Helt
 Joseph Hemphill
 †James Hinneger
 †James W. Hodgson
 **Frank Iams
 ‡Robert S. Jackson

Joseph B. Johnson
 Cornelius D. B. Kirk
 James P. Kerr
 *Joseph Lawson
 William H. Lemon
 *James Lynn
 George W. McGibbony
 ‡James S. McGlumphey
 Thomas M. McNary
 *John McNutt
 †George R. Murray
 John R. Paxton
 †Wayne J. Phillips
 James W. Pollock
 ‡James S. Rankin
 John M. Speer
 John M. Stewart
 †Robert L. Speer
 †Robert L. Stewart
 David H. Sumney
 Joshua Weaver
 ‡Thomas Weaver
 *Hugh Weir
 Joseph Wilson
 David White
 James Young

Thomas Weaver died in Richmond, Va., November 2, 1863.

William H. Lemon, wounded and captured in Wilderness, died in Andersonville, August, 1864.

On roster above 67 names—at Gettysburg 9 killed, 13 wounded, 6 captured. Total, 28. Effectives July 5, 39, details included.

COMPANY H.

Captain, †Samuel Campbell.

First Lieutenant, Austin Miller.

Second Lieutenant, John B. Vance.

*Killed at Gettysburg. †Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡Captured at Gettysburg. **Killed in subsequent battle.

Sergeants, **Samuel S. Kerr, *Thomas N. Thornburg, †Arthur Shields, **James M. D. Mitchel, Addison Lance.

Corporals, William Ewing, Alexander Greer, Walter M. Lawrence, John G. Robb, Joseph Moody, †Thomas Miller.

Musicians, John S. Bryan, Timothy Shane.

PRIVATES.

†Hugh Q. Adams	William Martin
*John Blackmore	James H. Melvin
James D. Babb	Thomas E. Moore
*Johnston Berlin	David N. Minesinger
**†William A. Brunton	James Miller
Thomas Bryerley	William McCreary
*Samuel W. Barnes	†Charles M. McCoy
**†James H. Beal	Andrew R. Miller
*William Conlin	†Washington McHenry
William G. Cowan	*James M. Phillips
James Cameron	†John Purdy
Richard N. Crouse	John A. Robb
John Criswell	Junius M. Strouse
James Crooks	Joseph Swearingen
**Stewart Campbell	Samuel Swearingen
James Dornan	James S. Smart
**Alexander Ewing	**Hezekiah N. Swaney
James Finnegan	David G. Scott
**†George Fox	George Summerville
**†Jacob R. Fleegel	John W. Stephens
Robert M. Galbreath	**Robert G. Savage
*John C. Gibb	*James A. Taggart
**William W. Herron	William Thornburg
Gibson Hood	William N. Uncapher
James Hood	Jasper Whims
John W. Hall	**†David R. Whitehill
**David Keifer	John M. Green
William Kennedy	Alexander Flanagan
Wilson W. Latham	*Henry Ewing

Killed and died of wounds, 9; wounded, 9; missing, 3.

COMPANY I.

Captain, †William McCallister.

*Killed at Gettysburg. †Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡Missing at Gettysburg. **Killed in subsequent battle.

First Lieutenant, Thomas C. Nicholson.

Second Lieutenant, Lewis R. Darragh.

Sergeants, †David W. Scott, ‡James H. Springer, **William C. Smith, †William A. McMillen, Benjamin F. Webster.

Corporals, ‡William M. Agnew, Thomas B. Hunter, John E. Harton, James H. Douds, Robert Dickey, Robert W. Anderson.

Musicians, Washington D. Tallon, Henry C. Johnston.

Wagoner, Thomas McCoy.

PRIVATES.

Robert Baker	John Mitchell
George S. Bailey	*Edward McMahan
*John Black	James Miller
Daniel Bowen	‡George Marks
John Borden	David D. McCallister
George M. Brooks	Lemuel Neville
David D. Brennard	†James W. Orr
J. Dickson Craig	William A. Pribble
Joseph H. Champion	**Levi Rhodes
†Martin V. B. Chambers	Henry G. Robb
**Samuel Erwin	Samuel Reed
William H. H. Ewing	Joseph Rodenbaugh
Jacob Fisher	Thomas Rambo
†William Frazier	‡Thomas Shawness
**Israel Ferguson	Daniel Shafer
James B. Fawcett	Peter Shevlin
William P. Gibson	Otis Seely
John S. Gillen	John F. Southwick
Joseph Gilmore	William Usselton
Alexander Gilmore	John Todd
George E. Hamilton	William D. Welch
James Hammond	Eli Watson
Joseph T. Johnston	James Wise
‡Marshall T. Johnston	‡Patrick Wise
**Milo McCoy	‡John W. Zimmerly

Killed, 3; wounded, 8; captured or missing, (1) Bates' Records—Agnew, M. T. Johnston, Marks, Shawness and P. Wise captured at Gettysburg; all but latter died in prison.

COMPANY K.

Captain, William A. F. Stockton.

*Killed at Gettysburg. †Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡Captured at Gettysburg. **Killed in subsequent battle.

First Lieutenant, Alexander Sweeney.
Second Lieutenant, ‡William B. Cook.
First Sergeant, Benjamin F. Powelson.
Sergeants, Milton R. Boyd, †Edward S. Alexander, *Thomas C. Hays, ‡Samuel K. Shindle.
Corporals, William R. H. Powelson, George Ralston, †William Hanlin, **Joseph S. Graham, John A. McCalmont, David M. Pry.
Musicians, George W. McConnell, Jesse J. Norris.

PRIVATEs.

James B. Allison Abram Andrew James Arthurs James S. Berryhill Lazarus Briggs George W. Carter *Thomas J. Carter Jesse M. Carter Andrew Chester †Isaac W. Chisholm James E. Cochran †Joseph A. Corbin Ezra Conway Benjamin H. Cummins John M. Day Michael Dougherty Henry Dickson Robert B. Dungan †Benjamin F. Earnest James A. Fordyce William M. Geary **Joseph S. Guess Benjamin Hawthorn *Robert W. Hull George W. Johnson James C. Lyle	James K. P. Magill **John Makeown **John Maloy Robert W. McClurg James K. McCurdy Benjamin McCullough Owen McElfish †Robert Meldoon Norris Metcalf *William Miller Isaac Miller †Colin R. Nickeson James L. Noah William Porter Robert A. Pry William M. Rea William Scott Nathaniel Seese *Jesse Sprowls George Sprowls Oliver Staley †Johnson Toppin *Robert Virtue Ulysses S. Wheeler Thomas Wilkins James Worstell
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***Killed at Gettysburg. †Wounded at Gettysburg. ‡Captured at Gettysburg. **Killed in subsequent battle. Corporal Shindle died in Andersonville, March 17, 1864. Robert Virtue, wounded, lingered until September 9, 1863.**

It will be noted that some of the sick and some on detail were mustered on June 30, 1863, and some not.

On detached duty: Corporals, John F. Gardner and James L. Noah with artillery train, later in Thompson's battery; Enoch Mounts

and Benjamin McCullough, with ambulance train; James Arthurs and Michael Daugherty, with wagon train; Robert McClurg, with Pioneer Corps; James K. McCurdy, with hospital steward; Nathaniel Seese, with commissary department.

Sick in hospitals: Corporals, Silas Cooke, George Ralston. Privates, Peter Andrews, Daniel Butterfoss, John M. Day, Joseph C. Frazier, George A. Hanlin, John W. Nickeson. (Wounded Chancellorsville, William Stollar and Marshall Wright.)

Total on roster of company, 79; details, 9; sick, 10; deserted July 1, 1. Present for duty in action, 59; killed and died of wounds, 6; wounded, 8; captured, 2; deserted, 1; effectives July 5, 1863, 42.

140TH INFANTRY

COLONEL R P ROBERTS Colonel
LT. COL. JOHN FRADER Asst. Colonel
MAJOR T B RODGERS Asst. Major
Adjutant W B CHALLENGER Adjutant
Quartermaster J W WRIGHT Quartermaster
Sgt. Major W B SHARP Sgt. Major
SERJ F HILL Serjeant
S D BENTLEY Serjeant
Medical Officer H J COATES Medical Officer
Dr. H. B. SMITH Surgeon
THOS L MOORE Chaplain
J B LAWRENCE Chaplain

Co	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
A	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
B	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
C	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
D	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
E	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
F	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
G	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
H	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
I	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
J	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company
K	Company	Company	Company	Company	Company



CHAPTER X.

THE RETURN TO VIRGINIA.

Tracks of blood, even to the forest's depths,
And scattered arms, and lifeless warriors,
Whose hard lineaments,
Death's self could change not,
Marked the dreadful path
Of the outsallying visitors.

AT eleven o'clock on the morning of the fifth of July, the Second Corps left its position on the line of battle and, striking across lots, reached the Baltimore Pike which was followed to Littleton, Pa. While crossing the battleground near Culp's Hill we entered a strip of woodland which was literally riddled with musket balls. Some of the limbs of the trees bore the marks of more than a score of missiles, and there was scarcely a tree in sight the bole of which was not chipped and gashed with minie balls or fragments of shells. We bivouacked at Two Taverns, a little town about five miles from Gettysburg, where we remained, because of lack of food supplies, until the morning of the 7th. Meanwhile each man of the command was obliged to forage on his own account. We paid in cash, however, for all the provisions we could secure. At Taneytown, our next halting place, for we had diverged from the Baltimore Pike at Two Taverns, the women of the several households worked continuously, from morning to late at night, to cook for us, but could not fully supply the wants of so many hungry men. In all the Maryland towns on our route of march the residents did their best to furnish us with bread, cakes and other articles of food at reasonable rates, and always had for us words of encouragement and cheer. On the night of the 7th we had heavy showers and all of the next day marched through the pelting rain and pools of soft mud. We reached Frederick, Md., in the evening and

bivouacked in our water-soaked clothing, on the edge of the town. Here, as on the upward journey, we found flags flying, apparently from every house, and despite our seedy appearance and mud stained garments, the good people gave us, as we passed through, a most cordial welcome. On the outskirts, south of the city we saw the body of a Confederate spy swinging from the limb of an oak tree. This man, as we afterwards learned, had frequently been in our camp at Falmouth, selling Union medals and stencil plates to the soldiers. These visits gave him the opportunity to find out all he wished to know about the strength, equipment and prospective movements of the army. He was a Virginian and was known, where he traded, as Richardson. At Frederick he was arrested on suspicion, tried and convicted mainly by evidence found on his person. In connection with the death sentence it was ordered that his body should hang, as a warning to others who might pass that way, for three days. From Frederick we marched to the Antietam battlefield on the other side of the mountain range and bivouacked for seven hours. Later the Division moved to the vicinity of Hagerstown and halted for a few hours on the campus of St. James' College. At the outflow of a copious fountain, which gushed from the hillside, the writer undertook to wash a much soiled under-vest. It was impossible to heat water for this purpose, and with much soaping, plunging and rubbing in cold water, the garment was carefully rinsed and hung upon the bayonets of a stack of guns to dry. About two minutes thereafter the bugle call rang out—"fall in." By a quick movement it was saved from a tumble to the dusty ground, as the guns were being withdrawn, and when the order was given to march, and that too in line of battle, it was plain that something must be done to get rid of the dripping supernumerary, and yet quite necessary, garment. The owner had no use for it anywhere, under the circumstances, except on his back and, despite the claminess of this resisting vesture, which clung like a tight fitting glove to neck and shoulders, *there it had to go*. With much tugging and pulling it was partly donned, hastily covered with a blouse, and further operations were

suspended until it had time to dry out, and resume its normal conditions.

At Jones' Cross Roads, in the vicinity of the Falling Water Ford of the Potomac, we again confronted the enemy in force, and in a strongly entrenched position.

General Lee, having had the advantage of the shortest route through the mountain gaps, reached this point on the 11th of July. Finding the river, which had been much swollen by the recent rains, too high for fording he constructed a strongly fortified defensive line in semi-circular form, extending from Williamsport to Falling Waters, the usual fording place of the river. General Humphreys, who has written a valuable work entitled "Gettysburg to the Rapidan," asserts that Lee's intrenchments at Williamsport were not less formidable than those he occupied at Marye's Heights. It was a position which could not be turned for each of the wings rested securely on bends in the river. General Meade had determined to make an effort to carry it by assault on the 13th, but when he found the works were of unusual strength at every point where an attack could be delivered, hesitated, and called a council of war. Notwithstanding the fact that five out of seven of his corps' commanders were opposed to such a venture, he decided to make an attack on the next day. During the night preparations were made to carry out this purpose and at daybreak the troops were under arms and ready for the signal to advance.


Caldwell's Division was ordered to take the lead in a reconnoissance in force and at the word of command we crossed the earthworks of our own line, passed the outposts of the pickets, and, after a brief halt, the several companies of our Regiment with other commands selected for the same purpose, were deployed as skirmishers in front of the main body. Advancing rapidly across the intervening space we expected every moment to receive the fire of the enemy. When their formidable works loomed up before us a rush was made to occupy them, and then, to our great surprise and also to our *great relief*—it must be admitted—we found them almost deserted.

Taking advantage of the dense darkness and heavy rains of the preceding night, the Confederates had recrossed the Potomac and made good their escape. When the main body came up we started in hot pursuit toward the crossing place at Falling Waters. We followed the cavalry in this pursuit almost to the ford and gathered up a number of prisoners, stragglers and deserters. These were all that remained of General Lee's Army on our side of the Potomac.

Thus ended the "Great Invasion."

From this time onward General Lee fought to the death in his own native State, for a cause which he must have known was irretrievably lost. It is scarcely possible to give to one who was not a participant in the experiences of this Gettysburg campaign an adequate impression of the hardships endured by the men of both armies during its continuance. From the day the Union Army left the Rappahannock, the troops were exposed to the intense heat of the mid-summer sun, the chilly dews of the night and frequently recurring storms of wind and rain, without adequate shelter or protection. Time and again they forded swollen streams, knee deep or waist deep as they happened to find them; marched for days and sometimes by night, also, in pelting rains, and slept on the ground in wet clothing under the dripping sky. Some of the forced marches which were made on the upward journey were in the hottest days of this exceptionally hot season, and, at the terminus of the northward course, without time for rest or sleep or even to cook an ordinary meal, the men were thrown into battle line, and for two days following were hotly engaged in one of the most notable battles of modern times. There were some who could not endure the torture of their shoes on the last days of the march, and were declared by the surgeons to be unfit for duty, who went into the battle with shoes partly cut away, and in one case a comrade known to the writer, went through the wheatfield and into the rocky woods beyond without shoes on his bruised and swollen feet.

The occasion for rapid movements ceased with the retreat of the enemy to the other side of the Potomac, and, at a more



leisurely pace, the Union Army marched down the river, through Sharpsburg and thence by way of the Chesapeake & Ohio canal, to Sandy Hook in the immediate vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Here for the purpose of receiving clothing and much needed supplies, the corps remained for two or three days. Early on the morning of the 18th we crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge and later the Shenandoah on a suspension bridge, and, entering Loudon Valley, went into camp at Hillsboro. Loudon Valley will always be remembered by "the boys" for its acres of ripe, luscious blackberries. They were of the "Low Blackberry" or "Dewberry" family and there seemed to be an ample supply at the several camping places for the entire army.

They were a veritable God-send to the men, who had so long subsisted mainly on salt pork and hardtack, and the recommendation of the doctors, to eat freely of them, was universally and enthusiastically approved.

The series of zigzag journeys which brought us at length to the Rappahannock, within a few miles of our starting point, are briefly given by the historian of the Second Corps, as follows:

On the 19th the march was continued from Hillsboro to Woodgrove; on the 20th to Bloomfield, where the troops rested through the 21st. On the 22d the march was resumed, the corps reaching Paris that day, Linden on the 23rd, Markham Station on the 24th, White Plains on the 25th. At Germantown, which was covered by the march of the 26th, the corps rested through the three following days, moving on the 30th to Elk Run, and on the 31st to Morrisville, where a long halt was destined to be made. The Army of the Potomac was now back upon the Rappahannock; and here opportunity was to be offered for refitting and recruiting, after the terrible losses, both of men and of material, which had been sustained.

Morrisville on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, about six miles from Kelly's Ford, was in the midst of an open stretch of country which was well adapted for camping purposes. The distance from Falmouth to Gettysburg and re-

turn to this place has been estimated, in round numbers, at 450 miles. With the exception of a reconnoissance in force at United States Ford on the Rappahannock (August 31-September 4th) the Regiment with its associated commands, remained quietly in this camp until the 12th of September, when a new forward movement was made to prevent the enemy from sending reinforcements to the hard pressed Confederate armies of the West.

On the 12th of August, General G. K. Warren, who had a short time before been made a Major-General of Volunteers for gallantry and eminent service at Gettysburg, was assigned to the command of the Second Corps. This splendid officer was warmly welcomed by officers and men and so long as he remained in this responsible command proved to be a worthy substitute for General Hancock, who for several months, was unfitted for active service by the severe wound which he had received on the Gettysburg field.

On the morning of the 12th of September the Second Corps broke camp and, marching to Rappahannock Station by the edge of the river, bivouacked for the night. The next morning we followed the cavalry across the river and assisted in driving back the enemy through Culpepper, where a sharp engagement took place. Then advancing rapidly to the Rapidan we held the fords until the rest of the army came up.

From this date until the 8th of October the two armies confronted each other along the line of this narrow and easily fordable stream. The Confederates held a strongly fortified position along the slope of the Orange Mountain range and at some points their line of defence seemed to be a very short distance away. The pickets were so close together on either side of the river that it was exceedingly dangerous to make any demonstration which involved the exposure of the sentinels or their officers. Aside from this the troops were not exposed to serious danger or discomfort. It was the season of the year when outdoor life was most enjoyable and the weather in general was favorable for such maneuvering and marching as was deemed to be necessary to

prevent the enemy from sending reinforcements to the armies of the West.

During the stay of the army at Morrisville and vicinity, there was a number of military executions for desertion to the enemy. Most of the men who suffered this extreme penalty were "bounty-jumpers" or "professional deserters." Accepting the pay that was offered as a bounty for enlistment, they took the first opportunity to desert to the enemy and then working their way back to the North were ready to repeat this dastardly attempt at some other recruiting station where their identity was not known or likely to be questioned. To meet such cases of flagrant disloyalty and betrayal of trust it was necessary to brand the crime of desertion with a form of punishment which should be swift and sure, as well as shameful and dishonorable.

The first military execution for this crime in the Division to which we belonged took place on the 2d of October in an open space on the north side of the Rapidan River. The entire Division was drawn up in line on three sides of a hollow square to witness this dread administration of military justice.

When all the troops had arrived on the ground, and the lines had been carefully dressed, the silence that had become oppressive was broken by a distant bugle call.

Then from the little mound-like hill on which the Headquarters of the Division was located, came a slowly-moving procession. First came the Provost Marshal with the insignia of his office; then the Division brass band, playing the Dead March in Saul, followed by a file of thirteen picked men with loaded muskets; next came four men bearing a rough pine coffin on their shoulders, and, directly behind this gruesome object walked the condemned man, a private of the Sixty-sixth New York, arm in arm with the chaplain. Another file of men, the reserves, brought up the rear of this mournful procession. With slow and measured tread, keeping time to the funeral dirge, the prisoner and his escort wound down the hill, passed between the lines and halted at a freshly-dug grave, at the open end of the square. Here, amid

solemn stillness, the warrant for the execution was read. This was followed by the offering of a brief prayer, the last farewell of the officer in charge, and then the condemned man unbuttoned his coat exposing a clean, white shirt. A handkerchief was bound over his eyes and he took his seat on the coffin. A moment later the Provost Marshal stepped aside and unsheathed his sword. For an instant it glittered in the air, and, with the flash came a rattling volley of musketry, and all was over. After the file of men had fired they stood at attention, like statues, in line. The Provost Marshal took his position in front of them with drawn sword and there, before their victim, they stood until the whole Division had passed the spot. Then they all filed away to their camps, the dead man was buried, and military justice was satisfied.

In the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment there was but one conviction for desertion and this was at a later date and had a happier issue than the case above mentioned. With some of the extenuating circumstances which determined this issue there is interwoven an interesting, true story which is worth the telling in this connection. The substance of it is gathered from approved documents belonging to the records of one of the companies, but in view of these circumstances and the good record for courage and fidelity to duty of this soldier after his reprieve and return to his Regiment, we withhold the name.

This deserter, at the time of his enlistment, was but nineteen years old. He was regarded by his comrades as a "bold, heedless, profane dare-devil boy." He had seldom attended either church or school and was utterly devoid of a sense of restraint to the claims of home, church or society. As one has put it, "he knew neither the meaning nor the nature of a moral obligation, and obedience to others was a virtue yet to be learned in an awful but effective experience. Withal he had a kind heart and courage worthy of a Sheridan." While at Camp Howe, near Pittsburg, he returned to his home with some of his old associates, without permission, and after a few days came back of his own accord. At Parkton, Maryland, in the fall of 1862, he stepped aboard a freight train

and in a few days was back in Western Pennsylvania, "enjoying the wild, free life of his boyhood home." From this escapade he was brought back by a United States Marshal to his Regiment, but for some reason no charges were preferred against him. In the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg he was brave to recklessness and in no case where courage or hardship was required did he shrink from duty or play false to the rigorous demands of service required of a soldier at the front. With the stirring scenes of army life he was in his element, but he could not endure the tedious monotony of the camp during the long halts, and, when confined to its routine duties in winter quarters, was as restless as an untamed animal in a cage. In the marching and countermarching of his Regiment in Virginia, during the summer and autumn of 1863, he was always in his place and ready for duty, but when the Army of the Potomac settled down on the Rapidan for the winter, he consulted his own preferences, stole quietly away, and for the third time was reported as a deserter. He was found some time afterward at his home by an officer who was sent to arrest him, was brought back to his Regiment, tried by a court martial and sentenced to be shot to death with musketry, at a date which was designated by the presiding Judge. "For the first time in his life," says one of the officers of his company, "the boy realized that there was an authority above him which he was bound to obey."

He ceased to take food, to wash or comb, and with his wan face and unkempt hair presented a ghastly appearance. One of the officers of the company, who had persuaded this country lad to enlist, and had pledged him his protection and support in so far as that was possible, was worried over the imposition of this sentence, which seemed to him to be unnecessarily severe, but the action of the court martial had been approved by the Commander of the Army and from that decision there was no appeal.

During the interval between the sentence and its execution, President Lincoln made a brief visit to General Meade and reviewed a part of the army. Hearing of this visit the young officer, who for the reason given was specially inter-

ested in the condemned man's fate, determined on his own responsibility to secure, if possible, an interview with the President and lay the case before him. In this he succeeded. With a directness of manner and evident honesty of purpose which gave weight to his appeal, he rehearsed the facts which had led to this conviction, placing over against them as the basis of his appeal, the lack of education and moral training of the young man and emphasized the unquestioned courage he had shown in the performance of his duties at the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In view of these extenuating circumstances, he asked for a remission of his sentence. The great-hearted President listened to this plea with close attention. Then turning to General Meade, who was also present at this interview, said: "General, we need such men and we ought to bear with their frailties. Can you not postpone this execution until further orders?" It goes without saying that the further orders never came, and the soldier who was thus saved from a disgraceful death, was returned to his Regiment and served with it faithfully until the close of the war. In one of the battles before Petersburg he received a painful wound in his hand, resulting in the loss of a thumb, but he refused to go to the hospital or to be absent from duty, and on the 21st of May was honorably discharged with his company.

While in its most advanced position on the line of the Rapidan, the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment was transferred from the Third to the First Brigade of the Division. General Nelson A. Miles had recently been assigned to the command of this Brigade and the transfer, for this reason mainly, was enthusiastically endorsed by the rank and file, as well as by the officers of the Regiment.

Our position on the Rapidan was the farthest point reached on the return journey from Gettysburg. The reason for its abandonment in more haste than was seemly, in the judgment of the troops who occupied it, will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

A NOTABLE FLANK MOVEMENT AND A RACE FOR VANTAGE GROUND, NORTHWARD.

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron;
What plaguey mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps.

—Butler's *Hudebras*, Part 1, Canto 111.

ON the 5th of October the Second Corps was relieved by the Sixth and marched back about twelve miles, to the north side of the town of Culpepper. The view from this place was singularly beautiful and impressive. The cleared land was level or gently rolling to the base of the Blue Mountain Range which towered up, without any intervening foothills, several thousand feet toward the sky.

On the 8th of October it was evident from several indications that General Lee was about to make an aggressive march of some kind. In confirmation of this intention, the movement of a column of troops was reported the day following on our right. Under the impression that this was the beginning of a flank movement in that quarter, the Union troops were withdrawn to the north side of the Rappahannock. This was accomplished on the 11th. While at Bealton Station awaiting further orders, General Meade received information which led him to believe that the move to the right was a feint and that the real point of attack was to be at or near Culpepper. Acting on this erroneous information, which came from the officer in charge of his rear guard, Meade, to the surprise of everyone—the “Johnnies” included—turned about and recrossed the river with the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps. This force advanced on the south side as far as Brandy Station and with the help of Buford's Cavalry, drove

the Confederates back toward the town of Culpepper. The advance of the Second Corps at Brandy Station on that beautiful afternoon of the 12th of October, has been described as one of the rare opportunities offered during the war for the movement of troops in battle, in level, open country, affording a fine view of their magnificent array and maneuvering that could not fail to inspire all who witnessed it.

In a flat, open space about a mile wide the Second Corps was drawn up in nine lines, a brigade in each line, with the regiments formed in close columns by divisions. Between each line were the brigade commanders and their staffs and colors, with their aides riding rapidly from point to point, as it became necessary to carry instructions to the regimental commanders. Around each regiment were the surgeons and their helpers. Following in the rear of all was the ambulance corps with the stretchers, ready to do their humane work of caring for the wounded. Then to the left could be seen the artillery, keeping up with the infantry, all plainly seen at one time. Presently, in front, as far as the eye could see, a flash was seen, then smoke; soon the report is heard and a shell comes crashing toward us, bursting over our heads, quickly followed by many others; yet the lines slowly advanced, making no reply. The line of skirmishers slightly in advance of Caldwell's Division, which was in the lead, hurried rapidly forward, closely followed by the main line, but when very near the enemy's guns, the firing ceased and the battery with its supports quickly retired. As they disappeared in the distance our lines halt and the battle is over. Thus was one of the finest opportunities for a fair open-field fight lost. But that sight can never be forgotten by those who saw and noted it. Over 15,000 men, veterans, tried by the fire of many battles, and by the march of many campaigns,—there formed in line of battle, advancing amid shot and shell as quickly and orderly as if on parade or drill, and the whole field was seen at a glance.*

It was evident from this adventure that the main body of the enemy was to be found *somewhere else* and during

*Condensed from History of the One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment, page 221.

the same evening positive information came through General Gregg, of the Cavalry, that the Confederate Army in full force, had turned the right flank of our army and was moving rapidly northward with a view to cutting off our communication with Washington City. The necessity for prompt action to meet this emergency had now become urgent and messengers were sent in hot haste to the forces assembled around Brandy Station, with orders to withdraw at once to the north side of the river. The troops of the Second Corps started a little before midnight and retraced their steps to Bealton Station, crossing the Rappahannock for the third time in less than as many days. From Bealton, which was reached about daylight, the march was continued to Fayetteville in the vicinity of the famous Sulphur Springs. Here a halt was made to prepare a cup of coffee and in three-quarters of an hour the march was resumed. On this forced march the Second Corps was the rear guard of the army and the First Division held the post of honor as the rear Division of the Corps.

"The day's march," says General Walker, "was long and wearisome. The distance covered was not great, but such were the delays and interruptions due to the presence of another corps (the Third) on the road in front and to the necessity of guarding continually against attacks upon our left flank, that it was not until nine o'clock in the evening that the corps bivouacked on the south side of Cedar Run, not far from the little village of Auburn."

Before daylight we were aroused from our broken slumbers and moved out like spectres in the fog which hung over the valley. About a fourth of a mile from the fording place of the stream the Division was halted on a bare knoll or ridge to give time for the rest of the column to come up. About this time a force of cavalry and infantry belonging to Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps fiercely attacked General Gregg, who with his Cavalry Division, was holding the approaches to the road leading to the ford. Seeing that he was hard pressed by superior numbers, General Warren sent Carroll's Brigade to his assistance. During the progress of this

spirited contest, Caldwell's men were allowed to unsling knapsacks, stack arms and make preparations for a hurried breakfast.

"While thus engaged," says the historian of the corps, "in their domestic duties, a bolt, out of what was anything but a clear sky, brought every man to his feet. Through the mist down the road to Catlett's the very line of our communication with the rest of the army, the destined avenue of our escape, were seen flashes in quick succession, and the rush of shells was heard, followed by the sharp crack which told that the fuses had done their deadly work.

"The First Division, massed upon the hill, which was literally packed, presented to the battery, thus terribly unmasked, such a mark as few gunners ever had offered to them. For the instant there was a great deal of excitement and, of course, some confusion among Caldwell's men, who ran instantly to arms, while the unexpected foe made the most of his opportunity by a rapid and well-directed fire."

The confusion referred to in a general way in the above description was very great for a few moments in the immediate vicinity of the bursting shells. Horses which broke loose from their holders dashed madly across the field, promising tins of coffee were upset on the fire or abandoned, batteries of artillery were rushed up to positions in front of the troops and neither officers or men seemed to know just what to do. Some officers gave the command to lie down; others to fall back. Before anything could be done, eleven men were killed and many more were wounded. As soon as possible our artillery took position and opened upon the enemy while the men of the Division were placed behind them on the reverse side of the hill.

About the same time a charge was made by Hay's Division in advance of ours and the daring foe, who, amid the fog, had literally crept up under our noses, was driven from his position. The leader of this force, who, on the lifting of the fog, had found himself in a position to do this damage was the famous General J. E. B. Stuart. His command at

the time consisted of two brigades of cavalry and seven pieces of artillery. He himself had been caught between the moving columns of the Union Army and not knowing how to get out in the darkness, had hidden his troops in a dense pine wood near the road to Catlett Station. It is said that this hiding place was close to the headquarters of General Meade, and that, had he known of that proximity, he might have crowned his exploits by carrying to Richmond, the Commander of the Army of the Potomac.

"The closeness with which the corps was environed at this time," says General Walker, "may be judged from the fact that shots from Stuart's guns passed clear over our troops and fell among the advancing lines of Ewell on the other side, actually checking their advance. And for a time it seemed very much as if the Second Corps was caught in a trap and would be baited to death by its exulting enemies."

This, in fact, was the purpose of the Confederate Commander throughout the day, and especially as it was drawing to a close when the head of the much harassed column approached the vicinity of Bristoe Station. Here a determined effort was made by a force under Hill more than double the effective strength of Warren's command, to cut it off from the rest of the army. In this they were favored by the premature withdrawal of the rear Division of the Fifth Corps which had moved on toward Centreville Heights without waiting for the arrival of the Second with which they were supposed to maintain a close connection. In this crisis hour the only support available was General Gregg's cavalry command. By a masterly movement, under direction of General Warren, Hay's Division, which was in the lead took possession of a railroad cut in which it not only resisted successfully a furious charge made upon it, but making an aggressive onslaught in a critical moment, captured two battle flags, five guns and four hundred and fifty prisoners. This position was held until the other divisions came up. Close behind Caldwell's command was Ewell's Corps with which the rear guard had several spirited contests.

Between the forces of Ewell and Hill, which thus environed the Second Corps, the result, despite every effort which could have been made, would almost certainly have been its surrender or annihilation. Happily for the Union cause there was no order for the combined assault which Warren, with sinking heart, had anticipated, and Bristoe Station has passed into history as one of the most brilliant victories in the face of overwhelming odds, in the story of the war. Under the cover of darkness, the command, numbering less than 8,000 men, withdrew from the overwhelming force which had threatened its destruction, "marching in ghostly silence, across the enemy's front, within three hundred yards of their skirmishers and half-cannon range of their smooth-bore guns. Crossing Broad Run, partly by the ford and partly by the railroad, the infantry made their way over the great plain stretching toward Manassas, and, between three and four o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the jaded troops, who, of the sixty-nine hours that had elapsed since they left Bealton on the morning of the 12th, had been in column on the road, or in line of battle, or skirmishing or fighting with the enemy more than sixty, carrying the heaviest loads I have ever known troops to carry in campaign, were allowed to throw themselves upon the ground, on the left bank of Bull Run, near Blackburn Ford, and for the time, rest from their labors."*

In this neck and neck race for a position commanding the approach to Washington, the men in blue, although frequently beset and harassed by the flanking columns of the enemy, were eventually the victors. Foiled in his purpose to reach Centreville in advance of the Union Army and disappointed in his attempt to crush a part of it while drawn out on the way, General Lee retreated to the position he had formerly occupied on the peninsula between the rivers.

Returning with the Union Army in leisurely fashion, the Second Corps went into camp in the vicinity of Warrenton

* Walker's History of the Second Corps, page 361.

Junction, where a stay amid pleasant surroundings was made for about two weeks.

In his official report, General Miles, commanding the Brigade, makes the following reference to the part taken by the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment at Bristoe Station:

"In the attack at Bristoe, the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, was placed on the right of Captain Pickett's battery, About six o'clock P. M. I was ordered to send one Regiment—the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania—to support the batteries of Gregg's command, which was stationed on the Brentville road, where it remained for two hours, or until the command was ordered to Centreville."

Referring to the same engagement, Colonel Fraser reports under date of October 17th as follows:

About 2.30 P. M., when the Regiment was marching to Bristoe Station, a brisk cannonade ahead of us was heard. The Regiment was immediately marched at double quick for a considerable distance and was placed in support of Pickett's battery on a small hill in front of the enemy's position and near Bristoe Station. About 6 P. M. the Regiment was moved from this position, under a brisk artillery fire, to another part of the same hill, to support Captain Martin's battery, where it remained until it was ordered to join the column of the Second Corps on the march to Centreville. The conduct of officers and men of my command throughout the operations and engagements of the 14th inst. deserve my commendation for gallantry and coolness.

General Meade expressed his appreciation of the conduct of the Second Corps at Bristoe Station in the following General Order:

(GENERAL ORDERS, HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
No. 96.)

October 15, 1863.

The Major-General commanding announces to the army that the rear guard, consisting of the Second Corps, was attacked yesterday while marching by the flank.

The enemy, after a spirited contest, was repulsed, los-

ing a battery of five guns, two colors and four hundred and fifty prisoners.

The skill and promptitude of Major-General Warren, and the gallantry and bearing of the officers and soldiers of the Second Corps, are entitled to high commendation.

By command of Major-General Meade.

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

While in general the regulations concerning the appropriation of live stock in Dixie were rigidly enforced, there were times on the march when the hungry men were allowed to exercise a wise discretion in this matter, provided it was not done too openly or defiantly. Benjamin F. Powelson, First Sergeant of Company K, now the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Boulder, Colorado, furnishes an instance of a still hunt of this sort which can hardly be regarded as exceptional. We give him the privilege of telling his own story:

During the many marchings of the Second Corps in Virginia in the fall of 1863, there was more or less of foraging by the soldiers, on opportunity, to better their condition, as rations were scarce and the boys were indeed *hungry*. One day a fine-sized pig was found by a squad of Company K's hungry boys, and it was "appropriated." But as bad luck would have it, the provost guard came along too soon and the boys were taken in tow. The guards either had *spoils* enough or overlooked what their prisoners were trying to conceal under their blouses—the pig which they had cut in pieces. So they were brought to brigade headquarters when the camp was reached in the evening. General Miles took in the situation at a glance. Putting on as sober a face as possible, he warned the boys *never again to get under the care of the provost guard* and dismissed them. Of course the excused culprits sent up to the General, a little farther on, in point of time, a good roast from one of the hindquarters. And, so far as known, the boys were never *caught again* by the guards.

On the 7th of November the Corps broke camp and started upon the second stage of the return to the line of the

Rapidan. Crossing the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, the troops advanced with but little opposition on the part of the enemy to the open ground near Brandy Station, which the army had occupied before the beginning of the Confederate flanking movement. As our lines advanced, Lee's army withdrew to its former position behind the Rapidan River. The camp of the Second Corps was located, with every prospect of a stay for the winter season, at Berry Hill in the vicinity of Stevensburg. It was evident that the Confederates had located in this vicinity, a short time before, with the same expectations; for they had constructed comfortable little cabins of pine clapboards, tightly shingled, with snug bunks inside. In the vicinity of this winter camp they had also made corduroy roads and other improvements with a view to making their stay as comfortable as possible. In some of the huts we found dough just made up which the owners had not the time to bake, while in others flour was scattered around which they could not carry away. Thus it turned out that the flanking movement ended just where it began, and at its close the two armies occupied virtually the same positions which they had held before they started on this northward race.

CHAPTER XII.

WINTER ON THE RAPIDAN.

The winter of 1863-64, on the banks of the Rapidan was passed in preparation by both armies for that wrestle of giants which was to begin in May in the Wilderness and end at Appomattax in the following April.

JOHN B. GORDON, Major-General Confederate Army.

BEFORE the preparation period to which General Gordon refers, an aggressive movement was made by the Union Army in the beginning of the winter season, which has passed into history as the "Mine Run Campaign."

"The object of this well-conceived movement," says General Walker, "was, by a rapid march, to get inside Lee's line of defense at Mine Run, and there to bring on a fight on a fair field, with the possible added advantage of finding the two Confederate Corps of Hill and Ewell so widely apart, for convenience of winter quarters, as to allow them to be beaten in detail. From the first, however, the movement was embarrassed by delays and blunders."

Some of the delays might have been avoided, but others were caused by the fickle climate of Virginia at this changeable season of the year. On the night preceding the day which had been designated for this preconcerted move, there was a succession of heavy showers which continued with occasional intermissions until noon of the next day. By this time the roads were in bad condition and the order was countermanded. The period of rainfall which had so summarily disarranged the plans of General Meade was followed by a cold wave and in a few hours the roads, although rough and rutty, were so solidly frozen that they were everywhere available for the passage of the artillery and army trains. In the hope that this change of weather would be favorable to his purpose, the

Commanding General gave orders to his corps commanders to resume the deferred movement on the next day,—the 26th inst.

Early on the morning of that day the troops of the Second Corps broke camp and took the road to Germanna Ford. On their arrival at this designated crossing they were halted for several hours in consequence of the failure of the co-operating column, under General French, to appear at the next ford above. When, at last, the order was given to advance, the One Hundred and Fortieth and the Eighty-first Pennsylvania were deployed as skirmishers. Holding their rifles above their heads this courageous little vanguard dashed across the river, wading up to their armpits in its icy cold water, and took possession of the opposite landing. The Confederates, who had made a show of defending it, quickly withdrew and the engineers began to lay the bridges. The rains had so swollen the river that the estimated number of pontoons were not sufficient and a second delay was experienced, while additional boats were secured from the reserve train in the rear. After the crossing was effected, the men were pushed rapidly forward, but instead of reaching Robertson's tavern as had been contemplated, with a view to attacking the position of the enemy the next morning, they were obliged in consequence of the approach of darkness, to halt and bivouack at Flat Run Church, about four miles beyond the ford. When Robertson's Tavern was reached the next morning, about ten o'clock, it was no longer possible to take the enemy by surprise. The failure of General French to appear with his supporting columns on the right prevented a general engagement that day and meanwhile the Confederates, working day and night, had constructed a strong line of defence behind Mine Run, which could not be carried except by direct assault. On the 28th the whole army confronted this intrenched line, which General Morgan, the Chief of Staff after careful scrutiny described as a position of "almost impregnable strength." Seeing the futility of an attack directly in his front and being unwilling to give up the purpose for which the movement thus far had been made, General Meade entrusted to Warren, the

command of a flanking column consisting of a force of about 16,000 men, including his own corps, which he directed to march to the left behind the rest of the army and attack the extreme right of the enemy's lines. This turning column, despite every effort to hasten its movements, did not come into a position to attack until near the going down of the sun on the evening of the 29th, and in anticipation of an assault the next morning, the weary troops went into bivouac. The light of the next morning revealed a strongly fortified chain of earthworks. The men who were designated to lead the assaulting column gave such articles of value as they had in their possession, with a last message to loved ones at home, fully realizing that they were to lead a forlorn hope, in which, if success should crown their attempt, many must fall by the way.

"No one doubted," says Walker, "that the contest would be long and furious and obstinate; and, as the cold of the last day of November grew more and more intense, it was impossible to think without a shudder of the fate of the wounded of the coming fight." It had been arranged that the artillery on the right and centre should open on the enemy at eight o'clock when Warren should immediately assault. The young commander, upon whom this responsibility had been laid, had been studying the position in his front during most of the night and more carefully from the early dawn of the morning and, a short time before the signal was to be given, "suddenly announced that he would not attack unless he received renewed instructions from General Meade; and at once rode off to consult the Commander of the Army of the Potomac."

This decision was based upon his own quick perception of the extreme peril of the undertaking and in view of all the attending circumstances it was a braver act than if he had led the assaulting column in person. General Meade at once acquiesced in his decision and, on the next day, December 1st, issued orders to withdraw during the night. A long and almost continuous march of a night and a day, by way of Culpepper Mine Ford, brought the weary troops of the Second Corps back to the comfortable quarters which they had

left seven days before. This night of marching, like the night preceding it, was intensely cold and in several places blazing fires were kindled in the woods on either side of the roadways to warm the chilled bodies of the men, as well as to light the way through the wilderness which environed them. In some places fire had spread to the underbrush on either side of the road and we literally marched through a region of heated air which, for the time, was a pleasant relief from the biting cold outside of it.

Throughout the whole of this brief campaign there was much suffering from the cold winds and especially on the skirmish and picket lines, where fires could not be kindled.

In some places of greatest exposure the pickets were relieved every half hour. Instances were reported where sentries were frozen to death on their posts and others, with limbs badly frozen, were brought in on stretchers by the ambulance corps.

The following report of the Brigade Commander, General Miles, under date of December 11th, gives some interesting details with respect to the part which was taken by the One Hundred and Fortieth, as well as of the brigade in general:

My brigade started from camp on Mountain Run on the morning of the 26th ult. and crossed the Rapidan at Germanna Ford. Two Regiments (Eighty-first and One Hundred and Fortieth) forded the river. Marched within a mile of Wilderness Tavern and there bivouacked. On the morning of the 27th, marched until the head of the column met the enemy, near Robertson's Tavern. During the day the brigade held several positions, but was not engaged, the division being held in reserve. Remained here for the night. The enemy having fallen back during the night we again advanced, finding the enemy at Mine Run, strongly intrenched. Remained on line during the entire day, the 28th.

At 6 A. M., the 29th, the brigade marched to New Hope Church. Near this point I received orders from General Caldwell to advance on the left of the railroad cut and deploy the Sixty-first New York, the Eighty-first and the Twenty-sixth Michigan as skirmishers, at one pace intervals,

the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania marching by the right of companies to the front as a support. I advanced in this order three miles without any other support than of my own brigade, driving the enemy's cavalry and infantry until my right was within 500 yards of the enemy's works. Here my right flank was much exposed to their infantry, artillery and Stuart's cavalry on my left. I was obliged to halt and wait for more than an hour for other troops to come up. So unexpected and rapid was this advance that the enemy seemed to be taken by surprise and were dislodged at every point without halting. While waiting for support to arrive the enemy advanced a line of infantry to within 200 yards of my immediate front, at the same time opening a fire of artillery from one section. My order to advance was welcomed by a cheer from the whole line, which gallantly charged them, and, after a short but sharp conflict, the enemy broke and fled in great confusion. The line was then halted. Occasional firing was kept up until 7 P. M., when a portion of the skirmish line was withdrawn to the wood in rear.

On the morning of the 30th the brigade moved to the right, with right resting on Orange Plank Road, and remained there that night and next day, December 1st, until 8 P. M., when the brigade marched to our present camp on Mountain Run, crossing the Rapidan at Culpepper Mine Ford at 9 A. M., December 1st, and arrived at camp at 5 P. M.

During the entire movement the officers and men of the brigade sustained the reputation they won on former occasions, and returned to camp after the seven-days' march without any stragglers or a single man missing.

I am much indebted to Col. H. Boyd McKean, Eighty-first Pennsylvania, for the able manner in which he conducted the skirmish line. Col. Farrar, Twenty-sixth Michigan; Col. Fraser, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, and Lieut.-Col. K. O. Broady, Sixty-first New York, are deserving of favorable mention.—N. A. MILES.

In his official report Colonel Fraser mentions the fact that 6 officers and 180 men of his command were detailed for picket duty on the night of the withdrawal from Mine Run. This detail kept up a brave show by keeping the fires burning along their line until about two o'clock in the morning when they also withdrew and by rapid marches rejoined their Regi-

ment on the north side of the Rapidan. The casualties reported were one killed and two wounded.

The series of campaigns of the fateful year 1863, closed with the Mine Run venture, and the troops went into permanent camps for the winter. The well-earned rest from marching and conflicts of almost daily occurrence with some portion of the enemy's forces, was uninterrupted, with one exception, for a period of five months. The camp sites were soon cleared of all rubbish, comfortable, canvas-covered cabins were erected and in this location, which was more sheltered than the winter camp of the year before, the troops in general had more comforts and less hardships than at any other time during the period of the war. The completion of the railroad to the vicinity of the camp insured the prompt delivery of army supplies of all kinds and there was no lack of soft bread, vegetables and even of delicacies, which, for the most part, were sent in boxes from friends and the home folk in the North. Two saw mills and a grist mill in the vicinity of the First Division camp were appropriated and manned by soldiers, who understood how to run them, during the period of our stay. The saw mills furnished lumber for ordinary building purposes as well as fragrant cedar boards for the lining and wainscoting of the officers' mess room and tents and out of the ranks of the soldiers, details of willing workers could always be secured to do first-class work in wood or stone. The authorized enlistment and mustering in of a Division band of carefully selected musicians from Boston and other cities was completed in the fall of 1863. This band which had a membership of thirty-two, soon became famous in army circles and was greatly in demand on all public occasions as well as at the Headquarters of the Division to which it belonged. To provide a suitable place for it in the winter season, a "Music Hall" of large proportions was built of the lumber furnished by the mills. It was used for concerts, balls, lectures and church services. Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood), Anna Dickenson, Vice-President Hamlin and other platform speakers of that time, gave interesting lectures in this building before large and appreciative audiences. Dur-

ing one Sabbath service which was held in it, the band of thirty-two pieces accompanied the congregation in the singing of the One Hundredth Psalm. There was something inexpressibly grand in the rich and full chorus of the male voices, with such an accompaniment to the blessedly familiar tune "Old Hundred." There were tears in the voices as well as in the eyes of many who joined in that song of praise, as memories of home and visions of its peaceful worshipping assemblies rose before them.

One of the gayest of the assemblies which were entertained within its walls, was a full dress ball on the night of the 22d of February. This assembly was in honor of the ladies, families of the officers and visitors, numbering not far short of two hundred, at the various headquarters of the several commands throughout the army.

The interior of the hall was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion with regimental and headquarter flags of all the arms of the service. "A camp scene," as one has described it, "was arranged on an elevated platform with shelter tents, camp utensils, drums and bugles, stacked arms, accoutrements, and two brass Napoleon guns, highly polished. It was a very brilliant affair throughout, to which the handsome dresses of the ladies, some of whom had come down from Washington for the occasion, and the showy uniforms of the officers, greatly contributed."*

With such accessories and accompaniments the execution of the "Lancers," which the writer, by courtesy, was permitted to witness, was a fascinating medley and inter-weaving of bright colors and graceful movements, with none of the objectionable features which are connected with so many of the Twentieth Century dances.

The One Hundred and Fortieth was not dependent upon the arrangements made for occasional religious services in the large building at the headquarters of the Division, but under the direction of its officers, erected a comfortable building

* History of One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, page 233.

which was used for this purpose regularly and exclusively. It was a frame building covered with a canvas roof and heated with a small stove. It was large enough to seat 150 or 200 persons.

Here services were held regularly morning and evening on the Sabbath; and on Wednesday evening, there was a service of prayer and praise, as in the churches at home.

Before starting on the Mine Run campaign, the Rev. J. Lynn Milligan, who had been recently appointed Chaplain of the Regiment, in the place of the Rev. Marcus Ormand, whose resignation had been accepted June 8th, 1863,—appeared in camp, and, by his pleasant manner, unflinching courage in the performance of the duties of his office and his sympathetic interest in the affairs of the men, quickly won their hearts and secured their confidence. As the result of his faithful labors in this winter camp a deeper spiritual interest was awakened and some who had been indifferent to the claims of the gospel gave evidence in their lives, as well as by profession, that they had become sincere followers of Christ.

The principal occupations of the troops aside from the routine duties of the camp, which were seldom, if ever remitted, were building corduroy roads over boggy places, erecting buildings for officers or public assemblies, daily drills, when the weather was favorable, and frequent reviews of corps or division commands. We were a good five miles or more from the Confederate picket line, with the Rapidan River as an additional safeguard between the outposts. Hence the details for picket duty were not so large nor so frequent as in the previous winter on the Rappahannock.

An advanced picket line was maintained at Kelly's Ford on the Rapidan, about five miles from camp, to which the First Division contributed its quota of officers and men. Those who were detailed for this service usually remained on the line for three or four days.

The only interruption to the peaceful tenor of our lives during the winter was a reconnoissance in force, in which the Second Corps took a prominent part, on the 6th and 7th of February. The order for this unexpected movement reached

the Headquarters of the Division at seven o'clock in the morning and a half hour later the troops, with three days' rations in their haversacks were in line and ready to march.

The designated crossing of the river was Morton's Ford where a strong line of the enemy's skirmishers was encountered. Some troops of the Third Division were at once thrown forward and without stopping at the river brink, dashed through the ford and captured most of the opposing force on the other side. The Division under General Hays followed and wading across after the same fashion pushed the enemy's heavy reinforced line of skirmishers back step by step into their intrenched line. A pretense of assaulting the works was kept up during the day and near its close there was a sharp conflict in which the troops which were actively engaged met with a loss of more than two hundred in killed, wounded and missing. During the night all of the Union forces, except a strong skirmish line supported by artillery, was withdrawn to the north side of the river. In the afternoon of the 7th, the skirmishers rejoined the main body and orders were given to return to camp. The object of this demonstration was to prevent General Lee from sending reinforcements to attack the army under General Butler, who had been ordered to attempt to take the city of Richmond by surprise. The program assigned to the Second Corps was faithfully carried out, but the co-operating force under Butler, for some reason failed to make good. The First Division, being the supporting column, came out of this fruitless undertaking without the loss of a man. The whole affair as described by a comrade of Company F, was "a march nine miles out and the same back to camp in mud knee deep." It had rained, as usual, during the progress of this movement.

On the 23d of February, the day following the military ball, the Second Corps was reviewed by General Meade in the presence of Vice-President Hamlin and other distinguished visitors, including a large number of ladies. Miss Hamlin, the daughter of the Vice-President, Mrs. Curtin and daughter of Governor Curtin's household were among the number of invited guests at the Division Headquarters. The former rode



MAJOR-GENERAL A. A. HUMPHREYS
MAJOR-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN GENERAL U. S. GRANT MAJOR-GENERAL G. K. WARREN.
MAJOR-GENERAL F. C. BARLOW

on horseback along the lines with the cavalcade of General Meade. This review was regarded by all who witnessed it as one of the most brilliant affairs of its kind during the winter season. At its close General Kilpatrick, whose splendid corps was included in the pageant, led his command in a charge across the open plain.

Thrilling beyond description was the flashing of the drawn sabres and the thunder of the horses' hoofs as with a blood-curdling yell they swept onward with a might that seemed to be irresistible, against an imaginary foe. Ten days later this splendidly equipped and officered corps was making a raid in rear of General Lee's army within sight of the city of Richmond.

On the 10th of March, Lieutenant-General Grant was assigned to the command of all the armies of the United States and on the 24th day of the same month he came down to the Army of the Potomac and established his field headquarters at Culpepper Court House. With this army he remained, not for the purpose of superseding General Meade, but with a view to co-operating more closely with him in the contemplated movements to be directed against the Army of Northern Virginia. The arrival and disposition of new recruits and re-enlisted men gave the opportunity for a thorough reorganization of the army. With a view to greater efficiency the five army corps were reduced to three. This was done by breaking up the First and Third and distributing the several divisions among the troops of the Second, Fifth and Sixth. The first was transferred entire to the Fifth Corps to which General Warren was given the command. The Third Division of the Third Corps was given to the Sixth Corps, commanded by General Sedgwick and the two remaining Divisions were assigned to the Second Corps and formed its Third and Fourth Divisions. Previous to this, the old Second Corps had been consolidated into two Divisions known as the First and Second.

As the result of these changes, General Caldwell was transferred to another command and Brigadier-General Barlow, who had been desperately wounded at Gettysburg and

who was already famous as a "fighting General," was assigned to the command of the First Division in his stead. The Corps as thus reorganized numbered more than 25,000 men and was again commanded by Major-General Hancock. General Miles was also continued in command of the First Brigade. The command as a whole was reviewed by General Grant on the 22d of April. The weather for several days preceding had been unsettled and stormy, but the day of the review was one of the most beautiful of the season. As the remaining days of the month of April wore away, the roads began to harden and every indication from the Headquarters of the army betokened an advance which many hoped and prayed would be the last and final struggle for the cause of liberty and the Union. The time had now come, says General Walker, when this newly reinforced corps was to be thrown into one of the most furious campaigns of human history, the strength of a regiment, the strength of a brigade, to be shot down in a day, with as many more the next; a month to be one continuous battle, only interrupted by long and fatiguing marches; two, or three, or four officers commanding the same Regiment or Brigade in a single week. Or, as another has expressed it: "The Army of the Potomac was about to enter upon a campaign in which it should fight more days, lose more men and suffer more sacrifices in two months than it had in all its two years' operations."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLES OF THE WILDERNESS.

Soldiers! the eyes of the whole country are looking with anxious hope to the blow you are about to strike in the most sacred cause that ever called men to arms. Remember your homes, your wives and children, and bear in mind that the sooner your enemies are overcome, the sooner you will be restored to enjoy the benefits and blessings of peace. . . .

While clear consciences and strong arms, actuated by a high sense of duty, fighting to preserve the Government and the institutions handed down to us by our forefathers—if true to ourselves—victory, under God's blessing, must and will attend our efforts.—General Meade's Address to the Army of the Potomac at the beginning of the Campaign of 1864.

WHEN the foregoing appeal was issued, General Meade had under his command an effective force of 105,000 men. This did not include Burnside's Corps which had returned from the West and was then at Warrington, Virginia.*

In the advance movement, which Grant had carefully mapped out, the Union Army had the advantage of superior numbers, and, to a limited extent, the choice of routes.

* The composition of the several commands with which we were most closely affiliated at the opening of the campaign was as follows:

Major-General Winfield S. Hancock. Commanding the Corps
Brigadier-General Francis C. Barlow,

Commanding 1st Division

Colonel Nelson A. Miles. Commanding 1st Brigade

Major Lemuel Saviers. Commanding 26th Michigan

Lieutenant-Colonel K. O. Broady,

Commanding 61st New York

Colonel H. Boyd McKean. Commanding 81st Pa. Vols.

Colonel John Fraser. Commanding 140th Pa. Vols.

Colonel George P. McLean. Commanding 183d Pa. Vols.

The Confederates had the inner and shorter lines of communication; the advantage of familiarity with every foot of the "great and terrible Wilderness," in which they sought to baffle and entangle the Union Army; and also of strongly intrenched positions which they had learned how to make almost impregnable to attacks by direct assault.

The weird and awe-inspiring region, which will ever be known in history as "The Wilderness," has been fittingly described as a "labyrinth of forests, in many places filled with tangled underbrush, penetrated by few roads, and these, for the most part, narrow and easily obscured. The advantage possessed by an advancing force concealing its movements, was more than neutralized by the ease with which the enemy, familiar with the ground, could form ambuscades or direct sudden attacks on columns while marching."*

In the general order for the advance, the Fifth and Sixth Corps were directed to cross the Rapidan at Germanna Ford and the troops of these commands broke camp at four o'clock May 4th. The Second Corps, with Gregg's Cavalry, constituting the left column of the army, were ordered to cross at Ely's Ford, about 6 miles below Germanna. This being the longer route of the two, Hancock left his winter camp at eleven o'clock on the night of the 3rd. This all-night march, through a dense pall of darkness, was the first of a series of similar movements under the cover of darkness, which for more than a month were the rule rather than the exception.

Following Gregg's Cavalry, we crossed the river on pontoons in the early morning of the 4th and the advance of the Division reached the site of the Chancellorsville House a few hours later.

On the very ground which had been overswept by the hot blast of flaming batteries and furrowed by plunging shot and shell a year before, we bivouacked for the night. It was the same army, on the same errand as before, and in the same beautiful month of May, but how changed the scene, as we

*Col. Banes, Assistant Adjutant-General Second Brigade, Second Corps.

awoke from our slumbers invigorated and refreshed. Everything above us and around us seemed to be singularly attractive, peaceful and joyous in the light of that beautiful May-day morning. The sky was cloudless and richly tinted with the rosy colors which outran the appearance of the rising sun, the air was pure and fragrant with the breath of flowers, the fresh, young leaves were trembling in the morning breeze, the wood was vocal with the song of birds; and the bugle blast, echoing far and wide, was calling forth from grassy couches, the prostrate forms of the men who had slept in battle line on the earth in undisturbed peace and security. So complete and rapid had been the transformation, in that one short year, that at first glance hardly a trace of the dreadful struggle remained. Nature, as if in pity for the ruin wrought, had spread over all a beautiful mantle of green bedecked with choicest flowers; and, out of corruption and decay, ghastliness and death, had called forth myriad forms of life and grace and beauty. In looking about us, however, we had not far to go to see again the wreckage of the battle, and down in the edge of the wood below where comrades one after another had fallen to rise no more; where the low moan of agony had been heard from pallid lips; where the bodies of the dead were lying with only a slight covering of leaves and soil, the spell of the beautiful May-day was broken, the awful din of the deadly strife was heard again and memories, revived by these unquestionable evidences of disorder and strife, reproduced every salient feature of that battle scene. Thank God, the time has come, for which so many brave men longed and prayed, in those dark and evil days, when all these scenes of strife are *only memories*. But, may God forbid that the time should ever come when the evidences which yet remain should fail to recall in the generations following the *reality* and *magnitude* of the *struggle* and the *costliness of the sacrifice* by which the blessings of permanent peace, Union and Liberty have been secured.

During the long and fatiguing march to Chancellorsville the borders of the roads over which the troops of the several commands marched were literally strewn with blankets, over-

coats, dress coats, boots, knapsacks, cooking utensils and other impediments which had become burdensome, or at least were not necessary, for present use. With these weights thrown aside, in this improvident fashion, it became easier to carry the fifty rounds of heavy ball cartridge and the three days' rations, which, at the outset, every man of the rank and file was expected and required to carry on his person.

In his memoirs, General Grant mentions the fact that the wagon trains which crossed at Ely's Ford behind the Second Corps, numbered *more than four thousand*. "With a wagon train that would have extended from the Rapidan to Richmond stretched along in single file and separated as the teams necessarily would be when moving, we could still carry only three days' forage and about ten to twelve days' rations besides a supply of ammunition."*

On the evening of the 4th the three army corps were on the south side of the Rapidan and ready to co-operate in an advance for the next day. Warren had made the farthest advance in the direction of the enemy and was in position at the Wilderness Tavern, while Sedgwick was in supporting distance on the south bank of the river. Burnside's Corps, which had been ordered to the front, was already on its way and, by an all-night march, reached the ford and was ready to cross on the morning of the 5th. A general advance of the lines as thus disposed was ordered at five o'clock on the morning of the 5th and simultaneous with this advance began the two days of deadly strife in the very heart of the "Wilderness." In the series of indecisive conflicts which followed the battle lines swayed to and fro, now on the right and again on the left, but at no point could a commanding officer see more than a thousand men, and in many places the commander of a regiment could not personally direct the movements of one-half of his companies. "At no time," says General Gordon, "was one-half of the two lines in active strenuous battle." As the troops advanced through the tangles of undergrowth, the battle lines were broken and confused and frequently the

* Memoirs, vol. 2, page 188.

only evidences of the unseen foe was the flash of flame and the ceaseless rain of minie balls which came from dense thickets of cedar, scrub pine, bristling chinkapin, or other barriers and entanglements which confronted them. In most cases the only effective mode of attack was to send in a brigade at a time which remained until it had exhausted its fifty or sixty rounds of cartridges and then withdrawing it to give place to another, which was similarly equipped. What was true of one hour in a close conflict on the evening of the 5th, as described by General Gordon, was true for the most part, of the two dreadful days in which this conflict raged with but slight intermission:

Alternate confidence and apprehension, he says, were awakened as the shouts of one army or the other reached our ears. So distinct in character were these shouts that they were easily discernable. At one point the weird Confederate "yell" told us plainly that Ewell's men were advancing. At another the huzzas, in mighty concert, of the Union troops warned us that they had repelled the Confederate charge; and as these ominous huzzas grew in volume, we knew that Grant's lines were moving forward.

"There were features of the Battle of the Wilderness," says General Horace Porter, "which have never been matched in the annals of warfare. For two days nearly 200,000 veteran troops had struggled in a death grapple, confronted at each step with almost every obstacle by which nature could bar their path, and groping their way through a tangled forest, the impenetrable gloom of which could only be likened to the shadow of death. The undergrowth stayed their progress, the upper growth shut out the light of heaven. Officers could rarely see their troops for any considerable distance, for smoke clouded the vision and a heavy sky obscured the sun. Directions were ascertained and lines established by means of the pocket compass, and a change of position often presented an operation more like a problem of ocean navigation than a question of military maneuvers. It was a battle with the ear, and not with the eye. All circumstances seemed to combine to make the scene one of unutterable horror. At times the wind howled through the tree-tops, mingling its groans with the groans of the dying, and heavy branches were cut off by the fire of the artillery and fell crashing upon the heads of the

men, adding a new terror to battle. Forest fires raged; ammunition trains exploded; the dead were roasted in the conflagration; the wounded, roused by its hot breath, dragged themselves along with their torn and mangled limbs, in the mad energy of despair, to escape the ravages of the flames; and every bush seemed hung with shreds of blood-stained clothing."

In Hancock's line on the extreme left of the army the One Hundred and Fortieth shared in the advancements and withdrawments, the attacks and repulses which fell to the lot of General Miles' ever-ready and undaunted Brigade throughout the two days of conflict which have been so graphically described. We are indebted to comrade Silas Cooke, of Company K, through his friend, Sergeant Ben. F. Powelson, the historian of that company, for the following account of one spirited repulse, when the Confederates were massing to break the Union lines in a weak place:

Colonel Fraser, thinking we had better be doing something, as the balls were falling thick about us, received permission of General Miles to go in on a charge. The Colonel gave his orders and, it goes for the saying, they were executed. We went in on the double-quick (the double-quick of the One Hundred and Fortieth was always a run), yelling like mad, halted as we reached the position beyond, and over a small remnant of the Irish Brigade, then fired front, then right, then left, then front until no enemy returned our fire. Prisoners reported that we broke by these volleys three lines of battle, and, night coming on, they gave up their charge, thinking a large force was in their front. General Hancock gave us great praise for it. So quickly was it done that but few casualties occurred. Cooke was hit on right thigh by a spent bullet, cutting clothing and breaking a pocket knife, badly bruising but not disabling him.

In this series of engagements the official report of casualties (May 5th-7th) was three enlisted men killed and ten wounded. Owing to a misunderstanding of orders Barlow's Division, which had been detached temporarily to aid General Gibbon in anticipation of an attack on the Brock Road, was not sent to the position designated for it by General Hancock

on the left of his line, where it would have been in the thick of the conflict during the fierce charges and counter-charges which were made there on the 6th of May. This accounts for the comparatively small proportion of casualties in the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment and in other Regiments of the command. Referring to this misunderstanding General Walker says: "Whatever may be the true explanation, the consequences of the failure to send forward the Division of Barlow, the largest Division in the army, were momentous." Elsewhere he states that the enemy having discovered the gap in our position, where Barlow's Division should have been, broke through the Union lines at that point and turned what had been a decided victory into a humiliating defeat.

The total losses of the Union Army during the two days of this wilderness conflict, as given by General Humphrey, Chief of Staff, were 2,265 killed; 10,220 wounded and 2,902 missing, making a total aggregate of 15,387. The Confederate losses as gathered from imperfect data have been given approximately at 11,000.

On the 7th of May there were occasional outbreaks of musketry firing on the picket line, but there was no disposition on either side to attack in force or bring on a general engagement. In the afternoon General Grant issued orders for a flank movement to the left with a view to occupying the defensible ground in the neighborhood of Spottsylvania Court House, about thirteen miles to the southwest.

Warren abandoned his position in the centre soon after nightfall and moved along the Brock road in rear of the Second Corps. He was followed as soon as the way was cleared by Sedgwick and Burnside who took a more round-about route by way of Chancellorsville.

In his Memoirs, page 210, Vol. 2; General Grant says:

Warren's march carried him immediately behind the works where Hancock's command lay on the Brock Road. With my staff and a small escort of cavalry I preceded the troops. Meade with his staff accompanied me. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested by Hancock's men as we

passed by. No doubt it was inspired by the fact that the movement was south. It indicated to them that they had passed through the "beginning of the end" in the battle just fought.

Referring to the same, or a similar incident James Ford Rhodes, quoting from Dana and others says:

"When the faces of the men were set toward Richmond, Grant, in their estimation, was exalted. The soldiers sang and stepped forward with elastic step." "The spirits of the men and officers are of the highest pitch of animation" was the word which Dana sent to Stanton. "The men burst out into cheers, swung their hats, clapped their hands, threw up their arms and greeted their general as a comrade. They were glad that he was leading them onward to Richmond instead of ordering them to fall back to the camp which they had just abandoned."

During the night Hancock's Corps remained in position on the line and early the next morning, May 8th, advanced to Todd's Tavern, which was about midway on the road to Spottsylvania, thus becoming, as Grant had indicated in his marching orders, the right of the army. On his arrival at Todd's Tavern General Hancock sent out a detachment, under command of General Miles, consisting of his own brigade, a brigade of Gregg's cavalry and a battery of artillery, to occupy a position on the Gatharpin road, a mile or more in advance of the corps. The purpose was to guard against surprise and to meet the possible approach of a force of the enemy from that direction. Here the command remained without serious disturbance until late in the afternoon. When about to retire, under orders, to the main body two brigades of the Confederate army commanded by General Mahone, appeared suddenly on the road which Miles was guarding and at once opened fire on his skirmishers. "The collision was sharp," says General Walker, "but Miles, twice facing about, beat back the enemy advancing upon him."

In the official reports of this brief, but spirited engagement which have been consulted, the list of casualties has not

been given, but for the time in which the troops were under fire they were greater in proportion than in either of the two preceding days. The Adjutant of the Regiment, Wm. S. Shallenberger, received a wound at this time which proved to be so serious that, to the great regret of the entire Regiment, he was discharged on surgeon's certificate six months later. There was a touch of the ludicrous as well as of the tragic in this "collision" which in the annals of the Regiment is known as the "Cracker Fight" at Todd's Tavern. Two versions of it have been preserved for us in the records of Companies F and K which we give with slight adaptations as written:

On May 8th occurred the battle of Todd's Tavern, or better known to the company as the "cracker fight," from the fact that the Commissary had just issued crackers and the boxes were piled up in plain view of the enemy, when suddenly they made a charge and our boys were driven back.

Abel Hunter, who was guarding the crackers, remained at his post, and as our Brigade soon rallied and opened fire, Hunter became the target of the fire of both, and soon after, reinforcements coming up, the ground was retaken and Hunter was found wounded, from the results of which he lost his leg.*

The account given by the historian of Company K is as follows:

Company K took part in a charge on May 8th at Todd's Tavern, in which the loss, for the time it was engaged, was very heavy. Comrade Isaac Miller says that it was known as the "Cracker Fight," because Commissary Noble was in the act of issuing rations of crackers when the onset came. Silas Cooke says that the One Hundred and Fortieth (except K and another company) were on picket, under Captain McCullough. K and the other company were lying in the edge of a woods, along which a road ran, turning into the woods just where they lay; and the rebels came up on the opposite side of the valley, opened fire. General Miles, riding along, was compelled to seek shelter. Abram Andrews, of K, was struck and bruised somewhat. As Gen-

* History of Company F, by Andrew G. White, page 18.

eral Miles passed on, Colonel Broady thought he would do something, and ordered part of his Regiment, lying to the right, to charge out over an open field in front and down into the valley in open view of the Confederates. Then he ordered our two companies to charge on the left of his men, and to cheer as we went in. And there in one volley many of Company K fell. Cook was first in file. The one in his rear and six to his left were killed or wounded. The killed were John Maloy and John R. Tucker. Many of the wounded were left on the field, as the Union lines were pushed back. I cannot refrain from relating what Isaac Miller told me in a letter written August 19, 1864. A sad story, indeed! He was severely wounded in the leg and thigh at the foot of the company. John Maloy was at the head of it, and, when stricken, both fell and lay the company's length apart. They could not move, but could talk to each other.

Miller lay there for five days, then the rebels carried him back to a barn, and later to their field hospital. He plead for Maloy. But they said he was too far gone. On the eighth day he died, so they told Miller; and then at Miller's appeal they promised to bury him. Who could keep the tears back when told how one of our brave comrades thus suffered and gave up his life in the service of his country? . . . Cook says that Tucker fell before him at the rail fence where we stopped to fire, pierced in the temple by a musket ball, and there George Sprowls had his hair combed by another that took the cap from his head. Then came the order to fall back to the main line. It was a beautiful but, for us, a sorrowful Sabbath day.*

On the afternoon of the 9th, Hancock was directed to come into closer touch with the rest of the army, assembled in the immediate vicinity of Spottsylvania and advanced his command about four miles to the north side of the Po River. With a view to securing a position on the other side which would threaten the left flank of General Lee's line of defence three of the divisions were ordered to cross at once. The banks of the stream were steep and heavily covered with pine timber but the troops advanced in the face of every difficulty and driving the enemy's skirmishers before them occupied the

* *Sgt. Ben. F. Powelson's History of Company K*, pages 32-33.

open space beyond it, which they were directed to secure. Barlow's Division took the lead in this movement and about nine o'clock at night all the troops were over and in position. We were now, as General Grant puts it, "across the left flank of Lee's army, but separated from it, and also from the remainder of Meade's army by the Po River." If this crossing could have been followed by a prompt and well supported advance it would undoubtedly have resulted in breaking up the Confederate's strongly fortified line of defence, but the lateness of the hour and the darkness of the night prevented further movements of an aggressive character. When the morning came it was too late to continue this turning movement without great loss of life. General Lee, realizing the danger from this quarter had sent heavy reinforcements from his extreme right during the night, and thus was ready to checkmate the Union commander's game. Abandoning this project Grant determined to make a general assault in front of Warren's position and for this purpose ordered Hancock to withdraw two of his divisions to the north side and take command of the assaulting column. In pursuance of these instructions the divisions of Gibbon and Birney recrossed the river, leaving the First Division in a position of great peril. In his Memoirs Grant says:

The enemy seeing Barlow's division isolated from the rest of the army, came out and attacked with fury. Barlow repulsed with great slaughter and with considerable loss to himself. But the enemy reorganized and renewed the assault. Birney was now moved to the high ground overlooking the river crossings built by our troops and covered the crossings. The second assault was repulsed again with severe loss to the enemy, and Barlow was withdrawn without further molestation.

The following account of the crisis hour in this perilous withdrawal in the face of a vastly superior force of the enemy is taken from a valuable outline history of the campaign of 1864, written from daily notes by Lieutenant Charles T. Hedge, of Company A:

The Confederates had massed a large force against our right and was driving it back to the river. The center had also given way and the men were coming out of the woods by hundreds, all making for the one little pontoon bridge across the stream. I think the greater part of our corps would have been driven into the river had it not been for our brigade, which had been withdrawn from the skirmish line on the left and came to their help. We formed a line in front of the pontoon bridge and checked the Rebs till our broken columns could form again. In our rear there were also two of our batteries, on the other side of the river, which threw shells over our heads into the Confederate ranks. But the only thing that saved our extreme right was a *fire* which broke out in the edge of the woods just as our men were giving way. It was probably kindled by a bursting shell, and, fortunately for us, the wind was blowing strongly toward the enemy.

Soon the trees in a dense woods for nearly half a mile on the extreme right were on fire. The Confederates could not advance through it, and that respite gave our men time to reform near the bridge. As quickly as possible they recrossed the river, one regiment at a time, under cover of the artillery, which kept up a continuous fire. *The One Hundred and Fortieth was the last regiment to cross, and it stood in the line firing all the time the others were crossing and barely escaped capture or destruction, as the Rebs advanced on it when they saw that all the rest had gone over.*

During the fierce conflict on the right of the Division a section of Arnold's battery, when ordered to retire from its advanced position, was saved with difficulty from the burning woods. There was one piece, however, which was dragged by the frightened horses attached to it, between two trees where it remained so firmly wedged that it could not be moved and had to be abandoned. *This, says General Walker, was the first gun ever lost by the Second Corps.*

While these stirring events were taking place on the right of the Union line several desperate attempts were made, under direction of General Grant, to carry some portions of the enemy's intrenchments at the left and center. These assaults were bloody and fruitless. The losses that day approximating 2,050 killed and wounded in the Second Corps alone.

The brunt of the losses of necessity fell upon the assaulting columns. Thus ended one of the notable days of the Wilderness battles. It is not technically designated as such, but it was in reality within the limits of the Wilderness region. It differed from the section north of it in the proportion of open spaces, which were larger, as well as more frequent but the tangle of underbrush which fronted a great part of Lee's line of defence was as dense and as difficult to penetrate as that which confronted our troops on the ground of the first and second days' battles.

In summing up the results of the 10th of May, General Grant says in his *Memoirs*: "The enemy had not dared to come out of his line at any point to follow up his advantage, except in the single instance of his attack on Barlow. Then he was twice repulsed with heavy loss, though he had an entire corps against two brigades.

Referring to the same affair the Historian of the Second Corps says:

As Hancock, riding up rapidly from the center, rejoined his troops on the south bank of the Po, the skirmishers of Heth, advancing from the direction of Glady's Run, were sharply engaged with the skirmishers of the First Division, a division that had long made skirmishing a profession. It is a melancholy fact that three men out of four who entered the service of the United States left it, if alive, without ever having seen a really good piece of work of this character. Indeed, most regiments in the service had as little idea of skirmishing as an elephant. But to Barlow's brigades the very life of military service was in a widely extended formation, flexible yet firm, where the soldiers were thrown largely on their individual resources, but remained, in a high degree, under the control of the resolute, sagacious, keen-eyed officers, who urged them forward, or drew them back, as the exigency of the case required, where every advantage was taken of the nature of the ground, of fences, trees, stones and prostrate logs; where manhood rose to its maximum and mechanism sank to its minimum, and where almost anything seemed possible to vigilance, audacity and cool self-possession.

In view of its record from the Rapidan to Appomattox it may be affirmed, without laying ourselves open to the charge of making an invidious distinction, that the One Hundred and Fortieth was *one* of the *notable regiments* of the *Division* to which this difficult and dangerous duty was most frequently assigned. Its officers and men possessed the qualifications in eminent degree which General Walker describes as essential to success on the skirmish line, and in the history of nearly every engagement or pursuit between the points above named, the Regiment as a whole, or in details from its companies, proved its efficiency and pre-eminent adaptability to this high grade of military service.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORMING OF THE SALIENT AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

Oh, grander in doom's stricken glory
Than the greatest that linger behind;
They shall live in perpetual story,
Who saved the last hope of mankind!
For their cause was the cause of the races
That languished in slavery's night,
And the death that was pale on their faces
Has filled the whole world with its light!

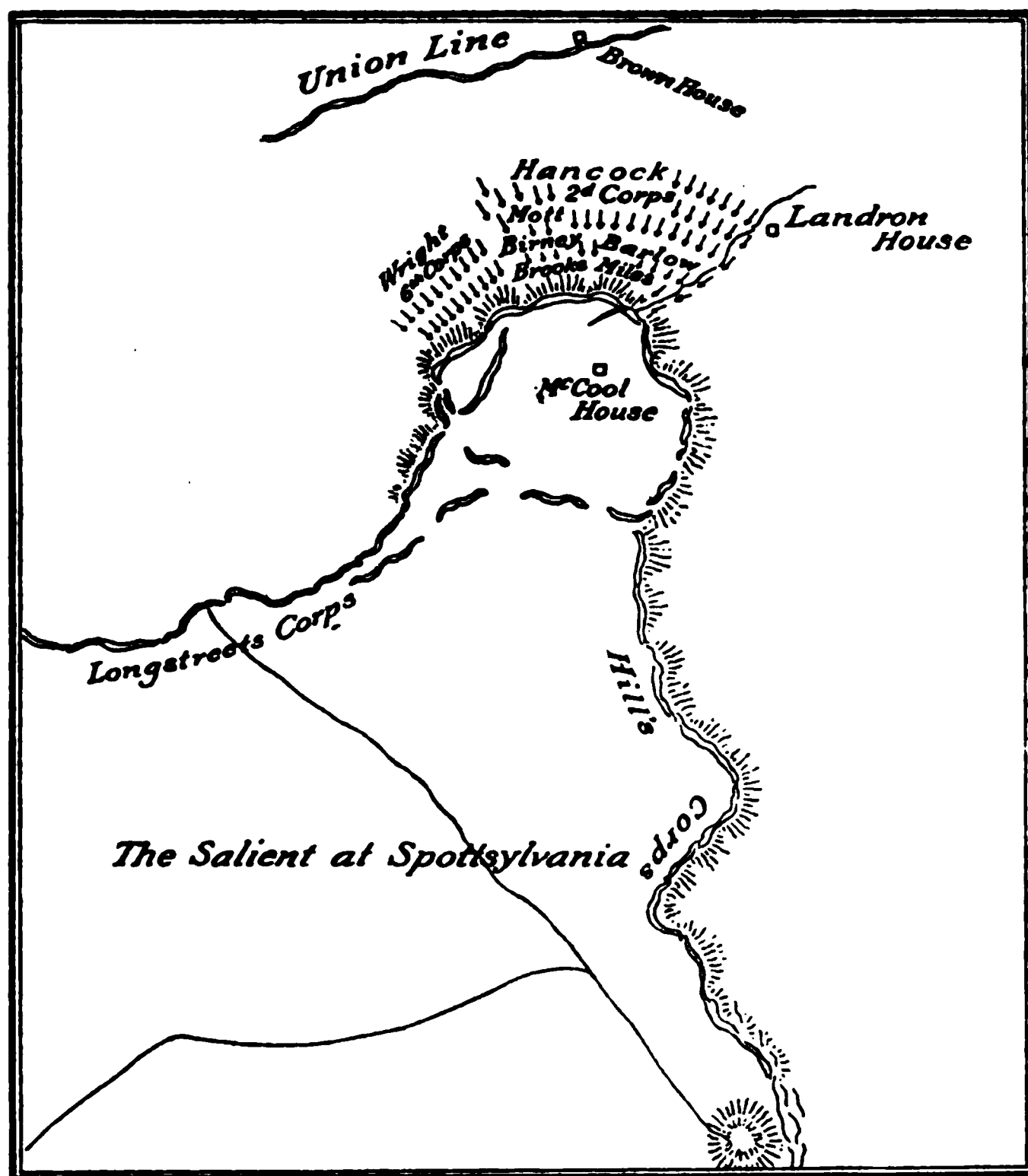
—WILL WINTER.

ON the 11th of May there was a lull in the fierce storm of deadly strife which had raged along the lines throughout almost the whole of the previous day. It was the preparation period for a still more deadly and desperate conflict, one of the most notable in the long history of the war, but the troops who were to be the active participants in it, knew nothing of the nature or the extent of these preparations.

In the early morning of the day General Grant sent his famous dispatch to Hallock, in which he refers to the Union losses in the six preceding days as approximately 20,000 men, and added the significant words: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

There was a heavy rainfall during the afternoon and presuming that this was to be followed by a night of darkness and rain, the author of this relentless and tersely expressed purpose worked out a plan of assault upon one of the enemy's strongholds which was to be delivered at daybreak of the next morning. The point selected for this assault which has since become famous as the "Bloody Angle," was a large salient or "obtrusive portion" of the Confederate line enclosing a space, "acorn shaped" in outline, about a half mile in width and three-fourths of a mile in length. The three ex-

posed sides of this area were defended by strongly constructed fortifications of heavy logs and earth and the batteries of artillery planted within it were so placed as to sweep the open spaces in front along all the lines of approach. The position was made still more secure against sudden attack by heavy slashings of timber and undergrowth bound together by interlacings of telegraph wire.



The Second Corps was selected by the commanding general to make this assault and to Barlow's Division was given the post of honor directly in front of the apex or outer end of the obtruding portion already described. In order to come into position for the attack it was necessary for the corps to

make a night march of several hours, passing from the right wing behind the lines of the Fifth and Sixth Corps to the left center of the Union line.

In describing the outworking of Grant's plan of attack, Adjutant Muffy, of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, says:

Early on the evening of the 11th, Hancock had assembled his division commanders and given them their orders. He carefully explained the plan of attack and spoke with earnestness upon the minutest detail of the march and assault. But important as was his council with his immediate subordinates, the consultations which followed between division and brigade and regimental commanders were no less dramatic and significant. The night was very dark, and the rain beat mercilessly down upon the unsheltered troops, whether they were in the tangled forest or the open field. It was between 8 and 9 o'clock when the brigade commanders of the First Division of the Second Corps were called by its commander.

In a dense and gloomy forest, in a secluded spot cleared for the purpose, Barlow met his brigadiers—Brooke, Brown, Miles and Smyth. . . . Barlow's Division was to be honored with a position of great peril and importance, and now his brigades were to be assigned to their work. The flickering light of a lantern shed its dim, uncertain rays over the dreary woods, and on a little group huddled together in the dismal storm to map out the plan of the morrow's desperate business. By the lantern's faint, unsteady beam, now flaring its red glare upon a thoughtful face, almost beaten out by wind and rain, Barlow traced upon the moist earth the plan of the deadly assault. It was a rude map, but the brigadiers followed each outline with eagerness, and when the Druid Council was over, each understood the part he was to play and hastened to his command to summon his Colonel to a similar council.

After these preparations had been made the men of the several commands were permitted to take a brief rest, in their water-soaked garments, on the ground. About ten o'clock the order was given "fall in." The dripping blankets or sections of shelter tents which had served for a covering were quickly

rolled up, a much-needed supply of rations was issued, tin cups and plates were securely fastened to prevent rattling noises and soon after each man, in his appointed place, was stumbling along in the thick darkness and pelting rain. That midnight march, with all that it signified, was one of the most memorable in the history of the Regiment; and, indeed, in the history of the war. After an hour or more had passed the heavy rain fall was succeeded by a dense, chilling, searching mist amid which the men moved like phantoms of the night. No words were spoken aloud, no commands were given except in whispers and by the sense of touch rather than by audible sound each man realized that the comrades of his file were close at hand.

With a dark lantern in his hand which once in awhile flashed back a beam of feeble light, Major Mendell, of the Engineer Corps, led the way over muddy roads and through tangled underbrush until at length the earthworks at the designated part of the Union line were crossed. Behind or in close proximity to them was a double line of sleeping soldiers, but the work laid out for us was not along that battle line. This never-to-be forgotten night march had for its objective the carefully constructed stronghold of the enemy's defensive line and the halt was not ordered until the head of the column was in easy reach of the skirmish line in its front. Describing the march and the formation of the troops for the assault, General Morgan, says:

The troops showed a little nervousness, perhaps. At one point where the command was closing up on the head of the column a runaway pack-mule, laden with rattling kettles and pans, bursting suddenly through the ranks, seemed to threaten a general stampede. At another, the accidental discharge of a musket startled the column into the momentary belief that the corps had run into the enemy's lines. Having arrived at the Brown House about midnight, the column was passed quietly over the entrench-

ments and as near to the picket line of the enemy as possible, and the formation of the lines began. The ground was thickly wooded, with the exception of a clearing some four hundred yards wide, running to the Landron House, thence curving to the right toward the salient of the enemy's works. Barlow's division was formed across this clearing in two lines of masses, each regiment being doubled on the centre. Brooks' and Miles' brigades constituted the first line, and Smyth and Brown the second. Birney formed on Barlow's right in two deployed lines. Mott formed in rear of Birney, and Gibbon's division, which had joined sooner than was expected, was placed in reserve. It was nearly daylight when these preparations were made.

When the designated time for the assault, 4 o'clock, had arrived it was still too dark to see distinctly and Hancock waited until 4.30 before he gave the fateful order. In his official report he says:

The men, in obedience to this order, rolled like an irresistible wave into the enemy's works, tearing away what abatis there was in front of the intrenchments with their hands, and carrying the line at all points in a few minutes, although it was desperately defended. Barlow's and Birney's divisions entered at almost the same moment, striking the enemy's line at a sharp salient point, immediately in front of the Landron House; a fierce and bloody fight ensued with bayonets and clubbed muskets; it was short, however, and resulted in the capture of nearly four thousand prisoners of Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps, twenty pieces of artillery, with horses, caissons and material complete, several thousand stands of arms and upwards of thirty colors. Among the prisoners were Major-General Edward Johnson and Brigadier-General George H. Steuart, of the Confederate service.

The enemy fled in great confusion and disorder, their loss in killed and wounded being unusually great. The interior of the intrenchments presented a terrible and ghastly spectacle of dead, most of whom were killed by our men with the bayonet when they penetrated the works. So thickly lay the dead at this point that in many places the bodies were touching and piled upon each other.*

It seems fitting to include with this report a vivid descrip-

tion of the assault by General Miles, the commander of the Brigade with which the One Hundred and Fortieth was connected, in his latest work entitled, "Serving the Republic." This the writer is very confident will be read with more than ordinary interest by the men who served under him in the First Brigade, and later in the First Division of the Second Army Corps.

Marching from its position near Po River, under cover of night, our division formed *en masse* with two brigades in front and two in rear, or forty men deep; the Second and Third Divisions in two lines on the right and left; the last brigade moving into position and, without a halt, forming what is tactically called "double column on the centre." Thus we moved forward in the gray of the morning for one of the most desperate assaults ever made. It was impossible to see but a few yards in front of us and, without skirmishers or advanced lines, the troops moved in a solid mass over the undulating ground up to where they suddenly came upon the pickets of the enemy, who fired their rifles and then retreated back to their lines. The fire was not replied to. The men had been ordered to remove the caps from their loaded rifles and use nothing but their bayonets until they had gained the enemy's position.

The column moved steadily on, passing as best it could over the obstacles of felled trees and cut brush, until it came in front of the intrenched line of battle with a strong line of *chevaux-de-frise* in front, that at first seemed impassable; yet the momentum of this column, forty men deep, all crowding forward, was irresistible. On reaching the *chevaux-de-frise* thousands of strong men literally raised it up and tore it to pieces and rushed under or over it to the line of works with their bayonets fixed. It was the first time during the war that I had actually seen bayonets crossed in mortal combat; it was a crash and a terrible scene for a few moments. The superior numbers of the Union assailants soon overpowered the Confederate defenders, who had

* In his description of this assault, General John B. Gordon, of the Confederate Army—"Reminiscences of the Civil War, page 27—says: "In all its details, its planning, its execution and its fearful import to Lee's Army, this charge of Hancock was one of that great soldier's most brilliant achievements.

held to their position with great pertinacity. They had been able during that time to load and discharge their rifles three times into the great mass of Union troops, where every shot took effect in the heads or shoulders of the advancing men. The same was done with the batteries of artillery; the guns were fired three times before they were captured.

As the Union column swept *en masse* over the fortifications, the Confederates threw down their arms. General Steuart and Johnson with four thousand Confederate soldiers, thirty stand of colors and twenty pieces of artillery were captured.

The assaulting column pressed forward through the broken line for some distance, and was then met by a counter-charge. The ground was fought over by the troops charging back and forth for *ten hours* of that day, and presented a spectacle of horror without a parallel. Probably on no other one field of like area of the great Civil War did as desperate fighting and heavy loss occur. During that time the infantry fire was so terrific that standing trees were cut down by musket balls alone, and one solid oak, twenty-two inches in diameter, was cut down entirely by the infantry fire during the engagement. Its stump is now in the National Museum at Washington. Batteries attempting to go into action were completely disabled and thrown into a disordered mass by the drivers and horses being killed, and the bodies of men who fell, killed or wounded on the ramparts were riddled by scores of bullets. It was the only ground that I ever saw during the war that was so completely covered with dead and wounded that it was impossible to walk over it without stepping on dead bodies.

"All day long," says the historian of the Second Corps, "and even into the night the battle lasted, for it was not until 12 o'clock, *nearly twenty hours* after the command 'Forward' had been given that the firing died down, and the Confederates, relinquishing their purpose to retake the captured works, began in the darkness to construct a new line to cut off the salient. During this all-day conflict the trenches had more than once to be cleared of the dead to give the living a place to stand. A chilling rain fell during the greater part of the day and also of the night. This added greatly to the discomfort of the wounded men, many of whom had not sufficient covering to protect them from the cold."

In the above descriptions, which deal mainly with the

Division as a whole, we have practically the description of the part taken by every regiment of the command. It was a unit, for the time, of tremendous momentum, when once started, and in the rush which followed when the grim red outlines of the earthworks loomed up in the gray of the morning there was but little, except the regimental colors, to differentiate the struggling masses of the eager, onrushing men.

A short time before the order was given to advance, Colonel Fraser came down the line to each company in turn, telling them in whispered words that the Division was about to assault the works in front, and that every man was expected to do his duty in his appointed place. In a communication sent to the writer a short time before his death, Major Henry gave his recollection of a cheering word from the Brigade commander. "In the fierce charge that was made," he wrote, "General Miles cried out, 'I know the One Hundred and Fortieth will not fail me'."

One of the best accounts of the battle by a participant in the Regiment has been left on record by Lieutenant C. T. Hedge, to whose valuable notes reference has been made before, from which we quote as follows:

As soon as all were formed we fixed bayonets and were ordered forward. We had only gone about one hundred yards when we found we had to cross a small stream. The banks were very steep, and the line was thrown into some disorder in crossing. It took but a few moments to straighten it out, and we again started forward. We soon came to the Confederate picket line which was only a short distance in front of the works. A few of them fired, but the most were taken before they had time to get back. As soon as the pickets fired upon us the Irish Brigade, which was on our left gave a yell, and started forward on a run. The whole line then started forward at the same gait and soon we were in front of the works. The Rebs were taken by surprise, but there were enough of them awake to give us a warm reception. There were heavy slashings of timber in front and before the most of our men could get through it the Rebs were pouring a heavy fire on them at close range. Our Regiment happened to strike a place where the slashing was not so heavy and the One Hundred and Fortieth was



Stump of tree which was cut off by minie balls at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.

one of the first, if not the first to enter the works. The Confederates fought us hand to hand after we reached this vantage ground and many of our men were wounded by bayonet thrusts. Day was just breaking when we routed their forces and took possession of the salient. We took about 8000 (?) prisoners and eighteen pieces of artillery that morning. Soon after we had occupied the works the Confederate troops of another command attempted to retake them and charged us several times, but failed to break our lines. We were at a disadvantage for the reason that our artillery had not yet come up. Several of our Regiment—myself among the rest—turned four or five pieces of the captured artillery on the assaulting columns of the Reds and fired them nearly an hour, before our artillerymen came up. The battle lasted until nightfall. Our regimental loss exceeded a hundred. Colonel Fraser was wounded in the charge and Captain McCullough assumed command of the Regiment”

“In this charge,” says Sergeant Powelson, “General Miles had command of the First Brigade, First Division. The One Hundred and Fortieth was a part of this brigade, and of the Regiment he then and ever after spoke well. General Miles, the lines having been formed for the charge, sent his horse to the rear, and placing himself at the head of the brigade, led it in the charge. And he and members of his staff testify that the One Hundred and Fortieth was the first regiment to enter the rebel works. And we deem it worthy to be here recorded that, when the Second Corps marched back through the region in the vicinity of this battle, after the surrender of Lee, General Miles claimed the stump of the tree, cut down by the dreadful rain of the missiles of war in that ‘bloody angle’ at Spottsylvania, and took it. And Captain Sweeney, then on his staff, by order, conveyed it to Washington and turned it over to Secretary Stanton with General Miles’ compliments.”

This splendid, but dearly bought victory, which has been characterized as one of the bravest, bloodiest assaults in the annals of war, cost the Division a loss far in excess of any other command in the army. “It is not possible,” says General Walker, “accurately to distinguish between the losses of the 12th of May and those of the days preceding and following. Surgeon McParlin, in charge of the hospital service of the

Army of the Potomac, reported the wounded of the several corps on the 12th as follows:

The Second Corps	2,043
“ Fifth “	970
“ Sixth “	840
		<hr/>
		3,853

“Making allowances for the killed, General Humphreys estimates the total killed and wounded at four thousand, seven hundred and thirty-two; the missing as not in excess of five hundred.”

In the assault, and the long day's battle following it, the One Hundred and Fortieth suffered a loss of fifty-two in killed and mortally wounded. This was nearly as large as the loss at Gettysburg, which reached a total of sixty-one.

Three color bearers of the Regiment were stricken down in succession in this desperate conflict, Powers, Biddle and Beeson. As the flag fell from the hands of Sergeant Beeson, it was picked up by Corporal David Taggart, of Company G, one of the color guards, who carried it from that day until the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. This blood stained banner was one of the first, if not the first to wave over this fiercely contested rood of Virginia soil.*

“Among the changes in the personnel of the corps incident to the action we have recorded,” says General Walker, “were the promotions of Colonels Miles, Brooke and Carroll to be brigadier-generals of volunteers. Three finer examples of fiery valor in battle, of the steady and faithful performance of duty, even to the dreariest work of routine in camp and on the march, could not have been found in one group in all the armies of the United States. * * * Generals Miles and Brooke had been conspicuous on every battlefield since Sunday morning at Fair Oaks, not more for their indomitable valor than for their command over men; their calm intelligence, over which the smoke of battle never cast a cloud; their restless energy in assault; their ready wit and abounding resources amid disaster.”

*For fuller account of the regimental battle flag and its bearers see page . . .

During the all-day conflict of the 12th, there were some pieces of artillery between the lines which the Confederates attempted to recover, on several occasions. Attempts were also made from the Union side to bring off one or more of these guns, but so deadly was the fire at close range over the space on which they stood, that it was out of the question for either side to move them.

On the 13th a detail from the One Hundred and Fortieth and some other regiments of the Brigade succeeded, after a brisk engagement with the enemy, in bringing off two of the guns with their caissons, thus swelling the capture to twenty. They were so badly cut up, however, with minie balls that they were valuable only as trophies.

On the 18th of May an attempt was made to advance through the captured salient and attack the Confederate line, then strongly entrenched, beyond it. Barlow's Division was again in the assaulting column and moved forward alongside of the division of General Gibbon up to a broad belt of slashing which was found to be almost impenetrable, in the face of the deadly fire which swept the ground from the enemy's rifle pits. Finding that the loss of life would be out of proportion to any possible advantage to be secured General Hancock advised a discontinuance of the attack, and General Meade accepting his judgment in the premises, directed him to withdraw his troops.

Thus ended the last concerted attempt to break up the Confederate line of defence at Spottsylvania. General Humphreys' estimate of the entire losses of the Army of the Potomac and of Burnside's Corps during the military operations around Spottsylvania Court House, from May 8th to 19th, inclusive, is 14,679. Of this number he estimates that 13,268 were killed or wounded, the remainder, 1,411, were numbered among the missing. The losses of Barlow's Division were 406 killed; 1,803 wounded; 380 missing; a total of 2,589 out of 5,457, the aggregate loss of three divisions of the Second Corps.

CHAPTER XV.

ON TOWARD RICHMOND.

Soldiers, your work is not over, the enemy must be pursued, and, if possible, overcome. The courage and fortitude which you have displayed render your commanding general confident that your future efforts will result in success.

While we mourn the loss of many gallant comrades, let us remember that the enemy must have suffered equal, if not greater, losses. We shall soon receive reinforcements, which he cannot expect.

Let us determine, then, to continue vigorously the work so well begun, and under God's blessing, in a short time the object of our labors will be accomplished.—Extract from General Meade's address to the Army of the Potomac, May 13, 1864.

GENERAL Grant having determined to make a flank movement to the left gave directions to Hancock to take the lead in this movement, and secure a position on the right bank of the Mattaponi River, if practicable, in advance of the rest of the army. The object of this advance was to open the way to the North Anna River, which he was anxious to reach before the enemy should be in position to destroy the bridge, or dispute the fordings, at the points where he expected to effect a crossing.

The start was made at 11 P. M. of the 20th on the road leading to Bowling Green. By a rapid all-night march the corps reached Guinea Station, on the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, at daybreak, and the north bank of the Mattaponi a little before noon. Our route during the whole of the daylight tramp was through an open country which as yet had been untouched by the ravages of war. On every hand there were occupied houses and abundant evidences of wealth, fertility and prosperity. It was a striking contrast



MAJ.-GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, Com. 2nd Corps. MAJ.-GEN. FRANCIS A. BARLOW, Com. 1st Div.
MAJ.-GEN. JOHN GIBSON, Com. 2nd Div., and Corps. MAJ.-GEN. D. B. BIRNEY, Com. 3rd Div.
and Corps.

to the dreary wilderness in which the army had been enmeshed and harried, oftentimes by unseen forces, for nearly three weeks, and with cheerful faces and spontaneous snatches of song,—the favorite being “Ain’t I glad I’m out of this wilderness,”—the troops relieved the monotony of the steady, wearisome march. A brigade of cavalry in our front drove the enemy from a line of rifle pits which they were holding on the north side of the Mattaponi, captured sixty or more of their number and saved the bridge from destruction.

Coming up soon afterward, our Division crossed on this bridge and deployed in line of battle on an open space beyond the river bed. It was followed by Tyler’s Heavy Artillery and Gibbon’s Division, Birney being held on the north side in reserve. Intrenching the line which he decided to occupy, Hancock awaited the arrival of the main body of the army. On the evening of the 22d the three corps came up or were within easy support. The next morning Grant gave orders to push on with all speed to the North Anna, where Lee was already posted, with a part of his army to resist the further advance of the Union troops toward Richmond.

The Second Corps, starting at five o’clock in the morning, reached the Chesterfield Ford about midday. The intrenchments which guarded the bridge were carried by assault in front of Birney’s Division and the way was thus opened for an advance. The next morning Birney crossed the bridge, driving the skirmishers of the enemy before him and held the ground on the opposite side until two pontoon bridges were thrown across the stream. The divisions of Gibbon and Barlow then crossed on these bridges and the whole line advanced to a position within striking distance of the Confederate line of intrenchments. In this advance the One Hundred and Fortieth did good service, as usual, on the skirmish line.

After testing the position of the enemy at several points, General Grant decided to withdraw his two wings, both of which were on the south side of the river and in constant peril, and make trial of another flanking movement to the left. By a concerted action all the troops across the river were quietly moved over on the night of the 26th, and after going

far enough eastward to avoid an attack on his exposed flank the "indomitable commander of the Union Army" resumed his march southward toward Richmond, his objective being the Pamunkey River, formed by the union of the North and South Anna. Sheridan, with two divisions of cavalry, led the flanking column, and was followed by the corps of Wright, Warren and Burnside. Hancock was left behind to cover the rear of the army until the morning, and for this reason his men—it was a rare experience—escaped an all-night march. The advance of the flanking column reached Hanover town, some twenty miles from their starting point, about the time that the rear guard of Hancock's command left the North Anna. The enemy did not dispute the passage of this stream, and on the morning of the 28th the Union Army was concentrated on the south side of the Pamunkey and in communication with a new base of supplies at White House, the head of navigation on this river.

During the latter part of the summer of 1864 the officers in command of the several regiments of the Army of the Potomac were required to give an outline of the movements and operations of their commands from the beginning of the spring campaign until the first of July, under five epochs, which, for the sake of uniformity, were definitely defined.

It fell to the lot of Major Henry, then commanding the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, to make this report. The First and Second Epochs cover the operations of the Regiment up to the withdrawal of the corps from its position near Spottsylvania Court House, and the substance of the report relating to that period has been included in the foregoing narrative.*

The reports relating to the remaining epochs will be given in their appropriate setting in the language of Major Henry:

*To the foregoing statements should be added the losses reported by Major Henry in the Second Epoch, dating from May 8-21, as follows: Killed, 34 enlisted men; wounded, 6 officers and 120 men; captured or missing, 9 enlisted men, total, 169. This report includes the assault of the Salient at Spottsylvania.

THIRD EPOCH.

May 22d-June 1st.

Colonel Fraser having been wounded at Spottsylvania the command of the Regiment devolved upon Captain John F. McCullough. On the morning of the 21st of May we marched with the brigade toward Milford Station, on the Frederick and Richmond Railroad, passing through Bowling Green. We reached the station about midday, crossed the Mattaponi and threw up heavy works. We remained in this position until the morning of the 23d, when we moved with the brigade to the North Anna River. We crossed the river on the afternoon of the 24th and the Regiment was deployed as skirmishers, driving the skirmishers of the enemy into their works.

The Regiment was relieved in the evening by the One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, when we returned to the brigade, behind the bank of the river, where we remained until the night of the 26th, when we recrossed the river and supported a battery until the next day, when the army was well in motion. The regimental loss on the march to the North Anna and the fighting on that river, was three enlisted men killed and nine wounded.

The historian of Company K gives a realistic touch to an incident connected with the withdrawal of the Regiment from the North Anna, from which we quote as follows:

At the time the army was withdrawn to the north side of the river Company K, then in command of Lieutenant Kerr, was among the troops that covered the movement, and the men were deployed on the northern bank as pickets or skirmishers. The south side bank was twenty-five or thirty feet higher than the north one, and was lined with old rifle pits. The rebels followed and occupied these, from which they kept up a lively fire for some time. The river was narrow, sixty or seventy feet wide, and Company K had no protection but a few trees, which they hugged tightly, and could only take a shot now and then. Late in the day the enemy ceased firing. On reconnoitering, the true condition was found out. Earlier in the day (as was ascertained later) the order had been given calling off the pickets. This had to be done stealthily. From individual to indi-

vidual the word was to be quietly passed—"fall back to the rear." All went well till it came to George Johnson, who was hard of hearing and did not catch the command, nor was he in a position to notice the withdrawing. So he and all those in the company that were to his right were left. Having no orders to retire, they stayed at their posts. So near sunset, being assured by two negroes, who had crossed the river, that the Johnnies "had sure done gone," they got together, Ralston taking command. All were at sea, not knowing where the Regiment had gone. But they went directly back from the river. A few miles on they saw some cavalry in camp. Happily they were friends, and gave the all right signal to the boys. It was Gregg's cavalry, and he directed them to remain with his command until their Regiment could be located.

To this story John A. McCalmot, of the same company, adds the statement that he and another comrade, anticipating trouble from the enemy when they should occupy the breastworks on the south side, and not having trees which would be available as a protection from sharpshooters, dug holes in the sand with their bayonets and tin plates, in which they were protected as long as they hugged the ground closely. As the sun mounted toward the zenith this refuge in the hot sand became so oppressive that they decided to "cut and run," with a view to seeking a refuge in the earthworks some distance to the rear. These they reached in safety, but had to run the risk of being killed or wounded by the shower of minie balls which followed them as soon as they were discovered.

Such experiences as the above were not uncommon on the picket or skirmish line. In many cases it was necessary to seek cover, and when this was not at hand the men made such good use of their bayonets and tin plates that they soon had a fairly good protection for their heads and the exposed parts of their bodies.

On the morning of the 29th of May General Meade ordered his corps commanders to move southward in support of a cavalry reconnoissance until they should meet the enemy in force and definitely determine the position they had chosen for the next stand in defense of the Confederate capital. As the result of this advance it became evident that the main body of Lee's army had already reached the Chickahominy River,

which was directly across Grant's line of march, and had strongly intrenched themselves with the determination of disputing his passage. At or near the headwaters of Totopotomy Creek, a tributary of the Pamunkey, Hancock found a strong force of the enemy in advance of Lee's line behind intrenchments of a formidable character with swampy ground in their front.

The advanced rifle pits of the enemy's skirmish line were taken by Barlow's Division on the evening of the 30th and afforded a shelter for a time behind which the men labored, as they had opportunity, to make their position more secure. Between the lines thus drawn there was a continual fire of musketry, sharpshooters and occasionally of artillery most of the day. About two o'clock in the afternoon General Miles called Captain McCullough aside and gave him some special instructions, presumably relating to the dislodging of a band of advanced sharpshooters or a battery of artillery which was infilading a portion of his line. As the General turned away Captain McCullough ordered the Regiment to fall in. Springing over the rifle pit he called upon the men to follow. The order was instantly obeyed and as soon as the line was formed a rapid advance was made toward the Confederate lines. From the moment the little battalion—for such it was at that time—appeared in full view of the vigilant enemy it became the target for the sharpshooters and light artillery men, who were in easy range as the men rushed down the hill. At the edge of the swampy ground which lay between them and the Confederate works a deadly volley of musketry was poured into their ranks. Several fell and among the number the regimental commander. The wound was mortal and soon afterward he died from loss of blood, the ball having cut the femoral artery. Captain Campbell, of Company H, then assumed command of the Regiment, moving it quickly by the right flank to a temporary shelter behind a little knoll.

"After McCullough was wounded," says Lieutenant Hedge, "no one knew what orders General Miles had given him. We had to lie in that position all that day until night-

fall, for it was certain death either to advance or retreat. We had to lie flat on the ground all the time. Every man that raised his head was shot by sharpshooters. After we had been in this position about an hour the Rebs managed to move a piece of artillery down on our left so as to rake our line. Bang came a shell, the first intimation we had of our danger, which swept down the line, striking in Company E. It tore two men to pieces and wounded several others. Our batteries quickly got the range of it, however, and after it had fired a few more shots disabled it. As above intimated, we remained between the two lines until after dark, when we fell back to our works without further loss."

"The loss to the Regiment in this engagement," says Major Henry, "was eight killed and seven wounded." It will be noted that the proportion of those who were mortally wounded far exceeds the usual average in battle.

In his report under date of October 30, 1864, General Miles says:

Captain McCullough, a very gallant and promising young officer, commanding the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was killed at Totopotomy Creek.

Captain McCullough had received notice of his appointment as Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers a short time before his death, but his commission did not reach the headquarters of the Regiment until some days afterward.

At a reunion of the Regiment held at Waynesburg, Pa., October,, Chaplain J. L. Milligan, LL.D., gave the following graphic description of the engagement and the last moments of the brave Commander who led this forlorn hope:

In the town of Jefferson, in this county (Greene), there is a spot of ground that is sacred, made so by the remains of as brave and true a soldier as ever drew a sword or shouldered a gun, and that man is Colonel J. F. McCullough. On May 30, 1864, on the banks of the Totopotomy Creek, Virginia, lay the Union Army. Across the creek and beyond in the woods were the enemy. They were annoying

us. General Barlow was division commander and General Miles brigade commander. It was desired to discover the strength of the enemy or rather to remove the annoying cause. Captain McCullough was chosen for the task, and given charge of the Regiment. They had gone but a little distance until the enemy was engaged. There were sixteen casualties—eight killed and the same number wounded. This was a very large percentage of the men engaged. Colonel McCullough was fatally wounded, the large artery in the leg being severed. His men wanted to carry him back to the rear, but he would not let them, telling them to move forward and "don't mind me." He was found some time afterwards by Chaplain Milligan, who knelt by him and told he was dying. McCullough was very weak from loss of blood and soon expired.

Finding his way blocked once more by a strongly intrenched force all along his front, General Grant ordered another movement by the left flank. This was the last move of the kind possible in the advance on Richmond from the north and it brought the Union troops once more face to face with Lee's recently reinforced army, which was determined to hold the approaches to the Chickahominy at all hazards.

On the first of June a supporting column of infantry, which had followed Sheridan, occupied Cold Harbor, having carried by assault a portion of the enemy's intrenched line of battle. To make good the possession of this important position General Hancock was ordered to abandon his intrenched line on the Totopotomy—the extreme right of the army—and hasten with all speed to the left wing which as yet had only a precarious hold upon the ground they had so recently won. The urgency of the movement appears in the following order from General Meade, which reached Hancock late in the evening:

You must make every exertion to move promptly and reach Cold Harbor as soon as possible. At that point you will take position to reinforce Wright on his left, which it is desired to extend to the Chickahominy. Every confidence is felt that your gallant corps of veterans will move with vigor and endure the necessary fatigue.

This meant a long, all-night march and those who made it are not likely to forget the intense heat of that sultry night or the dense clouds of dust which were stirred by the advance of this marching host and which almost suffocated the horses of the trains and artillery as well as the patient, plodding men. The designated position was not reached until about seven o'clock on the morning of June 2d, and by that time the troops were so much exhausted that the attack which had been ordered at daybreak was postponed until five o'clock in the evening. While preparations were being made to deliver this assault a cloud of dense blackness, charged with a superabundant supply of electric energies, suddenly appeared near the horizon line and overspread the sky. "Its dark bosom," as one has described it, "was incessantly riven by lightning and the thunder boomed louder than the artillery above the waiting armies. The wind swept by in fierce gusts, bending the trees like wands in its path, and everything betokened a wild and stormy evening. Soon the burdened clouds opened, and the rain came down in a perfect deluge, turning the fields into standing pools and swelling the Chickahominy into a turbid flood. The order for the attack had, therefore, to be countermanded, and the drenched army went into bivouac for the night."

The two armies which thus confronted each other at close range were now upon the old battlefield of McClellan and Lee two years before. Richmond, the Confederate capital, was only six miles away, and at some points of the line the spires of its churches could be seen. The army which defended it was now at bay, having drawn up all the forces which could be spared from other quarters to augment its strength of attack or resistance. Hoke, from North Carolina, had come with a brigade of fresh troops, Pickett had arrived with his division from Richmond and Breckenridge with a considerable force of reinforcements drawn from the Shenandoah Valley, in all, according to Grant's estimate, probably not less than 15,000 men.

The position which Lee had chosen was a very strong one and the natural features were such that neither flank could be

turned. His right rested on the Chickahominy, with swampy ground in front, and his left was securely defended from approach by a strip of swampy woodland and undergrowth. Every part of the line defended by carefully constructed earthworks and in front of the section which Barlow's Division directly faced there was an advanced line of Confederate intrenchments. Behind this line and less than three miles away were the forts, which had been built long before, and of late had been greatly strengthened, for the protection of the city of Richmond.

After the abatement of the storm, which had hindered a concerted attack on the afternoon of the 2d, General Grant issued an order for a general assault at 4.30 of the next morning. Before the breaking of the day the column of assault was formed, with Barlow and Gibbon in front and Birney's Division as reserve. In Barlow's Division the brigades of Miles and Brooke were deployed, and the One Hundred and Fortieth, as usual, was in the front line.

"At the appointed hour," says Grant in his *Memoirs*, "Barlow pushed forward with great vigor, under a heavy fire of both artillery and musketry, through thickets and swamps. Notwithstanding all the resistance of the enemy and the natural obstructions to be overcome, he carried a position occupied by the enemy outside their main line where the road makes a deep cut through a bank, affording as good a shelter for troops as if it had been made for that purpose. Three pieces of artillery were captured here, and several hundred prisoners. The guns were immediately turned against the men who had just been using them. No assistance coming to him, Barlow intrenched under fire and continued to hold his place."

"The result of the assault," says General Miles, "was a loss to the enemy of approximately two thousand, and to the Union troops thirteen thousand, including many of the best men of our army. Three young colonels, with whom I served from the time they were lieutenants, bivouacked that night together and slept under the same blanket; they were laughing and speculating as to the results of the morrow. When dawn came they all gallantly led their regiments and were all dead in fifteen minutes."

With more minuteness of detail, Headley, in his "History of the Great Rebellion," describes the part taken by Hancock's Corps, from which we quote as follows:

The morning was dark and gloomy and a gentle rain was falling as the firm-set lines moved out from behind their breastworks and began to advance over the field. Hancock, on the left, first came up to the enemy's works. Barlow, with four brigades, formed the extreme left; and this gallant commander carried his troops for half a mile, through woods and open spaces, under a heavy fire, square up to the rebel works.

These were the immortal brigades which made the gallant dash into the works at Spottsylvania, and here, enacting again their heroic deeds, they sprang with a shout over the enemy's parapets, capturing the guns, colors and several hundred prisoners. This was the key to the rebel position, and could this gallant charge have been properly supported, Lee's army, in all probability, would have been driven over the Chickahominy.

* * * * *

The whole of Hancock's Corps advanced simultaneously with Barlow's Division and came, like it, upon the works and made desperate efforts to carry them.

Deafening yells, rising from behind the hostile intrenchments, answered with shouts all along our lines—incessant explosions of artillery and crashing volleys of musketry—the long, low, sulphurous cloud hanging in the damp air above the combatants—the never-ceasing stream of wounded borne back to the rear, made the summer morning one of gloom and terror to the beholder. * * *

The brunt of the battle was borne by Hancock's Corps, which also gained most of the advantage that was even temporarily secured. The Army of the Potomac had again flung itself against the rebel works in vain, and rent and bleeding fell back, but not to its original position. A lull came in the battle, and the anxious question asked by all was: "Will the assault be renewed?"

* * * * *

The two armies remained in this relative position all day, neither making any decided demonstration. But just after dark, the rebels came down on Hancock's Corps in one of their tremendous charges. Our brave troops, however had moved too often on formidable works without flinching

to be driven from behind their own entrenchments by any force; and as the dark mass became well defined in the gray gloom, they poured volley after volley of musketry with a coolness and precision that made the hostile lines melt away as though swallowed up by the night, while the deadly batteries tore huge gaps through the dim formations.

Thus ended the Battle of Cold Harbor, or, as it has sometimes been called, of Chickahominy.

In the early part of the afternoon, it being apparent that further assaults would be attended with great loss, General Meade issued an order directing that for the present all offensive operations should be suspended. Corps commanders were directed, however, to intrench the advanced positions they had gained and to seek to move against the enemy's works by regular approaches from these advanced positions. Under such circumstances, not at all favorable to security or rest by day or night, the two armies faced each other in that region of swamps and malaria for about twelve days.

"This," says Lieutenant Hedge, "was the worst place the army was ever in. The Rebs had the best position. The two lines where our Division lay were not more than 200 yards apart. The sharp shooters of the enemy could pick our men off a half a mile in rear of our line, and the only safe place was close to or under the protection of our works. A continual picket fire was kept up and men were killed or wounded all hours of the day and night. Some were killed by random balls while sleeping. During these long and anxious days we had to drink water out of a dirty swamp in which were dead horses and mules."

Between the lines for some days after the assault of the third there were many unburied dead and also a number of wounded men who could not be reached by either side, for the reason that every man who for any reason exposed his person became thereby a target for sharpshooters and picked rifle men on the lines, who were constantly on the alert. To reach the wounded men of both sides who were suffering untold agonies of fever and thirst, General Grant proposed that to General Lee that either party, when a battle

was not raging, should be authorized to send unarmed men bearing litters, between the picket or skirmish line, to pick up the dead or wounded, without the danger of being fired on by the other party. To this apparently fair proposition General Lee replied that he feared it would lead to misunderstanding and proposed instead that a flag of truce should be sent. Understanding by this that a white flag would be respected on this errand, General Grant replied: "I will send immediately, as you propose, to collect the dead and wounded between the lines of the two armies, and will instruct that you be allowed to do the same. I propose that the time for doing so be between the hours of 12 M. and 3 P. M. to-day. I will direct all parties going out to bear a white flag and not to attempt to go beyond where we have dead or wounded, and not beyond or on ground occupied by your troops." To this proposal, offered in all sincerity, in the interests of suffering humanity, strange as it may seem, General Lee would not consent, but insisted that when either party desired such permission, it should be asked for formally by flag of truce. He also informed General Grant that he had directed that any parties he may have sent out—with a white flag—as mentioned in his letter, should be turned back. Regretting the loss of time which had resulted from this formal correspondence, Grant then asked for a cessation of hostilities to allow time for this humane service, and left the fixing of the hours to the Confederate commander.

"Lee acceded to this," says Grant in his Memoirs, "but delay in transmitting the correspondence brought it to the 7th of June—forty-eight hours after it commenced—before parties were got out to collect the men left upon the field. In the meantime all but two of the wounded had died."

In this transaction it must be evident to the candid reader that the Union commander gave evidence of unquestioned sincerity of intention, as well as of true nobility of character, and we cannot but wish for his own sake, as well as for the sake of our suffering comrades, that the commander of the Confederate army had met his proposals in the same trust-



ful, generous spirit and with the same directness of purpose.

In a little booklet written by Manean Sharp, which gives a brief record of the men from Amity and its environs who enlisted during the war, we find a brief account relating to Samuel Evans, of Company D, one of the helpless sufferers who spent one night and the greater part of two days between the lines at Cold Harbor before he was brought in.

"Samuel Evans," says the writer, "was wounded twice and lay between the lines, but whether dead or alive was not certainly known for awhile by his comrades. His faithful friend, John Hathaway, watching closely saw his blanket move. Against the advice of his comrades he insisted on going to his friend. With a canteen of water he deliberately stepped out, and in full view of a strong Confederate line, walked to where his friend was lying. He made him as comfortable as possible; not a gun was fired. When he started back a hundred guns or more were fired at him. He was hit and knocked down. He grabbed a rebel haversack from the ground to make them think they had not hit him. He reached our lines in a fainting condition. Comrade Evans soon passed away and was brought home and is buried at Ten Mile."

During the almost daily artillery duels between the Union and Confederate batteries at Cold Harbor the occupants of the tents at corps and division headquarters were exposed to greater danger than the men at the front.* At Barlow's headquarters, near the edge of a little patch of woods, the trees were topped with solid shot, and on one occasion the limb of a tree was cut off and fell upon the table while the cook was preparing an evening meal. One day the Captain of the Provost Guard reported the round-

*"The headquarters of the Corps," says General Walker, "were riddled by bullets, and on the night of the 7th the Assistant Provost Marshal, Captain Alexander M. McGuire, Seventy-fourth New York, was killed by a solid shot while standing at the door of General Hancock's tent. It was, indeed, a hideous time. No one who was exposed to the fury of that storm will ever forget how the horrors of the battle were heightened by the blackness of the night."

ing up of some stragglers and skulkers who had sought the rear for safety. With a grim humor, characteristic of the man, Barlow ordered that these men should be tied in an open space near his own tent, which he had noticed had been more frequently swept by bursting shells and flying missiles than other portions of the field. Here they were kept under a heavy fire for several hours, with a view to impressing upon them the lesson that the post of duty was the safest place for a Union soldier. One of the number was severely wounded, and the others, if not harmed, were, at least, badly frightened.

The official report of the movements of the Regiment from the North Anna to the withdrawal from Cold Harbor, as given by Major Henry, is as follows:

FOURTH EPOCH.

June 2d—June 15th.

On the 27th the Regiment marched with the brigade and crossed the Pamunkey River about noon, taking position on the left of the Sixth Corps. In the evening the Regiment, which had been sent to support the cavalry at Hawe's Shop, rejoined the brigade about midnight. On the 29th, at noon, the Regiment was deployed on the left of the brigade and moved in the direction of Totopotomy Creek. We were released from the picket line about 10 o'clock and rejoined the brigade in the earthworks, where we remained until 2 P. M. of the 31st. The Regiment was then ordered to cross Totopotomy Creek, which it did, under a very heavy and severe fire of musketry and artillery. Captain McCullough was killed in this engagement and the command developed upon Captain Samuel Campbell. At dusk the Regiment was withdrawn and rejoined the brigade.

On June 1st we supported artillery and marched that night toward Cold Harbor, which place we reached about 9 A. M. On the 2d, at 12 M., the Regiment moved with the brigade to the left and deployed as skirmishers. Marching with the color company in reserve, we relieved the First Penna. Cavalry and drove the enemy's skirmishers into their line of works. We then charged the works, in connection

with the Twenty-sixth Michigan, and two companies of the Second N. Y. Heavy Artillery, but owing to the superior numbers of the enemy, were forced to fall back across the road, where we remained under heavy fire until after dark, when we were relieved by the Fifth N. H. Vols.

On the 3d the Regiment supported the pickets on the left and threw up earthworks. Here we remained until the night of the 6th, when we advanced the line and threw up more and stronger works, remaining in this position until the night of the 13th.

The Regiment lost in the operations at Totopotomy and Cold Harbor one commissioned officer and nine enlisted men killed; twenty-four enlisted men wounded and nine missing.

The following statement gives the casualties in each command of the First Brigade within the period covered by the four designated epochs:

CASUALTIES MAY 5-7, 1864.

Command	Totals	Killed		Wounded		Cap. or Miss.	
		Officers	Men	Officers	Men	Officers	Men
Staff	1	1	..
26th Mich.	7	7
61st N. Y.	3	3
81st Pa.
140th Pa.	13	..	3	..	10
183d Pa.

CASUALTIES MAY 8-21.

Staff	1	1
26th Mich.	167	..	35	6	115	..	11
61st N. Y.	102	2	19	5	74	..	2
81st Pa.	77	1	9	2	61	..	4
140th Pa.	169	..	34	6	120	..	9
183d Pa.	161	2	16	2	107	1	33

CASUALTIES MAY 22D TO JUNE 1ST.

Staff	1	1
26th Mich.	18	1	5	1	11
*2d N. Y. H. Art...	91	..	7	3	74	..	7
61st N. Y.	3	1	2
81st Pa.	2	1	..	1
140th Pa.	25	1	9	..	15
183d Pa.	36	..	11	3	20	..	2

CASUALTIES JUNE 2D TO JUNE 15TH.

Command	Totals	Killed		Wounded		Cap. or Miss.	
		Officers	Men	Officers	Men	Officers	Men
26th Mich.	28	..	3	..	19	..	6
5th N. Hamp.	231	2	41	5	146	2	35
2nd N. Y. H. Art....	215	1	20	4	170	1	19
61st N. Y.	22	1	1	1	16	..	3
81st Pa.	44	1	7	..	33	..	3
140th Pa.	40	..	5	..	23	..	12
183d Pa.	95	1	4	5	71	..	14

In the judgment of military writers General Grant's supreme effort to drive through the intrenched lines of the Confederates at Cold Harbor on the 3rd of June was the costliest and most sanguinary assault for the time of its continuance in the history of the war.

"Here," says General Morgan, "the Second Corps received a mortal blow, and never again was the same body of men." Of this battle General Hancock said: "In an hour's assault, 3,024 men fell." "He might well speak of it," writes the historian of the 145th Pennsylvania, "as a loss without precedence. Indeed, since the army crossed the Rappahannock, the losses of the Second Corps had been without precedent. Grant had used it as the hammer head with which he had pounded Lee for four weeks."*

With the noble frankness which was ever characteristic of the man General Grant has left this testimony in his *Memoirs*: "I have always regretted that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made. No advantage whatever was gained to compensate for the heavy loss we sustained. Indeed the advantages other than those of relative losses were on the Confederate side."

**Pennsylvania at Gettysburg*, Volume II, page 711.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SUMMER CAMPAIGN ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF RICHMOND.

"O! God of our fathers! this banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown—
We fear not the summons—we fight not alone!
O! lead us, till wide from the gulf to the sea,
The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee!
With love for oppression; with blessings for scars—
One Country—One Banner—the Stripes and the Stars."

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.


THE withdrawal of the army from its defensive works at Cold Harbor, in close proximity to the enemy, without confusion or loss, and its transfer to a new base of supplies and active operations, without opposition or detention, was one of the most masterly movements of the war. From Cold Harbor to Petersburg, the objective point of the movement, was, by the route chosen, a distance of fully fifty miles, while to the Confederates the distance to be travelled was not more than thirty-four.

By the former route two bridgeless rivers were to be crossed, one of which—the Chickahominy—had so overflowed its banks that it looked more like a lowland swamp than a river, and the other, the majestic James, was at the point of crossing, a tide-water stream a half mile in width. "So well had it been planned," says General Walker, "so prudently and so vigorously had its first stages been executed, that the Confederates were not only outmarched but distinctly outgeneraled."

At 9 o'clock on the night of the 12th, Barlow's Division moved cautiously and silently by the left flank, under cover of the intrenchments, toward Barker's Mills. The night was clear and the moon was shining brightly; but the usually alert

and aggressive enemy in our front did not seem to realize that anything suggestive of a withdrawal of the army was actually taking place, and that, too, almost under their noses. In the same quiet manner the pickets were withdrawn after the main column had reached the rear, and was well on its way. Warren's Corps which had started from a concealed position on the reserve line led the advance. The cavalry, which preceded it, forded the crossing of the Chickahominy and, driving the cavalry pickets before them, held the ground until a pontoon bridge was thrown across. By the morning of the 13th Warren's Corps had effected a crossing at this point and held the roads leading to Richmond until the rest of the army had passed over. The Second Corps, with Barlow's Division in the lead, reached the Chickahominy about noon and at once crossed it on the pontoon bridge which Warren had constructed, and used. Pushing on with brief halts for rest we reached Wilcox Landing in the vicinity of Charles City Court House, on the James River, about 9 o'clock at night. This long and tedious march of fully twenty-five miles, one-half of which was made after night, was cheerfully endured by the men who were only too glad to escape from the malarial swamps and ill-omened lowlands of the Chickahominy River.

A fleet of transports, ferry boats from northern rivers, excursion steamers, with double and triple decks, and formidable looking war vessels, dotted the broad expanse of the great river, and in one way or another aided in the crossing of the army. Soon after our arrival the Engineer Corps finished the construction of a pontoon bridge which required the anchorage of one hundred boats to complete the stretch from shore to shore. On the evening of the 14th the Second Corps commenced to cross the river. Some of the troops crossed on transports as soon as the boats were available, and others took the bridge, over which a continuous stream of infantry, artillery and heavy wagon trains was passing during the night. About daybreak on the morning of the 15th the entire command with four batteries of artillery was safely landed on the south side of the James. The remaining portions of the



wagon trains and artillery were ferried over in the early part of the forenoon.

The other corps followed in the order indicated. By the close of the day the whole army, without the loss of a man or of any part of its equipment, was in position to advance toward its new objective, the City of Petersburg.

The aggregate losses up to this day, which marks a new epoch in the history of the campaign, was 39,259. In connection with this estimate, which is given in the Memoirs of General Grant, the statement is made that "at the crossing of the James River, June 14th and 15th, the army numbered about 115,000. The aggregate of losses of the One Hundred and Fortieth during this period, as reported by Major Henry, was fifty-four killed and 118 wounded. The number missing does not seem to be included in this estimate.

In the hope of receiving rations, which had been promised him on the south side of the river, General Hancock did not give the order to advance in the direction of Petersburg until half past ten. It appears also that through some misunderstanding, or failure to receive definite instructions, Hancock did not know that he was expected to support the Eighteenth Corps in an attack ordered on the works at Petersburg that morning, when as yet they were feebly manned, and hence did not push on with his accustomed vigor and decision. Referring to his wait for rations, as ordered, General Grant says, "He (Hancock) then moved without them, and on the road received a note from General W. F. Smith, asking him to come on. This seems to be the first information that Hancock had received of the fact that he was to go to Petersburg, or that anything particular was expected of him. Otherwise he would have been there by four o'clock in the afternoon." Another cause of delay was owing to a mistake in the order of march which involved, before it could be rectified, an increase of about five miles to the day's march. After a long stretch of about twenty-five miles, Barlow's Division, which was marching in the rear of the Corps, went into bivouac within supporting distance of General Smith, about midnight. The divisions which were in the lead arrived earlier in the

evening, but not in time to take part in the assault on the works. While on the march we heard the long roll of musketry punctured at intervals by discharges of artillery, but did not know until the next morning that General Smith had captured a part of the strongly intrenched Confederate lines, and that, had we been in position to follow it up that night, the City of Petersburg might easily have fallen into our hands. The assault, which carried with it the earnest of results so important, was made at seven o'clock in the evening. The brunt of it fell upon the colored troops of this command who advanced with splendid enthusiasm capturing five redans with their connecting rifle pits, covering a distance of about two and a half miles. Fifteen guns and about 300 prisoners were taken within these strongly constructed defences. As we advanced the next morning over the ground on which this deadly conflict had raged, for about two hours, we found the dead bodies of a large number of the colored troops, who had fallen in the charge made upon the works.

By this time Lee's army had appeared in force, constructed a new line of works and the opportunity to take Petersburg by surprise had passed. Under Hancock's direction an assault was made on the enemy's works on the morning of the 16th and with heavy loss, another redan was captured.

Referring to the operations which followed on this day General Grant says:

Meade came up in the afternoon and succeeded Hancock, who had to be relieved, temporarily, from the command of his corps on account of the breaking out afresh of the wound he had received at Gettysburg.* During the day Meade assaulted and carried one more redan to his right and two to his left. In all this we lost very heavily. The works were not strongly manned but they all had guns in them which fell into our hands; together with the men who were handling them in the effort to repel these assaults.

*General Birney succeeded to the command of the Second Corps during General Hancock's stay in the hospital.

The First Division, on the extreme left of the Corps, and Birney's Corps bore the brunt of these assaults, one of which Barlow led cap in hand. Describing the operations of this evening and the next day (June 17th) Major Henry says: "The fight lasted all night and our line was advanced, but at terrible cost. As at Cold Harbor, the intrenched picket line was so close to the pickets of the enemy that the men could hear their conversation, and the least exposure meant immediate death. Lieutenant Andrew M. Purdy, of Company F, rising up to give an order, was instantly killed. Later in the day another attack was made in which the Regiment participated and the Corps carried the hill upon which Fort Steadman was afterward built."

During the night of the 17th the enemy fell back to another line which had been already selected and was to some extent fortified. On the morning of the 18th our troops occupied the abandoned line of the enemy and prepared for a general assault which was delivered about noon. Meanwhile the Confederates had reinforced and greatly strengthened their interior line and the Union troops were repulsed at every point with terrible slaughter. On this day, which Walker characterizes as "one of the bloody days of the Army of the Potomac," Barlow's Division supported the attacking column and hence the losses were not so heavy in it as on some of the minor conflicts in which it was engaged.

"The attack of Mott, from the Hare House," says the same writer, "was especially memorable on account of the heroic bearing and monstrous losses of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, which that General—determined to try what virtue there might be in the enthusiasm of a new, fresh strong regiment, not yet discouraged by repeated failures—had placed in his front line. The charge, supported by the older regiments, was a most gallant one, though unsuccessful, the Maine men advancing over a space of three hundred and fifty yards swept by musketry, and only retiring after more than six hundred of their number had fallen, the heaviest loss sustained by any regiment of the Union armies in any battle of the war."

This was the last of a series of assaults upon intrenched positions, oftentimes repeated and persistently made, from Spottsylvania to Petersburg. So many of them had been costly victories or comparative failures, that the older troops were losing the enthusiasm which had carried them through the earlier conflicts: and the raw, undisciplined men who had taken the places of their former comrades could not be depended upon in such hours of emergency.

Up to this date the losses in the several conflicts before Petersburg were nearly ten thousand. Preparations were now made for a regular siege and approaches which for the most part, were made under cover of strongly constructed earth-works.

Before anything of importance was undertaken, however, the men were permitted to take a few days of much needed rest.

In summing up the results of the several assaults on the lines before Petersburg, including the dates already mentioned, General Grant concludes with this statement:

If General Hancock's orders of the 15th had been communicated to him, that officer, with his usual promptness, would undoubtedly have been upon the ground around Petersburg as early as four o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th. I do not think there is any doubt that Petersburg itself could have been carried without much loss: or, at least, if protected by inner detached works, that a line could have been established very much in rear of the one then occupied by the enemy. This would have given us control of the Weldon and South Side railroads. It would also have saved an immense amount of hard fighting which had to be done from the 15th to the 18th, and would have given us greatly the advantage in the long siege which ensued.

Referring to the disposition of the troops, he says:

"The Army of the Potomac was given the investment of Petersburg, while the Army of the James held Bermuda Hundred and all the ground we possessed north of the James River. The Ninth Corps, Burnside's, was placed upon the right at Petersburg; the Fifth, Warren's, next; the Second,

Birney's next; then the Sixth, Wright's, broken off to the left and south. Thus began the siege of Petersburg.*

Strictly speaking the Second and Sixth Corps were at this time in rear, and to the left, of the regularly fortified line. It was a position "*in reserve*" which meant that they were in place to extend their lines farther to the left or to go to the aid of any part of the line where their services might be required. As a matter of fact the Second Corps became the "shuttle command" of this line of defenses, moving back and forth from left to right, and right to left, as the web of the Army's history was being woven, and always bringing up against the enemy in positions which, with scarcely an exception, had to be carried promptly by assault.

The first of these movements was made on the 21st of June with a view to extending the intrenched line from the left of the Fifth Corps so as to threaten, if not destroy, the Confederate source of supplies by way of the Weldon Railroad.

In this advance Barlow's Division which was on the left of the Corps pushed forward, driving the Confederate cavalry before them to a point west of the Jerusalem Plank Road, within two miles of the Weldon Road. During the night the Sixth Corps came up within supporting distance, in anticipation of a united forward movement on the morrow.

Owing to an error in formation, a gap was left between the two advancing corps, on the 18th, which was noticed by the Confederate general, A. P. Hill, who was looking for an opportunity to turn the right flank of Wright's Corps. Thrusting a heavy column which he had at hand into this gap, Hill vigorously attacked a flanking brigade, which Barlow had thrown out on his left, forcing it to give way, and then, in rapid succession, struck the flanks of the other parts of the command, rolling them up and compelling them to fall back with a heavy loss. "Both corps recovered and reformed," says Lossing, "and a fierce attack on the brigade of

* Grant's Memoirs, pages 288-9.

the ever-gallant General Miles, of the Second, was repulsed.” Says General Walker :

The whole affair was over in a very short time. Nothing but the extraordinary quickness and precision of the Confederate movements on this occasion would have made such a result possible. The Second Corps had been defeated almost without being engaged. There had been very little fighting and comparatively small loss, except in prisoners. Of these, the Second Corps had lost seventeen hundred; more than it had at Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville combined. Four guns, moreover, the only ones ever taken from the Second Corps by the enemy, except that abandoned, disabled one on the banks of the Po, were the trophies of the Confederate triumph. The whole operation had been like that of an expert mechanic who touches some critical point with a fine instrument, in exactly the right way, producing an effect seemingly out of proportion to the force exerted. The enemy's success was of course facilitated, if not indeed, made possible, by the thickets through which our troops were moving and by their own intimate knowledge of the ground.

Our brave Colonel—John Fraser—who had been assigned to the command of the Fourth Brigade, on the day preceding this engagement, resolutely held his ground in obedience to the order sent him by the Division commander, until most of his command had fallen back. It was then too late to escape, and he fell into the hands of the enemy. In the official report of this disastrous battle, made by his successor in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Glenning, Sixty-fourth N. Y. Vols., September 13th, we find the following record :

The brigade was ordered to move toward the Weldon Railroad on the 21st, and in the evening formed line on the left of the Third Division and intrenched. On the 22d, advanced a mile through a dense woods and, with the remainder of the division, was attacked and pressed back to the breastworks, losing a large number of prisoners, among them the gallant commandant, Colonel Fraser, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

After this disastrous engagement, which General Walker characterizes as the most humiliating episode in the experience of the Second Corps down to that period, there was a lull in active operations in our front, and, for the first time in nearly two months of weary marching, of constant exposure to peril and privations and of excessive exertions, we were permitted to go into camp, pitch tents and deliberately prepared to make ourselves comfortable.

Our position was directly behind the fortifications which fronted the Weldon Railroad. With a strong line of pickets in front and a strong line of defenses before us, which could be quickly occupied in case of need, we were comparatively secure against sudden attack. Farther to our right the troops of the Fifth and Ninth Corps occupied the line of forts, redans and bomb proofs which fronted the city of Petersburg. This portion of the line was defended with siege guns, Cohorn mortars and thickly planted batteries of artillery, with guns of varying size and caliber. When all these engines of destruction were trained upon the enemy, as at times they were, the hillcrest on which they were placed seemed to be aflame with lightning-like flashes and the solid earth quaked with the horrid din of the quick and almost continuous discharges of mortars and siege guns and the bursting of their enormous shells. This racket, which usually began on the extreme right, came down the line in diminishing cadence to the left of the position then held by the Fifth Corps. It seldom amounted to much when it reached our front, and we soon learned to go to sleep, if not in the midst of it, a half hour or less after it has ceased.

The summer of 1864 was notable for its intense heat and long-continued period of drought. From June 3d to the 19th of July the heavens were as brass, and during that stretch of forty-seven days there was no sign of rain. Every movement of the troops was accompanied by suffocating clouds of finely pulverized dust, and it penetrated to every covered place and hidden nook in field or camp. Water could be obtained only by digging wells, and at every camping place

it was necessary for each regiment to dig and care for its own well.

Captain Henry, of Company F, commanded the Regiment at this time, and its present effective force was about 150 enlisted men. It was sad and pitiful to see companies which once numbered more than a hundred men reduced to a little band of ten or twelve, while less than the original number of two of its companies rallied around a sadly tattered, powder-begrimed stand of colors.

The withdrawal of the Sixth Corps from the left, under orders to hasten to the defence of Washington, made it necessary to contract the lines, and with a view to this the troops were ordered out of the works preparatory to leveling them to the ground. After this had been done all along our front, the Division was massed some two miles to the rear. On the evening of the 12th of July, the Brigade was sent out with Gregg's Cavalry on a reconnoissance. Some of the cavalry pickets of the enemy were found, but they fell back as the Union forces advanced.

The Brigade returned to its starting point about midnight and the next morning moved with the corps to a position in rear of the Fifth and Ninth Corps. General Hancock having returned from the hospital, had resumed his command about the first of the month, and was now directing the movements of the Corps. On the afternoon of the 26th we broke camp, and, marching most of the night, reached Deep Bottom on the morning of the 27th. The James was crossed on a pontoon bridge which had been constructed by General Butler. At daybreak Barlow's Division made an assault on the enemy's advanced works at Bailey's Creek driving the Confederates from the position they were holding and capturing a four-gun battery of 20-pound Parrotts.

The whole line was engaged at times during the day, and the rapid concentration of the enemy on the north side, while it prevented a direct attack on the city of Richmond, accomplished the purpose Grant had in mind with respect to the impending assault in front of Petersburg. "Five-eighths of the hostile army," say Walker, "were now on the north

bank, confronting Hancock and Sheridan, while, far away to the south, Burnside's Ninth, Ord's Eighteenth, and Warren's Fifth Corps, stood ready to enter Petersburg through the hideous avenue which might at any time be laid open by the explosion of Burnside's mine." With two divisions of his corps and Sheridan's Cavalry, Mott having been sent to reinforce the troops on the south side, Hancock stood off the attacks of the larger half of Lee's Army during the 28th and the day following when the situation became exceedingly perilous. Fortunately for that little command, no direct attack was made by the enemy on the 29th and at nightfall it was withdrawn to the south side of the James. The march was continued through the night and at daybreak, the head of the column reached Burnside's position in time to witness the terrific explosion of the mine which hurled a vast mass of earth and rock into the air, destroying the occupants of the fort and leaving in its stead an enormous rift in the ground thirty feet deep, sixty wide and one hundred and seventy long. For reasons, which need not be mentioned here, the attempt to break the enemy's intrenched line at this point was a disastrous failure. Hancock had faithfully carried out his part of the program by making a successful diversion on the right of the line and was back again after an all-night march in time to support the column designated for the assault, but in consequence of blunders, hesitation and downright cowardice on the part of some of the responsible agents who were concerned in its execution, the precious moments of opportunity were allowed to pass and the victory anticipated, and which was actually in their grasp, was turned into a disastrous defeat.

The Regiment, which had been left behind on picket duty when the Division was withdrawn, crossed the river on the morning of the 30th and rejoined the Brigade, which had continued its march to its old camp, in the neighborhood of the Deserted House, in the early part of the afternoon.

Major Henry's report, which covers the period designated as the *Fifth Epoch*, gives a summary of the operations and movements of the Regiment from its withdrawal to the south

side of the James until its return to the above mentioned reserve camp.

The report is as follows :

FIFTH EPOCH.

June 12th-30th, inclusive.

On the night of the 12th of June the Regiment quietly withdrew from the line of works at Cold Harbor and marched with the brigade to and across the Chickahominy River at Long Bridge. We continued the march that day, and halted in the evening at Wilcox Landing on the James River, where we threw up a light line of works.

On the night of the 14th, moved with the brigade across the river and halted on the south side until noon for the purpose of drawing rations.

On the afternoon of the 15th the Regiment marched with the division in the direction of Petersburg, halting at midnight near the Friend House. Early in the morning of the 16th, moved with the brigade to the left of the Eighteenth Corps. In the evening moved to the right, near the Friend House and supported the Third Brigade in a charge; drove the enemy into their works and threw up intrenchments within 200 yards of the enemy's lines. Remained here until the morning of the 18th, when we advanced and occupied the Confederate works, driving them from the Norfolk Railroad at a large brick culvert. We were relieved from duty on the picket line on the night of the 19th and rejoined the brigade in the earthworks. Here we remained until the night of the 20th, when we were relieved by troops of the Ninth Corps. On the 21st moved with the brigade to the extreme left of the line, near the Williams House. On the 22d, supported the Second and Third Brigades while engaged with the enemy. Went into camp near the Williams House on the 23d and remained in this position until the 10th of July, when we moved farther to the left on the Jerusalem Plank Road and relieved the pickets of the Sixth Corps. We remained on picket until the afternoon of the 12th, when the Regiment moved with the brigade and some cavalry toward the Weldon Railroad, returning about midnight.

On the morning of the 13th, marched with the brigade to, and encamped near, the Deserted House, where we remained, doing fatigue duty until the evening of the 26th, when we broke camp, marched to and crossed the Appo-

mattox. On the morning of the 27th we crossed the James River. Were ordered on picket duty and remained on the line until 9 A. M., when we rejoined the brigade. The Regiment also did picket duty near the New Market Road until the night of the 29th, when we were withdrawn. Crossing the James River on the morning of the 20th we rejoined the brigade about one o'clock in the afternoon, near the Friend House. The Regiment lost in the operations in front of Petersburg 1 commissioned officer and 4 enlisted men killed and two commissioned officers and 24 men wounded. Two enlisted men were missing.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

(Signed) THOMAS HENRY,

Major Commanding One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment
Pennsylvania Volunteers.

From the 31st of July until the 12th of August, we remained in the old camp in the neighborhood of the Deserted House, when another attempt was made to surprise the enemy, and, if possible, to enter Richmond from the north side of the James River. Acting on the impression that Lee had been reinforcing Early, who was then operating in the Shenandoah Valley, General Grant directed Hancock to take charge of a force consisting of the Second Corps, two Divisions of the Tenth Corps, under General Birney, and Gregg's Division of Cavalry to operate as circumstances might direct at Deep Bottom, on the extreme right of the Union line. Marching at noon on the 12th of August, the Corps bivouacked at City Point after a long and exhausting march through the ever-present dust and the intense heat.

Here we found a fleet of sixteen vessels awaiting us and at noon of the 13th we embarked, under the impression that we were about to follow the Sixth Corps to the North in pursuit of General Early. About sunset the vessels, crowded with troops and gaily bedecked with fluttering banners, swung out one after the other into midstream and, with music and song and hearty cheers—for all the bands were playing and all the troops were in exultant mood,—moved slowly and majestically down the river.

A few hours after nightfall, our formidable fleet came to

a dead stop and the vessels were anchored. Somewhere about midnight an order was sent to the Captain of each ship to turn about and proceed under full head of steam to Deep Bottom.

The order was promptly obeyed and at two o'clock in the morning we reached the dilapidated landing place at Deep Bottom, in the immediate vicinity of the battle ground of the previous month. This unexpected change in the program was a sore disappointment to the troops in general, who were quite as much misled by the movements of the fleet on the evening before as were the Confederates themselves.

It was not theirs, however, to reason why, and the vision of northern fields and camps amid green pastures, was put away as a dream of the night. Owing to imperfect facilities for disembarking, the attack on the enemy's lines which was arranged for daybreak was not made until after nine o'clock. By that time the Confederates had strongly reinforced this part of their line and the assault which was delivered at various points upon it, during the day was not successful. One of the chief discouragements of this day's battle was the intense heat of the sun.

"The temperature of the day," says General Walker, "was something dreadful. The columns, moving out from the landing, literally passed between men lying on both sides, dead from sunstroke. Before noon General Mott reported to me that, in two small regiments of his division, one hundred and five men had been overcome by heat. The rays of the August sun smote the heads of the weary soldiers with blows as palpable as if they had been given with a club."

On the morning of the 16th, Terry's Division of Birney's Corps, with a Brigade of Mott's Division and a Brigade of colored troops, carried the works in their front, capturing three hundred prisoners and three stand of colors, but soon after were driven out of them and compelled to retire.

"In the meantime, Gregg, supported by Miles' 'fighting Brigade,' of Barlow's Division, had been operating on the Charles City Road, with the view of drawing the Confederates

out of their intrenchments. He drove their van some distance, but he was soon driven back, and no special advantage to the Union cause was obtained.”*

In this engagement the Confederate Commander, General Chambliss was killed. The troops reached a point only seven miles from Richmond.

On the 17th there was more or less of skirmishing at some points on the line, but everywhere the defensive works of the enemy seemed to be well manned.

On the 18th, General Barlow, in consequence of the out-breaking of severe wounds received at Antietam and Gettysburg, and of physical depression resulting therefrom, was obliged to relinquish his command of the Division and was succeeded by General Miles. This worthy successor to one of the most illustrious military leaders of the war, led the First Division from this date, with rare ability and a uniform measure of success until its return, with the victorious Army of the Potomac, to Washington City.

After spending two or three more days at Deep Bottom, with a view to holding a large part of the enemy in that position, to facilitate a flank movement on the left, Grant directed General Hancock to withdraw his command to the lines before Petersburg. The return march was made by way of Bermuda Hundred on the night of the 20th. It was a night of darkness and continuous rain and the troops plodded along through mud and pools of water, arriving at the camp they had left nine days before, by daylight of the 21st.

Says Powelson of Company K: “It was a never-to-be-forgotten tramp; tramp all the night through darkness, rain and mud, awful and yet laughable, when men got lost, when hats, shoes, caps, etc., disappeared as the boys stumbled on in brush and darkness.”

In explanation of this demonstration north of the James, Grant says in his *Memoirs*, Vol. 88, page 321:

* *Lossing's Civil War in America*, page 354.

To prevent reinforcements from being sent out from Richmond, I had to do something to compel Lee to retain his forces about his capital, I therefore gave order for another move to the north side of the James River, to threaten Richmond. A threatening position was maintained for a number of days, with more or less skirmishing and some tolerably hard fighting, although it was my object and my instructions that anything like a battle should be avoided, unless opportunities should present themselves which would insure great success. There was no particular victory gained on either side; but during that time no more reinforcements were sent to the valley.

During the brief period of this demonstration north of the James River the One Hundred and Fortieth had three commanders. Captain Stockton, of Company K, who led it at the outset of the movement, became so ill from exposure, that he was obliged to go to the hospital on the morning of the 18th. Captain Pipes, of Company A, then assumed the command on the 20th and he in turn was succeeded by the ranking Captain (Major) Thomas Henry, of Company F.

The following account of the movements in detail, of the Regiment from the morning of its debarkation at Deep Bottom was written by Lieutenant Hedge, of Company A, soon after the events it describes:

It was still dark when we landed from the transports. As soon as daylight appeared our Regiment and the Twenty-sixth Michigan were deployed as skirmishers and ordered forward. After advancing through the woods about a mile, we found the Confederate skirmishers, whom we drove from their position after some hard fighting.*

We fought and maneuvered around for about two days. One morning our Brigade was sent out on a reconnoissance in the direction of Richmond. The cavalry was in advance. After marching three or four miles we encountered a force of rebel cavalry, which gave way for a time. Presently

* The One Hundred and Fortieth and the Twenty-sixth Michigan were so often sent out together on the skirmish line, that they were sometimes designated as the "Twin Skirmish Regiments" of the Brigade.

our cavalry was checked and the Brigade was ordered forward. Our Regiment and the Twenty-sixth Michigan were deployed as skirmishers and were ordered to advance. The Rebs were on a high piece of ground with a swamp in their front, through which we were obliged to go. Beyond it was a line of rifle pits, defended by a battery of artillery. The Rebs held us in check for some time, but at length we charged and carried the rifle pits, taking a few prisoners. It was here that the Confederate General Chambliss was killed. I saw him fall. Our object having been accomplished, we marched back to Deep Bottom.

During the continuance of this movement the Regiment sustained a loss of one enlisted man killed, nine wounded and four captured or missing.

While the Second Corps was holding its ground at Deep Bottom, General Warren, after one or two desperate conflicts, in which he had met with heavy losses, succeeded in wresting the Weldon Railroad from the enemy's hands. Pending the attempt which the Confederates were sure to make to recover this important line of communication, Hancock was ordered to continue his march with two Divisions of his Corps from the old camp, in which he had tarried long enough to allow his men to make coffee and eat a hasty meal, to the Gurley House in the rear of the Fifth Corps. This position was reached late in the afternoon, and the men bivouacked for the night in a muddy field under a downpour of rain. Of this march, during which many fell out utterly exhausted, Hancock says:

It was one of the most fatiguing and difficult performed by the troops during the campaign, owing to the wretched condition of the roads.

The next day the Regiment assisted in tearing up several miles of the Weldon Railroad and on the 24th the troops had destroyed the ties and rails of the track bed as far as Malone's Crossing, some three miles south of Reams Station. To facilitate this work of destruction, large piles of ties were gathered at intervals and upon these were laid, or rather balanced, a number of rails. When the pile was fired the rails would

droop down at either end, as the middle portions became heated to the melting point, and, in general, they were so warped and twisted that they could not be used again in the reconstruction of the road. In the beds of glowing coals which were left after this work of destruction, the troops "cooked coffee" and roasted the ears of Indian corn which they found in abundance as they pushed their way southward, without delay or molestation, to Malone Crossing. In the evening Miles' Division, which had been foremost in this work, returned to a line of intrenchments which were occupied by the rest of the Corps, at Reams Station. This position was twelve miles south of Petersburg and about four miles south of the left of Warren's intrenched line.

During the night a large force of Confederate troops were reported to be on the move toward the left and for this reason the main body of the troops were held in position in the earthworks during the early part of the day. In the afternoon the Confederates suddenly appeared in front of the position held by General Miles, and, with the wild, weird yells, which had become so familiar to our ears, drove in the skirmish line and boldly assaulted the line of works. This attack and another which followed soon after, were repulsed with heavy loss to the assailants.

Meanwhile a number of Confederate sharpshooters, posted in the treetops and other hidden outlooks, directed their fire upon the batteries in the open with such extraordinary success that several gunners were picked off at their posts, and one hundred and thirty-four horses were killed or disabled.

Later in the day the enemy received reinforcements, and, with a force now greatly in excess of Hancock's command, renewed the attacks at several points. Failing in these, a destructive artillery fire was concentrated upon the right of the line and following it—about half past five o'clock—a double column of the enemy, under command of General Heth, emerged from the woods and made a furious charge upon that part of it which was held by General Miles. They were met by a withering fire a few rods beyond it, but rallying, they closed up their broken lines and renewed the assault. Unfor-

fortunately for the Union cause they struck a section in this advance which was held by conscripts and raw recruits who broke and fled in confusion, seeking shelter in a railroad cut a few rods to the rear. With wild yells and the consciousness of victory within their grasp, the Confederates swarmed into the gap which had thus been opened, pounced upon the batteries behind it, now left without support, and turned them upon the troops who were still at their posts, to the right and left. To abandon the line which was thus broken up was a necessity, but Hancock and Miles, with rare ability and splendid courage, rallied the men of the older regiments, on whom they had so often relied in emergencies, and prevented the retreat from becoming a disastrous rout. These men, knowing the importance of standing together, rallied in squads and battalions, stubbornly contesting the ground and at length held a line some distance in the rear from which they could not be driven.

The historian of the Second Corps has given a graphic description of the events immediately following the breaking of the intrenched line, from which we take the following quotations :

The victorious Heth had yet to reckon with a few indomitable spirits. Calling up a portion of his old regiment, the Sixty-first New York, which still remained firm, Miles threw it across the breastworks, at right angles, and commenced to fight his way back, leading the regiment in person. Only a few score of men—perhaps two hundred in all—stood by him; but with these he made ground, step by step, until he had retaken Dauchey's battery and had recaptured a considerable portion of the line, actually driving the enemy into the railroad cut. Miles had by this time transferred the fighting to the outside of the intrenchments on the right, where he sought to take in flank and rear, the Confederates who had leaped the line at the northwestern angle, or were still coming up. As fast as his small party was dissipated, it was reinforced by little handfuls of men, personally collected by his own staff and by the appeals and exertions of General Hancock, who, galloping to the front, exposed himself far more conspicuously than any private soldier in his efforts to restore the fortunes of the day. His horse was shot under him; a ball cut his bridle

rein in two; the corps flag, which always followed him closely, was pierced by five balls; another splintered the flag staff, and the brave and brilliant Brownson, Commissary of Musters, fell beside it mortally wounded.

While these events were taking place in the immediate front, the enemy attacked the left of the line and a Brigade of Hampton's dismounted cavalry, passing around it, attempted to break through an attenuated line of Union cavalry *directly in our rear*.

The writer, who was on detached service in the Adjutant-General's office of the Division at this time, was seated on a log at the temporary Headquarters, preparing a report, which had been ordered from the several brigades, when this fusillade broke out from the rear. With the line breaking up in our front and a force of the enemy of unknown strength directly in our rear, it seemed for a few moments as if we were all in a fair way to be escorted directly to Richmond. It was a position in which, for the time, there was no rear and no place which was not swept by artillery fire or musketry balls. Fortunately for all concerned, the brave boys of Gregg's Cavalry were equal to the occasion and thwarted all the persistent attempts of the enemy to penetrate into our left, or rear.

After a brief pause on the second line, Hancock withdrew his command from its perilous position, assigning to General Miles the covering of his retreat.

General Heth, apparently satisfied with the victory he had won, made no attempt to follow beyond the second line which Hancock had established.

"It is not surprising," says General Morgan, Chief of the Corps Staff, "that General Hancock was deeply stirred by the situation, for it was the *first time he had felt the bitterness of defeat during the war*. He had seen his troops fail in their attempts to carry the intrenched positions of the enemy, but he had never before had the mortification of seeing them driven and his lines and guns taken as on this occasion. . . . Riding up to one of his staff, in Werner's battery, covered with dust and begrimed with powder and smoke, he placed his hand upon the staff officer's shoulder

and said: 'Colonel, I do not care to die, but I pray God I may never leave this field.' "

As another has expressed it:

The battle of Reams Station—the first and only disaster that ever befell the splendid Second Corps—was lost by the defection of a single regiment.

In this engagement the Confederates claimed the capture of seven standards and nine cannon, but Grant, in his Memoirs, asserts that the actual loss, out of the batteries engaged, was only five guns. The fact should not be overlooked, however, that this apparent victory of the enemy did not give to them the control of the Weldon Road.

It never went out of our possession from the 18th of August, when Warren's Corps seized it, to the close of the war, and all the supplies which formerly passed over it from the south, had to be carried in wagons for a distance of about thirty miles.

At the opening of the Wilderness campaign the whole number of men reported as present for duty on the rolls of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment was 490; at the date of the battle of Reams Station this number was reduced to 187. These figures include the men of the several companies present for duty on detached service also, and inasmuch as this number was unusually large in our Regiment, because of the fitness of its rank and file for special service, the actual number of those available for duty with the companies was always considerably less. It is not probable, therefore, that the number of those who were actually present with the companies exceeded 160 or possibly 150, the number that was given by the writer, in a letter to the home-folk, a short time before. At the battle of Reams Station the losses were not so heavy, as in other engagements in which it had a part, for the reason that its position was not so directly assailed as on some parts of the line on which the Brigade with which it was connected, was posted.

The official report of the battle made by Colonel James

C. Lynch, the Commander of the First Brigade, which we quote below, gives some interesting facts relating to the operations of this fateful afternoon, and also throws light upon the nature of the service required of the One Hundred and Fortieth:

In accordance with orders from General Miles, I directed Captain Henry, commanding the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, to make a reconnoissance with his Regiment on a road running to the Jerusalem Plank Road, to a point on the Reams Station and Wood Shop Road, near the right of my line. Captain Henry moved out about three-fourths of a mile, meeting no enemy, and established his skirmish line across the road, his right connecting with the left of the picket line of the Division. He occupied this position during the afternoon, and did not rejoin the Brigade till after its withdrawal from Reams Station.

The main portion of this brigade did not become engaged until 4 P. M., when the enemy, having made a successful assault on the works on my left, broke through and attacked my left and rear with vigor, causing considerable confusion, and for a few moments Knight's guns were in the hands of the enemy; but several colors having been halted, men were rallied around them without regard to organization, and by a prompt advance we recaptured three of the guns and nearly all of the rifle pits previously occupied by the Brigade.

About this time I was directed by General Miles to move across the railroad and attack the enemy on his left flank, for which purpose I had a force of about 200 officers and men, in which nearly every regiment in the First and Second Divisions were represented.

On the evening of the 24th, the day preceding the above described engagement, Captain J. M. Pipes, of Company A, was placed in command of a detail which was sent out to the picket line. The left of this line rested on the Weldon Road, and the right was next to the cavalry.* Here the detail remained all night and until late in the afternoon of the next day. When the lines were broken up to the left it was moved

*Condensed from records of Company A.

back and out of the range of Pegram's battery, which had vigorously shelled a little gully or depression in which the command had taken temporary refuge. Soon afterward a staff officer, who was assisting in rallying the men, rode up and requested the Captain to throw his men into line and help to check the enemy in his attempt to flank this portion of the line. Acting promptly upon this request, Captain Pipes deployed his men and moved rapidly across the field toward the rear. Here the men of his command availed themselves of the protection of rocks and stumps within reach, and opened fire on the enemy, who were trying desperately at this time, to break through the left flank and rear. Later in the evening when the conflict was almost over, Captain Pipes was struck by a musket ball which shattered his right arm and lodged in his side. With the aid of two comrades he walked back to the rear and at length came up with his Regiment. and, with his little command, fell in with it.

As soon as possible thereafter his wounds were bandaged and he was sent to City Point, ten miles distant, in an ambulance. For distinguished gallantry at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and in this battle, where he merited special recognition for his timely and efficient aid in a critical moment, and where he lost his good right arm, Captain Pipes was awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor.

A short time before General Heth's successful assault on our front, Colonel Beaver, of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, was brought up in an ambulance, and being the ranking officer, took command of the Fourth Brigade. A few moments later, while watching the movements of the men on the skirmish line, the Colonel was struck by a ball which shattered his right leg and he was taken back to the rear in the ambulance which had brought him to the front.

After watching the skillful work of Dr. Wishart, the greatly beloved Surgeon of the One Hundred and Fortieth, in amputating Colonel Beaver's leg, Captain Pipes took the table and suffered the loss of his right arm, which was amputated at the shoulder.

Reams Station was the last of the series of battles and

flanking expeditions in which the First Division was actively engaged during the memorable summer campaign of 1864. Returning from this position on the extreme left of the line, we occupied a portion of the reserve line near the Williams House. From this date until the 24th of September, the troops were engaged, for the most part, in strengthening the works in their immediate front. After nightfall on the 24th of September, the First and Second Divisions relieved the Tenth Corps in the main line and on the fifth of October, the First Division was transferred to the line of works in front of Petersburg extending from Fort Morton to the river, with reserves in rear of Forts Haskill and Sullivan. From the Headquarters of the Division which was within the range of thirty Confederate Parrott guns, a considerable part of the Union and Confederate lines could be seen, and at the nearest points a stone could be thrown from one line into the other.

During the Boydtown Plank Road Expedition—October 26-28—in which the Second and Third Divisions took part, the Division of General Miles covered a stretch in the trenches of about three and a half miles in length. Not content with this responsibility he sought to aid his associates on the left by sending a storming column against a small fort near the crater on the night of the 27th of October which was taken and held for a short time. This and a similar movement directed against the enemy skirmish line was intended as a diversion and was not followed up.

After the return of the other Divisions from the expedition to Boydtown Plank Road the First Division was relieved from duty on this part of the line, and, for some time thereafter, remained in reserve.

CHAPTER XVII.

WINTER QUARTERS IN AND ABOUT THE TRENCHES.

Let war be so carried on that no other object may seem to be sought, but the acquisition of Peace.—CICERO.

WITH the exception of the expedition to the Boydtown Plank Road, in which General Miles' Division had no part, the Second Corps spent the autumn months in comparative quiet in the trenches, or directly behind the line of forts. Instead of the usual routine of drill and parade the men were employed in handling the pick and shovel, and the works, which were thus constructed from day to day, were marvels of engineering skill, and at some points almost impregnable to attack by direct assault.

Every precaution was taken also to safeguard their defenders from the merciless fire of sharpshooters, within easy range, or the deliberately aimed siege guns and cohorn mortars. In the construction of a new line, heavy timbers were used to build up and strengthen the earthworks. At intervals all along the main line, forts of varying strength and resistive power were built and garrisoned.

As a rule, the trenching was done after nightfall and details from the several Regiments, which were usually bivouacked in some sheltered spot in the rear during the daytime, would go out and work all night in the trenches. Where the trenches on the main line were exposed, by reason of their direction or unfavorable location, to artillery fire, they were protected by a roof of timber over which was thrown a thick covering of earth. These were known as bomb proofs and access to them was made secure by zigzag covered ways from points not so much exposed in the rear or second line. In some places these covered ways were wide enough and deep enough to admit the passage of ammunition and supply wagons.

The picket posts in front of the main line were burrows in the ground large enough to shelter two or three men. The earth which was scooped out for this purpose was banked up on the side next the enemy and a narrow slit or embrasure between two logs, or some similarly guarded outlook, served as a loophole through which to take observations or direct a deliberate and deadly fire upon any portion of the human frame which for an instant might be exposed to view on the side opposite.

It was not an uncommon thing for a Union or Confederate sentry to test the accuracy of his opponent's fire by placing a tin can on top of the embrasure or elevating his cap a little above it. So deadly was this sort of target practice at short range that, in a little while, by tacit consent rather than by formal agreement, the pickets on both sides ceased to fire at each other in the daytime and often saluted or conversed together like comrades or old friends. This unwritten law did not apply, however, at night when constant vigilance was necessary to guard against surprise. Hence for months there was not one night perhaps, during which one could not hear, when wakeful, the popping of musketry or the discharges, at times, of artillery. Communication with the picket posts was also had through zigzags or covered ways, and in front of these posts for a considerable distance, there was a protection of slashed timber, deep ditches or *chevaux-de-frise*.

The One Hundred and Fortieth did its full share of the construction work we have described during the autumn and winter months, but from the 24th of September until the 1st of November, it shared with the Division the privilege—if privilege it may be called—of dwelling in fortifications and bomb proofs made ready to hand, where the lines were the closest to the position of the enemy, and garrison duty was the most exacting. This part of the line, as already noted, extended from Fort Morton directly opposite the city of Petersburg, to the Appomattox River. It included Forts Haskell and Steadman, which was afterward in the hands of the enemy for a short time, and Fort McGilvary on the right of the line.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Almost directly opposite Fort Morton, the left of the line held by the Division, was the crater of the exploded mine.

On the 17th of October, while the Regiment was in this position, President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, accompanied by General Grant and other officers of high rank, rode along the lines and were accorded a hearty greeting by the troops who, with the exception of those needed for garrison duty in the trenches, were assembled in rear of the works. The President wore a high silk hat and a frock coat, and, as one has put it, "had the appearance of a country farmer riding into town, wearing his Sunday clothes." But his ungainly appearance, alongside of Grant, and other accomplished horsemen, detracted nothing from the royal welcome he received: and when his wan, careworn face was lit up with a smile which the cheers and shouts of the men in blue had evoked, they saw only the great and good man who loved them all with the devotion of an indulgent father and who, for the sake of the imperiled Nation, was giving sleepless nights and days of unremitting toil in the interest of the cause which they had espoused. In the rear of one of the breaks of the line was a motley group of recently freed slaves who for a long time before the President's appearance had been waiting on tip-toe to see him pass by. When the cheers of the troops announced his progress down the line, their enthusiasm could not be restrained. Some in kneeling posture and others with outstretched arms, or waving turbans, shouted aloud their exclamations of gratitude and heartfelt praise—"God bless de good Marse Lincom; De Lord save Marse Lincom; De Lord bless good Fader Abraham. Glory, Hallelujah, de yeah of Jubilee hav suah come."

It was worth a lifetime of detraction and abuse and unappreciated labors to have, so near its close, such a tribute of honor and affection from the honest hearts of the representatives of a race from which, under God, he had stricken the fetters of irksome bondage and crass ignorance.

On the first day of November our Division was relieved from duty in the trenches and went into camp about a mile to the rear, in a sheltered, and comparatively safe location.

Under the impression that this was to be a winter camp,—the officers sharing this impression with the men,—huts and chimneys were being erected and for five days this agreeable delusion was cherished. Then, in a most unexpected moment, an order came to move back to the line of fortifications we had been holding. The men did not go into the works, however, but were massed behind them in reserve.

On the day of the general election, November 8th, the polls were opened in each Regiment and those who were entitled to the privilege, cast their ballots for the presidential candidate of their choice. The polling place of the One Hundred and Fortieth was in a bomb-proof and most of the votes cast in the several Regiments were in the forts or trenches.

The official report of the votes cast in General Miles' Division is as follows:*

**HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS,
November 8, 1854.**

GENL. GEO. G. MEADE:

The following is the result of to-day's election in the First Division of this Corps:

81st Pa. Vols....	Lincoln	23	McClellan....	44
140th " " 	"	147	" 	55
183d " " 	"	58	" 	47
53d " " 	"	118	" 	75
145th " " 	"	78	" 	21
148th " " 	"	127	" 	72
116th " " 	"	54	" 	58
26th Mich. Vols..	"	122	" 	28
5th New Hamp.	"	26	" 	29

753

429

Majority for Lincoln..... 324

(Sgd.) WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
Major-General.

The following communication taken from the above mentioned volume, page 684, is interesting, as a matter of record, and gives incidentally a deserved tribute of appreciation to

* Rebellion Records, Vol. 42, Series 1, page 561.

Colonel Fraser, who was then held as a prisoner under fire of the Union batteries at Charleston, South Carolina:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS,
November 22, 1864.

MAJOR SEPTIMUS CARNCROSS,

Assistant Adjutant-General Second A. C.

Major:—I have the honor to request that efforts be made to effect the exchange of the following-named officers of this Division:

Col. John Fraser, One Hundred and Fortieth Pa. Vols., a very valuable officer, captured June 22, 1864, while in command of the Fourth Brigade, and now confined at Charleston, S. C.; also

Capt. John S. McEwan, Seventh N. Y. Vol. Artillery and Judge Advocate of this Division, captured at Deep Bottom, July 28, 1864, released on parole and now at Albany, N. Y., a good officer and much needed at the present time.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Sgd.) NELSON A. MILES,
Brigadier-General of Vols., commanding.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 24th, an abundant supply of good things was sent to the troops for general distribution from all parts of the North. When the mess at the Headquarters of the Division, numbering eleven all told, received a notification that a box was at the Commissary Department which had been assigned to them, no time was lost in sending a delegation to secure it. To our great surprise it was a large store box, which, when opened, was found to contain six turkeys, a boiled ham, four cans of peaches and the same number of stewed green corn; about two bushels of apples, cakes galore, and several fine clusters of fresh Catawba grapes. This superabundant store of dainties was the gift of a little band of "loyal supporters of the flag, and warm friends of the men at the front," from Jersey City, N. J. Like all the rest it was sent, without reference to State or local limitations, for distribution to the enlisted men of the army and navy. Suffice it to say that every mess in the Army of the Potomac had a feast of good things, similar to our own, from a supply that seemed to be inexhaustible.

On the 26th of November, General Hancock resigned the command of the Second Corps in order to undertake the organization of a new corps to be composed entirely of veteran soldiers.

His farewell order is worthy of preservation and we give it place without condensation or abbreviation :

HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS,
Before PETERSBURG, November 26, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 41.

Soldiers of the Second Corps:

Being about to avail myself of a brief leave of absence, previous to entering upon another field of duty, in accordance with instructions, I transfer the command of this Corps to Major-General A. A. Humphreys, U. S. Vols.

I desire at parting with you to express the regret I feel at the necessity which calls for our separation.

Intimately associated with you in the dangers, privations and glory which has fallen to your lot during the memorable campaigns of the past two years, I now leave you with the warmest feelings of affection and esteem.

Since I have had the honor to serve with you, you have won the right to place upon your banners the historic names of

"ANTIETAM," "FREDERICKSBURG," "CHANCELLORSVILLE,"
"GETTYSBURG," "WILDERNESS,"
"PO," "SPOTTSYLVANIA," "NORTH ANNA,"
"COLD HARBOR," "PETERSBURG,"
"REAMS STATION," "BOYD-TOWN ROAD,"

and many other contests.

The gallant bearing of the intrepid officers and men of the Second Corps on the bloodiest fields of the war, the dauntless valor displayed by them in many brilliant assaults on the enemy's strongest positions, the great number of guns, colors, prisoners and other trophies of war captured by them in many desperate combats, their unswerving devotion to duty and heroic constancy under all the dangers and hardships which such campaigns entail, have won for them an imperishable renown and the grateful admiration of their countrymen. The story of the Second Corps will live in history, and to its officers and men will be ascribed the

honor of having served their country with unsurpassed fidelity and courage.

Conscious that whatever military honor has fallen to me during my association with the Second Corps has been won by the gallantry of the officers and soldiers I have commanded, I feel that in parting from them I am severing the strongest ties of my military life.

The distinguished officer who succeeds me is entitled to your entire confidence. His record assures you that in the hour of battle he will lead you to victory.

(Sgd.) WINF'D S. HANCOCK,
Major-General Vols.

While the survivors of the Second Corps will ever cherish with pride and affection the memory of their great leader, the peerless Hancock, they will also remember with a like affection in kind, if not in degree, his noble and high-toned successor, General A. A. Humphreys, who led them to the final victory of the war at Appomattox.

On the 29th of November, the Second Corps was relieved from duty on the line in front of Petersburg by the Ninth, and at midnight we broke camp and marched to the extreme left of the line, near Fort Welch. Here the Regiment was permitted to build huts for winter quarters when not at work on the fortifications, which were being constructed with great care for the purpose of strengthening our exposed position. There was but little firing along this part of the line, and we could see the tents of the Confederate Army within easy range of several of the Union batteries. The last movement of the year was a reconnoissance on the Vaughan Road across Hatcher's Run to Armstrong's Mill on the ninth of December. In this the Division as a whole took part, but the One Hundred and Fortieth, being in front as skirmishers, lost heavily in proportion to the numbers engaged.

In the official report of Brigadier-General George N. Macy, Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, commanding First Brigade, dated December 12th, 1864, reference is made to the part taken by the One Hundred and Fortieth in this advance as follows:*

*Rebellion Records, Series 1, Vol. 42, part 1, page 263.

MAJOR:—I respectfully submit a report of the part taken by my command in the late reconnoissance across Hatcher's Run Ford;

* * * * *

I would express great satisfaction with my entire command. The skirmishing was done by the One Hundred and Fortieth Pa. Vols., Captain Stockton commanding, in a gallant manner and with large loss, considering the number engaged.

To MAJ. W. R. DRIVER,
Assistant Adjutant-General First Division.

With this we give a very modest report of the same expedition by Captain Stockton, under date of December 10th:†

CAPTAIN MCCALLISTER, A. A. G. First Brigade.

Captain:—In compliance with orders just received, I have the honor to submit the following report:

On the morning of the 9th inst. our Regiment took up the line of march with the rest of the Brigade, and moved in the direction of Hatcher's Run.

While on the Vaughan Road we were ordered to deploy as skirmishers, with our center resting on the aforesaid road, and to advance until we came up with the cavalry videttes, and then to aid them, if possible, beyond the creek.

The officers and men, as usual, complied strictly to given orders, and conducted themselves with gallantry and great credit to themselves and the common cause.

(Sgd) W. A. STOCKTON,
Captain Commanding Regiment.

On the morning of the 10th the Division was ordered to withdraw and returned to the camp in good order despite the persistent annoyances of the enemy who followed them closely for a part of the way.

Major Henry gives the losses as 2 killed and 8 wounded. Elsewhere he makes mention of 4 killed, which may mean that two afterwards died of wounds received in this engagement.

The captures in turn of Atlanta, Savannah, Fort Fisher, Charleston and Wilmington were announced to the enemy,

†Vol. 42, part 1, page 275.

by order of General Grant, with a salute of 100 shotted guns, which, at a given signal, broke forth suddenly in the stillness and darkness of the night. The roar of the guns, to which the enemy vigorously responded, the outbursts of flame, darting from the muzzles of siege and rifled guns, the curving flight of the fiery missiles rising from the mortars embedded in the places here and there on the line, the bursting of bombs and shells, mingled at intervals in the horrid din with the stirring strains of scores of army bands, and the cheers of the men in the trenches made a most impressive celebration, *for a purpose*, of the resistless might and ultimate triumph of the Union arms.

From the beginning of the siege of Petersburg there were many deserters from the Confederate Army to the Union lines. After the election of Abraham Lincoln the number rapidly increased, and every new victory of the Union arms thereafter tended to increase the demoralization of the discouraged host which was disintegrating, without the possibility of recovering their lost ground or lost numbers, day by day. "Every night," says General Miles, "during the winter of 1864 and 1865, there were received along the line of intrenchments before Petersburg and Richmond, numbers of men who crept through their picket lines, dropped their arms, and came to us as individuals or in squads, amounting in the aggregate to thousands." In his Memoirs, General Grant gives it as his opinion that the Confederates, at this time, "were losing at least a regiment a day, taking it throughout the entire army, by desertions alone," or as Mr. Nicolay has expressed it, "Desertion grew too common to punish." After the fall of Fort Fisher was announced, seventeen deserters sought refuge in front of our Division, and the next night sixteen more came in. When General Gordon, one of the frankest and most fairminded of the Confederate writers, affirms that amid all their discouragements, "desertions were exceedingly rare," we are inclined to believe that this may have been true of his command, owing perhaps, to his own intense loyalty to the Confederacy, and personal winsomeness, but it certainly could not have been true of the army in general which he represented.

An interesting item of evidence to the contrary, from our viewpoint, is given by the historian of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers:

Deserters came in along our front every evening and reported short rations and consequent dissatisfaction among the enlisted men. Finnegan's Brigade of Mahone's Division, composed principally of Florida troops, occupied the rebel works in our immediate front, and the Finnegan boys and the Kearney veterans had become very well acquainted during the numerous truces they had voluntarily made. So many deserters now came in every night from the Florida command that they became a source of considerable annoyance to the staff officers at brigade headquarters, who were awakened at all hours of the night to receive them.

One of the officers, in a spirit of fun, sent a polite note one evening to General Finnegan, requesting him to "come over and take command of his Brigade, most of which was apparently on our side of the intrenchments, or, if not convenient to come personally, to have his details *report promptly before nine o'clock P. M.*

The short rations, which, without doubt, contributed to the ultimate defeat and surrender of Lee's Army, resulted not so much from impoverishment of the country, for afterwards we found communities where pantries and storehouses were well filled, but from the tightening and strengthening of the cordon, which Grant had been slowly drawing around the cities of Petersburg and Richmond.

During the months of January and February, and up to the twentieth of March, but little was attempted except to extend our lines to the left, as opportunity afforded, and then to strengthen them, as thus extended. At one time, about the middle of February, one of these movements was ordered which made it necessary to abandon our cosy winter quarters and the troops were obliged to build a line of strong intrenchments before they could put up any huts to shelter them from the snowstorms and the piercing cold winds which prevailed for several days. As a result of these movements our lines were extended without serious opposition to Hatcher's Run, five miles beyond the left of the position which we had regarded as

the extreme outpost of the army, in that direction, some three months before.

Thus the way was prepared for the great flank movement which was to put an end to the siege of Petersburg, within the space of five days and in as many more, to force the surrender of the hitherto invincible Army of Northern Virginia.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1865. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.—
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE campaign of 1865 was short, sharp, and almost immediately decisive. The preparation hour was long and the outlook at times discouraging, but the crisis hour was in its results like the breaking forth of the long pent up waters of a mighty stream. At the beginning of the campaign on the south side of Richmond, Grant made strenuous efforts to drive the army of Lee from its position at Petersburg. Failing in this he accepted the situation, as it was, and made preparation for a winter siege and an extension of his lines, especially to the left, with the double purpose of cutting off the supplies of the Confederate army and of holding it intact, or at least the greater part of it, in his front until the co-operating armies of Sherman and Thomas in the South, and Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, had accomplished the tasks which had been assigned to them. As the winter season wore away his chief concern was to prevent General Lee from abandoning the intrenchments, from which, a few months before, he had sought to drive him.

Meanwhile the effective force of the Army of the Potomac had been increased by the return of the men who had been disabled by wounds or sickness as well as greatly improved in efficiency by daily drills, inspections and reviews, except when the inclemency of the weather prevented. Hence when

The organization of the Second Corps, in so far as we were directly concerned, at the opening of the campaign of 1865, was as follows:

Major-General A. A. Humphreys.....Commanding Corps
Brevet Major-General Nelson A. Miles,

Colonel George W. Scott.....Commanding First Division
 Captain W. A. F. Stockton,
 Commanding One Hundred and Fortieth Pa. Vols.

The most reliable estimate of the relative strength of the two armies, upon the resumption of active operations in the spring of 1865, is given by General Humphreys as follows:

Armies of the Potomac and of the James under General Grant, 101,000 infantry; 9,000 artillery, with 369 guns; cavalry, 14,700. Aggregate of all arms, 124,700. Army of Northern Virginia under General Lee, 46,000 infantry; 5,000 artillery; cavalry, 6,000. Aggregate of all arms, 57,000.*

With this notable disparity in numbers there seemed to be but little hope of success to the Confederate cause at the opening of this campaign, except when its defenders were sheltered behind formidable breastworks : and, with the certainty of being outreached and outflanked when the roads would admit of a general movement, this advantage could not be reckoned among the probabilities, when the clash of arms should again be resumed.

Weary of the long continued strife and bloodshed and of the failure of every effort to secure a lasting and honorable peace, the commander of the Union armies, with the pledged strength, sympathy and resources of the Nation behind him, was determined to avail himself of every legitimate advantage which would tend to bring the war to a speedy close. On the 24th of March he issued orders to his army commanders,

* Other estimates, based on more recent research, give the aggregate as near 65,000.

Meade, Ord and Sheridan, each of whom had a separate command, to be prepared for a general movement against the enemy on the 29th.

With the hope of thwarting this anticipated movement, or possibly of delaying it until he could withdraw successfully from Petersburg, General Lee ordered Gordon, one of the ablest and most daring of his generals to assault Fort Steadman, a noted stronghold of the Union line. After more than a week of planning and preparation this assault was delivered before daybreak on the morning of the 25th. The garrison, taken completely by surprise, made no effective resistance and the assailants, numbering more than 20,000 men, took possession of the fort and a considerable portion of the adjacent line of rifle pits.* It was a well-planned and admirably executed sortie, but it was a shortlived triumph for the reserve forces in the vicinity were quickly brought into action and, under the lead of General Hartranft recaptured the fort and its belongings, inflicting a heavy loss upon the enemy and taking about 2,000 prisoners. This disastrous assault, says General Walker, took nearly 4,000 men from Lee's weakened army, only making the fatal result more certain.

In his description of this assault General Gordon gives a fine illustration of the spirit of genuine chivalry and of good-natured regard which oftentimes characterized the dealings of the rank and file of both armies, in their relations to each other, when not engaged in actual strife.

After describing the manner in which the obstructions in his own front were removed to give rapid exit to his men, he says:

The noise made by this removal, though slight, attracted the attention of a Union picket who stood on guard only a few rods from me, and he called out:

*The statement is made on good authority that when Gordon's skirmishers silently stole through the darkness they were mistaken for an unusually large number of deserters, this being a favorite point for deserters to pass into the Union lines.

"What are you doing over there, Johnny? What is that noise? Answer quick or I'll shoot."

The pickets of the two armies were so close together at this point that there was an understanding between them, expressed or implied, that they would not shoot each other down except when necessary. The call of this Union picket filled me with apprehension. I expected him to fire and start the entire picket-line to firing, thus giving the alarm to the fort, the capture of which depended largely upon the secrecy of my movement. The quick mother-wit of the private soldier at my side came to my relief. In an instant he replied:

"Never mind, Yank. Lie down and go to sleep. We are just gathering a little corn. You know rations are mighty short over here."

There was a narrow strip of corn which the bullets had not shot away still standing between the lines. The Union pickets promptly answered: **"All right, Johnny; go ahead and get your corn. I'll not shoot at you while you are drawing your rations."**

While this fraternal dialogue was progressing between the two sentries, the last of the obstructions were removed, and I ordered the private to fire the signal for the assault. He pointed his rifle upward, with his finger on the trigger, but hesitated. His conscience seemed to get hold of him. He evidently felt that it was hardly fair to take advantage of the generosity and soldierly sympathy of his foe, who had so magnanimously assured him that he would not be shot while drawing his rations from the little field of corn. His hesitation surprised me, and I again ordered: **"Fire your gun, sir."** He at once called to his kind-hearted foe and said: **"Hello, Yank! Wake up we are going to shell the woods. Look out, we are coming."** And with this effort to satisfy his conscience and even up accounts with the Yankee picket, he fired the shot and rushed forward in the darkness."

It is not strange that the men of whom these private soldiers were the representatives, should cordially fraternize together, a few days later, when the long-continued strife should be over, or that they should continue to cherish this spirit of brotherhood and comradeship so long as life, and opportunity to greet each other should be given them.

This diversion on the part of the enemy did not materially change the prearranged plan of General Grant, for the army as a whole broke camp on the 29th, the day appointed: but it did make some change in the disposition of the troops on our part of the line, and brought on a series of sharp engagements which resulted in the breaking up of the Confederate line of works, from end to end, a few days later.

When the men of the One Hundred and Fortieth were rudely awakened from their slumbers at four o'clock on the morning of the 25th, by the crash of volleys of musketry and the roar of artillery, it seemed as if a great disaster was imminent. Staff officers and orderlies were hurrying back and forth with looks that betokened surprise and consternation, and everywhere the troops were massing in rear of the works or forming into line. The extent of the disaster was soon reported from division headquarters and we waited in our place for further developments. Soon the roar of battle was renewed on the right and the hearty cheers which came down the line from that quarter were the first intimations of the reversal of the disastrous assault of the early morning.

In order to test the strength of the enemy on the left of the line an advance was ordered along the entire front of the Sixth and Second Corps. This advance was stubbornly disputed, but at length the strongly intrenched picket line of the Confederates was taken and utilized as a line of defence.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the Confederates came out of their intrenchments and attempted to retake it, but were beaten back with heavy loss. After sunset another persistent assault was made by a heavily reinforced column. They came out in good order and, as the bugle sounded the charge, rushed forward yelling like demons, but were firmly met by the men of the First Division and repulsed.

In this series of engagements Captain John F. Wilson, of Company G, one of the bravest and most highly esteemed officers of the Regiment was mortally wounded.

James S. McGlumphey of the same company was also seriously wounded. Sergeant Graham, of Company K, was killed.

The following report of this day's conflict which has recently been found in the Rebellion Records, Series I. Vol. 51, page 300, seems to indicate that Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas B. Rogers who had been exchanged a short time previous, had returned to the front, and, reporting to his brigade commander assumed command of the Regiment. For some reason not explained, however, Captain Stockton appears as the commander of the Regiment in all subsequent reports after date of the 29th.

HEADQUARTERS ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

March 26, 1865.

Captain ———:

In compliance with orders this day received, I have the honor to make the following report of operations of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers during the engagement of yesterday. After arriving on the ground beyond our picket line, in obedience to orders of the Brigade Commander, I formed my command on the line of rifle pits that had been abandoned by the enemy's pickets, taking position between the Sixty-first New York, on the left, and the Twenty-sixth Michigan on the right. Several attacks of the enemy were repulsed: one between 3 and 4 and the other between 5 and 7 P. M. After dark I sent out videttes of my own Regiment, who remained on post until relieved by the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, under orders from the Brigade Commander.

I then deployed my Regiment so as to connect on the right with the Twenty-sixth Michigan, which had moved farther to the right, and remained in this position until we were ordered to fall in and march back to camp. The officers and men of the Regiment behaved well, as they always had done.

I regret to have to mention that Captain John F. Wilson was severely wounded in the action. He is a gallant, faithful and efficient officer, and his loss will be felt by the Regiment. One enlisted man was killed and three were wounded.

I have the honor to be very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) THOMAS B. ROGERS,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding,


One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Captain WILLIAM McCALLISTER,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

On the night of the 28th the Second Corps was relieved from duty in the intrenchments by two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps, and in the early morning of the 29th moved with the Fifth Corps, Sheridan's cavalry being in the advance, to its designated position, on the left as indicated by General Grant on the 24th.

This point was reached about 10 o'clock at night. There was a heavy rainfall during the night which continued with slight intervals of sunshine, all of the day following.

The object of the consolidation of two infantry corps and Sheridan's large command, at this place, was to strike a blow at some point on the South Side Railroad, the one line of communication which was still open toward the Southland and its resources. The objective most available was the convergence of five wagon roads, known as Five Forks. It was about five miles to the left of the Union line and in order to defend it against a force so formidable, Grant rightly judged that Lee would be compelled to extend his line to the breaking point.

This menace to his most exposed flank was too formidable also to be left to the men who were already defending it, and, at the risk of losing ground at other points, the Confederate commander hurried reinforcements thither from other parts of the line. The operations of the Union troops on the 30th were delayed somewhat by the rain, which continued to fall most of the day, flooding the low country on the line of march and rendering the roads impassable in places for trains of artillery. Some progress was made, however, by the troops, who plodded on through swamps and mud in the direction of the White Oak Road. In this advance, as usual, the One Hundred and Fortieth was on the skirmish line. At the close of the day the enemy was driven inside his intrenchments, along Hatcher's Run, but no attempt was made to assault this portion of the line. On the morning of the 31st the Confeder-



ates took the initiative. Massing a force of cavalry and infantry under General Pickett on their extreme right they attacked a portion of Sheridan's Corps, which had advanced the previous day from Dinwiddie Court House to Five Forks, driving them back after a desperate all-day conflict toward Dinwiddie. A second attack during the day was made upon Warren's Fifth Corps, which resulted in driving back two of his divisions for some distance, but, with the aid of Griffin's Division and the timely assistance given by two brigades of General Miles, a countercharge was made and the lost ground recovered. Meanwhile the brigade with which the One Hundred and Fortieth was connected assaulted the works in its immediate front but without success, as they were still strongly manned. In making this attempt the One Hundred and Fortieth charged across an open space, swept by the fire of the enemy, in which five enlisted men were wounded. The loss of the First Division of the Second Corps during the day were 45 killed; 245 wounded and 41 missing.

On the first day of April Sheridan's Corps, supported by the Fifth Corps, attacked the concentrated force of the enemy at Five Forks, and, after a hard fought battle, in which the Confederates fought with great gallantry, they were at length put to flight and utterly routed. This crushing blow to the right wing of Lee's army decided the fate of Petersburg and Richmond, and, as Mr. Nicolay puts it, "should have ended the war." The trophies for the victors were a number of guns and colors and the loss to the Confederates was a large number of men killed and wounded and over five thousand who were made prisoners. "The flying troops, says General Grant, "were pursued in different directions, the cavalry and Fifth Corps under Sheridan pursuing the larger body which moved northwest."

On the morning of this memorable day we were posted along the Boydtown Plank Road and distinctly heard the roar of Sheridan's guns, about five miles distant. At nightfall the Regiment moved forward to the White Oak Road. About 9 o'clock a demonstration was made in our front to test the

strength of the enemy and for some time thereafter a brisk fire of musketry was kept up.

During its continuance General Miles was ordered to move his Division to Five Forks, about five miles distant, and report to Sheridan. In order to conceal this movement from the enemy the camp fires were put out and the skirmish line, then actively engaged, was left in its place. Behind this line the Division moved silently until the White Oak Road was reached. It was then near midnight, and, without halt or interruption, the column pushed on until it reached its destination, about three o'clock in the morning. Here we rested for an hour or two and were then ordered to return by the way we came to our former position. This was to us a night of wonders and surprises. Its intense darkness had been lit up along a line of about thirty-five miles by almost continuous flashes from siege guns, mortars, musketry and field artillery. Knowing that the left wing of the Confederate army had been utterly crushed and that its defenders were fleeing in precipitous haste before the squadrons of Sheridan's host, these fiery portents in the sky gave assurance that the men of the Sixth and Ninth Corps were also doing their part in breaking up the line, which for so long had defended Petersburg and Richmond.

The order we had just received was in itself a surprise, and it meant another weary march of five miles, but the men were in fine spirits notwithstanding, and little regarded the length of the way or the weariness of the flesh, in their eager desire to have a part in the general breaking up.

When we arrived at the part of the line to which we had been ordered, it was announced that the Confederates were leaving their works. Without waiting for orders the men dashed forward at a double-quick and with a wild chorus of cheers entered and took possession. A few stragglers and some of the rearguard fell into our hands, but the main body retreated in the direction of Sutherland Station on the South Side Road. "Never shall I forget," says General Miles, "the exultation that thrilled my very soul as our troops swept over the line of fortifications soon after dawn on that memorable

day of April 2, 1865. It was then apparent to all that the supreme crisis of the Confederacy had been reached and that the hour of its downfall had arrived." In the midst of this excitement Sheridan appeared and again the whole line broke out into another chorus of hearty cheers. With a deprecating wave of his hand the General silenced this outcry and called out in ringing, far-reaching tones, "Save your wind, boys, you'll need it before the day's work is done."

Then, as the order was given to pursue the fleeing Confederates, every man in his place started eagerly forward. In a valuable letter written to his father a few days after these events took place, Captain Burns describes the first stage of the pursuit, as follows:

The column started off, every man for himself, at a dead run, hallooing, throwing their hats in the air, and before I was aware my company numbered just two men, the rest having gone on ahead. After awhile the column was reorganized and moved forward in proper style. When we had advanced a mile or more we caught up with the retreating rebels and pitched into them. The One Hundred and Fortieth was ordered out to support our skirmish line that was about to be drawn in. I was sent forward to the line with the left wing of the Regiment. I had to lead it over an open field exposed to a severe musketry fire. In doing this I had nine men wounded, not from Company A, however. Shortly after the remainder of the Regiment was brought out and the line ordered forward; so forward we went, and back went the rebels, first through an open field. Then came our chance, and we improved it. I have often seen them run, but never did I see them make the time in "two forty" so easy before. They threw away everything they had and lit out at full speed. We captured quite a squad of them and two pieces of artillery. At Sutherland Station we struck the South Side road. We were then relieved and went into camp three miles beyond, tired, weary, our Sabbath day's labor ended. I have often heard of such and such being a hard way of serving the Lord. That day I realized it. So closed the second of April.

The battle at Sutherland Station, which Captain Burns described from his standpoint, was one of the most stubbornly

contested engagements of the campaign. The Confederates held a strongly intrenched position and repulsed two direct assaults which were made upon it. It was at length carried by a well-executed flank movement with a loss to the enemy of two pieces of artillery, one battle flag and 600 prisoners. During this part of the pursuit the First Division was isolated from the rest of the corps. From the 3rd to the 5th inclusive the command marched with the corps toward Amelia Court House on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, where Lee's army was holding a fortified position until he could secure some much needed supplies. Early on the morning of the 6th we fell in with the rear guard of General Lee's army in the immediate vicinity of Amelia Springs, a celebrated Virginia watering place. Here the discovery was made that the Confederates, thwarted in their purpose to go south by way of Danville had turned westward, and were moving by way of the Deatonsville road toward Farmville on the Lynchburg Railroad. The direction of the column was changed at once and with a heavy force of skirmishers in front and flankers by the side of the road the Division started in pursuit of the fleeing enemy. Their rear guard, which was a heavy column of infantry and a battery or two of artillery was encumbered by a long wagon train and upon this the skirmishers and their supports pounced down several times during the day, causing great confusion and cutting off men, wagons and pieces of artillery, at several points on the way. Referring to this day's pursuit General Miles says in his official report:

The pursuit of the enemy was continued all that day, the troops moving in line of battle over all kinds of ground, preceded by a long and heavy skirmish line, the line being always on the right of the road. The skirmishers were almost constantly engaged with the rear guard of the enemy, but the great length of the line enabled us to expel them from all their positions by overlapping their flank. *At one position taken up they were successfully charged by the Twenty-sixth Michigan and the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who captured 100 prisoners.*

Whenever it appeared probable that the enemy might



check us the skirmish line was reinforced by a regiment habitually on the right. Proceeding in this manner, we advanced rapidly in line about sixteen miles, being often in sight of the wagon train of the enemy and capturing a great many prisoners. Upon arriving at the vicinity of Sailor's Creek, about sunset, the enemy were found strongly posted on a commanding ridge of ground, covering the creek and evidently determined to make a fight in order to gain time for the crossing of the train. I gave orders for the First Brigade (Colonel Scott) to take the position. The Brigade advanced splendidly, charged with a cheer, and drove the enemy in confusion into and across the creek, capturing two guns, four colors, his entire train of about 250 wagons, ambulances, etc., together with mules, horses and all appurtenances, and a large number of prisoners.

The Third Brigade followed closely on the right of the First, crossed the stream at once, drove the enemy from the other side and possessed themselves of the crest. The First Brigade then crossed and went into position on the other side also.

The Fourth and Second were moved down to the bank of the creek without crossing, and at 8 P. M. the command bivouacked.

The captures by the Division on this day were twelve battle flags, three guns, the enemy's train and several hundred prisoners.

Many of the captured wagons belonged to the headquarters of brigades and divisions, as well as of regiments and contained officers' equipments of all kinds, including a number of costly swords and other souvenirs which had been presented to their owners by cities and corporations. In other wagons were liberal supplies of office equipments and luxuries of various kinds belonging to the personal effects of officers of high grade, such as barrels of apple-jack, trunks and army chests well filled with toilet and fancy articles, heaps of crisp, new Confederate notes of denominations large and small, animal pets, etc. A litter of bright-eyed, rollicking puppies was rescued from one of the wagons, before the torch was applied, and fell to the lot of the Major-General commanding the Division, who frequently enjoyed their antics in front of his tent in the days of relaxation which followed the surrender of

General Lee's army. The day's loss to Lee at all points on this retreat was fully 8,000 men, including several of his general officers who were taken prisoners. Sheridan's hasty report of operations on his front ended with these words, "If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender." When Grant telegraphed this to Lincoln, he received the laconic reply, "Let the thing be pressed."

On the day following, April 7th, the pursuit was continued to High Bridge, where the Lynchburg railroad crosses the Appomattox. Here the Confederates made a stand with a strong force of their best available troops, but finally gave way and occupied another position behind a line of breastworks, near the intersection of the old Stage road and the Farmville plank road. The Twenty-sixth Michigan and the One Hundred and Fortieth being on the skirmish line were the first to draw the fire of the enemy in this position, and in this, their last battle, met with a repulse: and, for the time in which they were engaged, a very heavy loss. In comparing the accounts which describe this engagement it appears that the full strength of the Confederates was not known until the skirmishers in their impetuous charge had gone too far to recede with safety. The letter of Captain Burns, to which reference has been made, gives some interesting facts which throw light upon the somewhat confused accounts which have come down to us.

"The next day," he writes, "we found the enemy at Farmville about 3 P. M. The Regiment was again on the skirmish line with our twin Regiment, the Twenty-sixth Michigan. This day the enemy put their best troops in the rear and we thought we would drive them with our skirmish line, as usual, and so we pressed upon a whole division in rifle pits, went up within two rods of them and fought them with only one to ten. Whenever they showed a head it generally dropped. I knew that if we did not get reinforcements soon we would be compelled to fall back, for already our ammunition was getting scarce. Before our reinforcements came they threw a fresh brigade on our right flank and were closing in around us. I never regretted to leave a position so badly, for if we could drive them from it I thought we should rout

the whole army. On they came, the bugle in front sounding the charge, and over they came. Another moment and I could shake hands with them. To be captured while I had my limbs I could not think of. The treasonable colors were already floating up the bank behind us. There was then only a gap of some thirty rods open in our rear for retreat; but even this seemed sudden death or mortal wounds, for they were then only from two to three rods from us. Seeing our critical condition, I asked the Father of Mercies to preserve me and began to retrace my perilous steps. I had to go a hundred yards or more before I was loose from their flanks. As soon as I was nearly out of their grasp I stepped behind a small tree, six or eight inches in diameter, to watch the progress of the battle, which a moment before was a one-sided affair, but now began to reveal a brighter side, for reinforcements were rapidly advancing. I was there only a moment, but three balls struck the tree below my head, while hundreds were singing through the boughs. It was in this battle that Samuel Clutter, John A. Rush and Henry Roope were captured."

Lieutenant William J. Cunningham, of Company C, and three enlisted men of the Regiment were killed in this engagement.

It fell to the lot of these brave men, who had seen so much hardship and escaped so many perils in the past, to yield up their lives in the service of their country in the last battle of the great war. They died just before the morning of a new era of peace and prosperity came: and the news of the surrender of the Confederate army reached the ears of their loved ones in Western Pennsylvania, it is said, before the sad tidings of their untimely death.

On the 8th of April, the troops in the advance did not meet with any opposition, the enemy having abandoned their works during the night. Stragglers and discouraged, worn-out men were picked up all day, and, as before, we were directly behind the rear guard of the retreating army. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon a halt was ordered for "rest and coffee." In his official report General Miles says that the negotiations of this day, by flag of truce, looking to the surrender of the Confederate army, were carried on through the skirmish

line of his Division, and this accords with Captain Stockton's report that it was renewed through the line of the One Hundred and Fortieth. In the evening we heard at a distance the sound of Sheridan's guns which meant, although we knew it not certainly then, that this indomitable leader, with the Twenty-fourth Corps added to his command, had already established himself directly across the path of General Lee's army. At 9 A. M. we again moved forward about five miles and bivouacked.

The next morning, the ever memorable *9th of April*, the march was resumed at 6 o'clock, the First Division leading as it had done during the last eight days.* The One Hundred and Fortieth was also in the advance once more on the skirmish line and frequently picked up or passed over squads of sleeping Confederates, who had fallen out, and, by so doing, anticipated the general surrender by a few hours.

The breath of spring was in the air as we marched along, without strife or opposition, that beautiful Sabbath morning, and our route led through a fertile region which as yet had not been despoiled by the ravages of war. The spring flowers were abloom by the roadside, the birds were singing in the groves, the buds of the trees were bursting out into pale green leaves and the air was fresh and balmy. After a march of about six miles a flag of truce was received from the side of the enemy, and the whole command was halted. The story of the pursuit which has thus been sketched in outline would not be complete or satisfactory to the men who participated in it, without the official report which we herewith append, of the last commanding officer of the Regiment, Captain W. A. F. Stockton, who received the Brevet of Major for meritorious service, to date from the day of Lee's surrender.

HEADQUARTERS ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

April 16, 1865.

Captain ———:

In compliance with orders of this date, I have the honor

*Serving the Republic, page 90.

to submit the following report of operations of this Regiment during the campaign just ended:

Having received orders, this Regiment broke camp on the morning of the 29th ult., and marched with the Division beyond Hatcher's Run. Here we were deployed as skirmishers, and advanced about two miles, took up a position and remained on outpost duty during the night.

On the morning of the 30th the lines were advanced and we engaged the enemy, driving them into their works beyond the Boydtown Plank Road and cutting the telegraph communications at this point running south.

Early in the morning of the 31st the Regiment marched with the Brigade and formed a connection with the Fifth Corps. At this locality we marched by flank until we met the enemy's skirmishers near the Boydtown Plank Road. A charge was made by three Regiments of this Brigade, of which the One Hundred and Fortieth was one, and the enemy was forced from his alignment in our front. We captured nine prisoners.

On the first day of April twenty-five picked men, under Captains Ray and Burns from this Regiment, in pursuance of instructions from Brevet Major-General Miles, were sent to ascertain the exact locality of Gregg's cavalry, with a view to effecting a junction with that division. This was successfully accomplished and a report was forwarded to the General commanding the Division.

On the morning of the second of April we marched through the enemy's works, and were immediately sent to the front in support of the skirmish line commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Glenny, of the Sixty-fourth New York Volunteers. An advance was ordered, and the men charged the works of the enemy protecting the South Side Railroad, driving them beyond the road one mile and capturing eighteen prisoners. The loss of the command in this engagement was seven wounded, two of this number being regarded as fatally injured.

The third, fourth and fifth days of April were occupied in marching on the Namozine Road in pursuit of the enemy. We advanced in line of battle on the 6th inst. and drove the enemy from their entrenched position, with the loss of 175 prisoners, inclusive of five officers. During the whole day the enemy were forced back and pursued with great energy, which terminated in the capture of the greater part of their wagon train and a number of pieces of artillery. The right

wing of this Regiment was the first of the troops that advanced to and beyond the train.

A strong skirmish line was posted beyond the creek and remained until the Fourth Brigade came up, which was advancing on the right of the Division. The casualties of the day's engagement in this Regiment were one commissioned officer killed and three enlisted men wounded.

The seventh of April we marched toward Lynchburg and were deployed as skirmishers at or near Farmville. The enemy under Mahone, being entrenched in a strong position, the skirmishers, consisting of the Twenty-sixth Michigan and the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, were checked by a strong line of battle located behind the works. The casualties of the Regiment in this engagement were 1 commissioned officer killed, 3 enlisted men killed, 1 officer and 26 men taken prisoners.

Our march toward Lynchburg on the 8th was uninterrupted and we continued the pursuit of the enemy until 12 o'clock at night. On the morning of the 9th—it was the Sabbath—we were placed in the advance, and through the skirmish line of the Regiment the flag of truce was entertained which resulted in a conference terminating in the surrender of the Confederate forces under the command of General Lee.

I am very respectfully,

W. A. STOCKTON,
Captain Commanding Regiment.

Captain McCALLISTER,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

The number of men reported as present for duty in the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment at the opening of the campaign, March 25th, was 236. The official report of casualties from this date until the surrender of General Lee was given as follows:

		ENLISTED	
	OFFICERS	MEN	AGGREGATE
Killed	2	2	4
Wounded	2	21	23
Captured or missing		24	24
			—
Total			51

When the skirmishers of the Division were halted by the flag of truce which met them on the morning of the 9th of April, they were within easy stone throw of the rear guard of the Confederate army.* The troops which had been marching in column behind them were massed in close order as they came up and in this position anxiously awaited the result of the conference, which we all knew was being held between the leaders of the two armies. In general a spirit of hopefulness prevailed, but no one was over sanguine as to immediate results.

Slowly the hours wore away. Noon came. Then in succession the afternoon hours were told off. At two o'clock the limit of the armistice was reached and we looked to an officer of the staff to give the familiar order "fall in." A messenger did come, but it was to announce that the time limit had been extended. About four o'clock when many were drowsing or fast asleep on the ground a full chested ringing chorus of cheers was heard at the front and was taken up by tens of thousands of men from regiment to regiment down the line. Instantly every man was on his feet and the announcement "Lee has surrendered!" "Lee has surrendered!" which followed, as fleet horsemen carried the tidings from corps to corps, was hailed with the supremest joy and wildest enthusiasm. Every man after his own fashion gave vent to his pent up feelings.

As General Miles has happily phrased it:

All the bands immediately struck up the national airs, such as "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," etc. The black-mouthed cannon, that for four years had been accustomed to discharge their iron hail against the lives of Americans, thundered the voice of peace, and the

*After alluding to the fact that the One Hundred and Fortieth had the honor of being in the foremost rank on the day of Lee's surrender, Captain Burns adds that he stood at the gate of the McLean house, on the skirmish line, when General Lee with bowed head passed out of it.

hills and valleys re-echoed the welcome sound. The air was filled with hats, canteens, haversacks and everything that could be displayed as an expression of great rejoicing. The grim warriors embraced each other and rolled over on the turf with tears of joy coursing down their bronzed faces. With every manifestation of unspeakable delight we then realized that there was no longer an army to conquer—that the nation was reunited in the strongest bonds of brotherhood; that our country was now without a slave and without an enemy; that the great cause for which we had given the best years of our lives and hundreds of thousands of our comrades, the flower of American manhood, had at last triumphed, and that the nation, by heroism and sacrifice, was stronger, freer and purer than ever before.

There lies before the writer, as he pens the closing words of this chapter, a letter, brown with age, but still distinctly legible, which has this heading, Appomattox Court House, April 9th, 1865. It was once held before tear-dimmed eyes with a trembling, but long since vanished hand. A few lines from it may not be inappropriate here for the reason that it gives impressions which could only be made or described in language born of the occasion.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I am almost too much excited to write. You will know the reason why long before you receive this. Lee has surrendered with his whole army, and from this day the war is virtually over. Thank God we have been permitted to see this glorious day. Johnston's army will certainly surrender and then, dear Mother, we will all return home again to enjoy the blessings of that *honorable* peace for which we have striven so long. The men of Lee's army have torn down their works, stacked their arms and are now encamped quietly alongside of us as though they formed part of our army. As soon as the arrangements for the surrender were made officers and messengers bore the news to the troops and, oh, what a scene! All the pent up emotions of our hearts burst forth in a mighty shout, like the shout of battle, while the bands struck up our national airs and the artillery broke forth in salutes. How the hats of the boys flew skyward in the air and the hills fairly shook with the cheers of the massed thousands, when General Meade, with uncovered



head and beaming face, rode down the lines with the glorious news. We have orders to remain here, close in camp, until it is settled what will be done. Good night, my dear Mother, and look for our return "when Johnnie comes marching home."

What this announcement meant to the brave hearts at home, the mothers, wives and sweethearts, who had waited so long in tears and anxiety, who were oftentimes on their knees at night while we were soundly sleeping, cannot be realized by those who have been born since the war, nor can it ever be fittingly or adequately expressed by those who would describe it.

To North and South alike this issue of the great conflict has brought blessings incalculable—a reunited country—a flag with all its stars and many more which have since been added, floating from ocean to ocean, prosperity beyond the wildest dreams of the men of the sixties, and now, thank God, the day which Abraham Lincoln anticipated and longed for, has come. *We are not enemies, but friends*; the passion which strained has not broken the bonds of affection; the mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, touched by the better angels of our nature, have *joined to swell the chorus of the Union*.

"Now years have flown, and Peace has come;
No longer hostile banners wave;
Yet hearts must turn to dust again,
Ere we forget our fallen brave.
And time has touched the grieving soul,
Who mourned the ones that then had bled:
And North and South hold kindred ties,
The Nation, and the Nation's dead."*

"Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs,
A mighty Mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!"

—WILL H. THOMPSON.

*Memorial Day Poem, Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOMEWARD MARCH AND MUSTER OUT.

"Thank God! the bloody days are past
 Our patient hopes are crowned at last;
 And sounds of bugle, drum and fife
 But lead our heroes home from strife!

"Thank God! there beams o'er land and sea
 Our blazing Star of Victory;
 And everywhere, from main to main,
 The old flag flies and rules again!

"Thank God! we see on every hand,
 Breast-high the ripening grain-crops stand;
 The orchards bend, the herds increase;
 But oh, thank God—thank God for peace."

BEFORE General Grant left the McLean House, where the preliminaries of the surrender were settled, he made arrangements for the immediate issue of rations from his own stores for the supply of the hungry soldiers of the Confederate army. For a week or more they had been cut off from their wagon trains and every base of supplies; and, with no time on their hands to forage from the country, were all in a condition to appreciate the considerate kindness of the Victor to whom they had so reluctantly yielded. With like consideration and in the same spirit of kindness the Union soldiers generously shared the contents of their haversacks with the Johnnies, who had the privilege of strolling into our camps, and were received as cordially as though they had been old-time comrades. Over steaming pots of coffee, the aroma of which was very grateful to our well-nigh famished guests, the boys in blue and in gray chatted familiarly, cracking merry jests and "happy in the thought that henceforth and forevermore they should remain brothers against all the world."

On the 11th of April, two days after the terms of surrender had been arranged, the second Corps began the first stage of its homeward march, and on the 13th reached Burksville, where the remainder of the month was spent in camp. While the war was virtually over, after the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, it was deemed necessary to hold the Army of the Potomac at this strategic point until the anticipated submission of Johnston's Army should be an accomplished fact.

The One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, with the other regiments of the First Brigade, remained at Appomattox, on guard duty, until all the details for the surrender were completed.

The actual surrender of the remnant of Lee's army was as quiet and informal as it could be made consistently with the terms agreed upon. As a matter of fact so little stress was laid upon the formalities of delivering up arms and accoutrements that the larger number of the Confederate troops who were in battle line on the 9th of April were not present on the 12th, the day appointed for this formal delivery. The honor of receiving this surrender was delegated to a single Division of the Fifth Corps (Bartlett's). As the remnants of the Confederate divisions reached the designated spot, military salutations were exchanged and under the direction of their own officers the men stacked their arms, laid down their accoutrements and colors, and then, quietly forming in column again for the last time, marched off to be disbanded as paroled prisoners. "The kindness of the Government," says Benson Lossing, "followed the offending ones, even to their homes, transportation and food for their journey being afforded to large numbers of them." Much has been made of the admitted fact that something less than 8,000 men actually laid down their arms on the day and at the place appointed for this purpose. One reason for this has been already given. The historian of one of the regiments appointed to take charge of the surrendered stores and munitions of war—the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers—says, "In the woods where the rebel army had encamped, muskets were

scattered upon the ground in every direction. We found where whole battalions had stacked their arms and left for home, taking no part in the surrender, not even signing their parole. There is no doubt that many thousands went away in this manner, which if added to those who marched in and stacked their arms would have swelled Lee's army to over 50,000 men, who surrendered on the 9th of April." The estimate of this writer is undoubtedly too large. General Grant in his Memoirs says:

As a matter of official record, and in addition to the number paroled (28,356), we captured, between March 29th and the date of surrender, 19,132 Confederates, to say nothing of Lee's other losses, killed, wounded and missing, during the series of desperate conflicts which marked his headlong and determined flight. The same record shows the number of cannon, including those at Appomattox, to have been 689 between the dates named.

Adding the paroled men to list of captured prisoners we have a total of 47,488 who must have been present for duty at the beginning of the campaign, a total to which if we add 2,000 cavalymen under Fitzhugh Lee who escaped before the surrender; and the heavy losses in killed, wounded and missing until the day of the surrender, the aggregate could scarcely be less at that time than sixty or sixty-five thousand. Or as another reliable writer has put it:

If we add to the list of paroles signed the captures at Five Forks, Petersburg and Sailor's Creek, the thousands who deserted the failing cause at every by-road leading to their homes, and filled every wood and thicket between Richmond and Lynchburg, we can see how considerable an army Lee commanded when Grant "started out gunning." Yet every Confederate writer, speaker and signer who refers to the surrender says, and will say forever, that Lee surrendered only seven thousand muskets.†

*History of One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, page 596.

†Life of Abraham Lincoln, by Nicolay and Hay, page 197.

In the advance to Appomattox the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment was foremost, as we have seen, on the skirmish line. On the 13th of April it was withdrawn from the picket line at the front, a position which it occupied for the last time that day, to commence the homeward march by way of Burksville Junction.

The Regiment was charged with the duty of guarding the captured trains and batteries of artillery to this place, where they were afterward shipped to the officials of the War Department. From the cannon, thus for a time in its care, were made the bronze buttons which for several decades have been worn by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

On the 15th of April, Colonel Fraser returned from his long period of captivity and, with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General,—a well deserved honor,—was assigned to the command of the First Brigade.

On the same day the news was received that Abraham Lincoln, the great-hearted ruler of the nation and the revered and beloved commander of its army and navy, had been cruelly and cowardly assassinated. This announcement was received with mingled feelings of grief, horror and indignation. Sorrow and gloom overswept the encampments where glad and grateful hearts had been exulting in the joy of victory. As General Meade happily phrased it in his official order announcing the President's death:

Abraham Lincoln, by the active interest he ever took in the welfare of this Army and by his presence in frequent visits especially during the recent operations, had particularly endeared himself to both officers and soldiers, all of whom regarded him as a generous friend.

On the 28th of April word was received of the surrender of General Johnston on the terms which had been granted to General Lee. This news was hailed with delight and at once settled the question as to the direction we were to go from the important railroad junction, about which the whole army had been waiting, in anxious solicitude, for further orders.

On the 5th of May we broke camp and to the great joy of every man in the column took the road which led toward Richmond.

At one of the cross roads not far from Burksville an immense concourse of recently freed slaves, from the adjacent plantations had assembled to see the great army go by, and to express their gratitude to the men who had delivered them from the bonds of servitude.

In this motley gathering gray and grizzled men and women led in a demonstration of thanksgiving and joy, which found its natural expression in the language of sacred song, reminding those who heard it of the song of the deliverance which Miriam led, long ages ago, with timbrel in hand, by the border of the Red sea. In this care-free host there was an odd mixture of tattered and strangely assorted garments. While the garb of the men was notable principally for its misfits and patches of various shapes and shades, that of the women was conspicuous for its gay colors, the crowning feature of which was a bandana kerchief of pronounced color worn on the head as a turban, or folded across the breast. It is a noteworthy fact that the burden of all the plantation songs of that day was deliverance from bondage. They were not born of the occasion, but were composed in anticipation of an exodus like that which took place, long ago, from the land of Egypt, under the leadership of Moses.

In this wayside concert the singers gave expression, therefore, in words made ready to hand, to the *realization* of long cherished hopes and expectations. Following their leaders, who voiced the sentiment of the song, they all joined in the refrain to each successive verse, keeping time with hands and feet and swaying bodies in perfect unison and hearty abandon. We heard the wild, weird strains of some of these long drawn-out choruses before the singers had come into view, and after we had passed over a hill which hid them from our sight, we could still hear, in lessening volume "another of the same" from a repertoire which seemed to be inexhaustible.

For spontaneity, heartiness and evident sincerity, this was

the greatest ovation which the Army of the Potomac received on its victorious, homeward march.

On the 5th of May we reached Manchester, on the James River, and made special preparation for a rigid inspection of arms, accoutrements and clothing, with a view to presenting a creditable and soldierly appearance on the march through the city of Richmond. On the morning of the next day the Army of the Potomac entered the fallen Capital of the Confederate government with flying colors and bands of music at the head of each Brigade or Division. A large part of the city was then a blackened waste, it having been fired by the Confederates themselves, in order to destroy the valuable stores of tobacco which had been garnered within its limits.

The streets were lined with spectators as the men in blue passed silently, in long succession, by; and never, perhaps, did the Army of the Potomac march with a steadier swing or present a finer appearance than on that memorable day. Among the many thousands who witnessed this triumphal entry, a large number, at least, were openly friendly and many were glad beyond expression to be freed from the limitations and harsh restrictions and perils which four years of war, with its attendant waste and destruction, had brought upon them.

There was one exception to the quiet and orderly march of the troops through Richmond. As the head of the column in advance passed Libby Prison, a low chorus of groans gave evidence of its unpopularity as a boarding place for Union prisoners; and, as each successive column passed by, these marks of disapproval became more emphatic and distinct.


From Richmond the steady tramp was continued on the direct routes toward Washington at a pace of twenty-six to twenty-eight miles per day. The bands were consolidated at the heads of the Brigades, and at the edge of all the important towns on our route the flags were unfurled and with stirring music such as "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," we passed through the streets, which were thronged with interested spectators. In several places we received a welcome as cordial as if we had been passing through a Northern city.

On the crest of Marye's Heights we halted for a brief rest and a look over one of the bloodiest battlefields of the war, before we passed through the City of Fredericksburg. Here we were on familiar ground. Upon the swaying pontoons, so suggestive of other marches from side to side, we crossed the Rappahannock for the last time.

Soon after we had left the city, a beautiful young woman, with pale set face, dishevelled hair and an agonized expression, ran swiftly past us, alongside the moving column, in pursuit, as we afterward learned, of the Provost Guard of one of the Divisions. Two years before, her husband, then a Union soldier, had deserted while on picket duty by the river-side, and finding Fredericksburg a pleasant place to stay, decided to make it his home. Having won the affections of the lady, whose sudden appearance and evident distress had appealed so strongly to our sympathies, he married her. Presumably all went well with this faithless servant of the country and deserter from its flag, until, as the army passed through, he was recognized among the spectators who lined the streets, was promptly arrested and hurried off under the charge of the Provost Guard. How this romantic episode ended we know not. It is not at all likely that the Government would relinquish its prior claim in favor of the young wife who sought so earnestly to get him back, but we hope for her sake that it did deal leniently with the transgressor and that this romance, which ended so abruptly for us, turned out happily for her, in the end.

One beautiful afternoon, about the middle of May, as we were toiling slowly up a steep grade, near Bailey's Cross Roads, the sound of vigorous, hearty cheering was heard at the head of the column far in advance of our place in the line.

Instantly every man was on the alert and as the oft-repeated chorus of cheers became more distinct and the contagion of some great excitement swept down from regiment to regiment, we all knew, without the telling, that the *end of the last day's march* was just at hand. As we approached the crest of the hill a picture of marvellous beauty opened up before us. In the foreground was the rich, green valley of the



Potomac—a striking contrast to the desolate war-swept wastes of Virginia, through which we had been marching—and beyond the beautiful river was the fair city of Washington, with the flag of Washington floating above the graceful dome of its Capitol. How beautiful it looked in the softened light of that afternoon sun. As we gazed upon this landscape vision through tear-dimmed eyes, it seemed the very embodiment of the fulfilment of our dreams of home, of peace and of plenty.

On the 23rd of May the Regiment participated in the Grand Review of the Army of the Potomac. The compact columns which swept Pennsylvania Avenue from curb to curb, for full six hours of steady marching, passed the reviewing stand and the distinguished officers who had led them, for the last time.

How glorious was that crowning day—
 The last review at Washington.
 More proudly in that grand review
 They wore those faded coats of blue
 Than when those uniforms were new
 And first admired by loving eyes.
 More proudly flung on freedom's air,
 Those smoked and riddled banners there,
 Than when their silken colors fair
 First floated under Northern skies.

To Francis A. Walker, the gifted historian of the Second Army Corps, we are indebted for the graphic description which follows, of this notable command, and especially of the famous First Division, as it passed in final review on that memorable day.

* * * * *

It is now four full hours since the giant column began to move, and every eye is strained and weary from watching the quickly receding divisions and brigades. But of all who gaze from sidewalk or balcony, window or housetop, no one leaves his post, for a corps not less renowned than any which had fought out that bloody strife to a triumphant issue, advances to salute the chief under whom it has conquered. At its head, on a snow-white horse, followed by a score of

officers similarly mounted, rides that heroic and thrice accomplished soldier and scholar, Andrew A. Humphreys.

His serene and noble face is lighted by the joy of triumph and the pride he feels in the troops which follow him; the corps of Sumner, Couch and Hancock; that corps which, in fair fight with Lee's great army, had taken forty-four Confederate flags, ere first it lost a color of its own; which had left more than forty thousand of its numbers, killed or wounded, on the battlefields of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania; the corps which crossed the Chickahominy to the rescue of the beaten, left at Fair Oaks, which delivered the great assault on Marye's Heights, on which fell Longstreet's attack at Gettysburg, which stormed the Salient at Spottsylvania, on the 12th of May, 1864, and at Farmside on the 7th of April, 1865, fought the last infantry battle of the war.

Out of the hundred regiments sustaining the largest losses in all the armies of the United States, east or west, thirty-five have served under this corps' banner; some of these, long since wasted to skeletons, have been sent away from the front, but there still remain enough to witness to these years of desperate battle. Here is the First Maine Heavy Artillery, which leads the roll of regiments suffering the greatest absolute loss in a single battle, six hundred and thirty-two of its officers and men having fallen in its desperate charge of the 18th of June at Petersburg, of whom two hundred and ten were killed or mortally wounded. Just one month before, at Spottsylvania, it had lost in a brief action one hundred and forty-seven killed or mortally wounded. Its aggregate for the war is four hundred and twenty-three, or nineteen per cent. of its total enrollment. Here, too, is the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment, gallant Cross's gallant men, which leads the roll of all the infantry regiments of the army in the total number of its fatal casualties, two hundred and ninety-five men having been killed or mortally wounded in its ranks. There marches the First Minnesota, the regiment suffering the largest proportional casualties in a single action, having lost two hundred and twenty-four men, killed or wounded, out of two hundred and sixty-two it took into action at Gettysburg, or eighty-three out of every one hundred.

Here, too, are such renowned regiments as the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Maine; the First Regiment of Heavy Artillery from Massachusetts, and the Eleventh, Nineteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-eighth Regiments of infantry; the

Eighth Regiment of Heavy Artillery from New York, and its Fortieth, Fifty-second, Fifty-ninth, Sixty-first, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-ninth, Seventy-third, Eighty-sixth, Eighty-eighth, Ninety-third, One Hundred and Eleventh, One Hundred and Twentieth, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth and One Hundred and Seventieth Regiments of Infantry; the Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh and Twelfth New Jersey; the Fifty-third, Fifty-seventh, Sixty-ninth, Eighty-first, One Hundred and Sixteenth, *One Hundred and Fortieth*, One Hundred and Forty-fifth and One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania; the First Delaware, Tom Smythe's old regiment; the Seventh West Virginia; Meikel's Twentieth Indiana; the Fifth and Seventh Michigan; Frank Haskell's Thirty-sixth Wisconsin.

Such are some of the regiments which compose the column of the Second Corps in the Grand Review. *Its First Division* is to-day commanded by Gen. John Ramsay.* Here is all that is left of the old division of Sumner, Richardson and Hancock, including the once famous brigades of Brooke, Caldwell, Zook and Meagher, together with the survivors of Alexander Hay's brigade, which came up at Gettysburg and helped to hold Cemetery Ridge against Pickett's men. *This is the division which lost in the war two thousand two hundred and thirty-seven men killed outright, and eleven thousand seven hundred and twenty-four men wounded in battle.* These are the men of the Sunday morning at Fair Oaks, of the Sunken Road at Antietam, of the Stone Wall, at Fredericksburg, of the Wheatfield, at Gettysburg, of the Salient, at Spottsylvania, of the closing fight at Farmville.

The Division which is thus singled out for special mention, because of its extraordinary losses and achievements, was the largest in the army. With this notable command, the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment had the honor of serving during the entire period of its connection with the Army of the Potomac. And it is with honest pride we record the fact that it was one of the regiments which did the most, in a quiet and

* General Miles was transferred to another department a short time before the Grand Review in Washington City.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH REGIMENT

unostentatious way, to make and sustain the reputation of the Division.

The three great Commanders who led it, in succession—Hancock, Barlow and Miles—gave to the One Hundred and Fortieth, on many occasions, the foremost position of honor, responsibility and danger at the front and were never disappointed in the conduct of its officers or men. Its sadly depleted ranks were not filled up, as was the case, in many regiments of the same command, with drafted men, but it maintained its identity, homogeneity and high standing to the end. It was sometimes ordered into positions which could not be held; it was forced back once and again from hotly contested ground by flanking movements or the failure of other commands to reach assigned positions, but it was never stampeded, nor thrown into hopeless confusion, and never left the field without orders, or without its colors. At Gettysburg its battle flag was stricken down and its defenders barely escaped capture. At Spottsylvania, three of its color guard fell with it in quick succession and the fourth snatched it up, carried it proudly onward to the ramparts, and in every engagement following until its tattered remnants, blood-stained and battle scarred, waved over the skirmish line of the farthest advance of the Union lines at Appomattox.

The indomitable courage of the men who followed this flag through seventeen bloody engagements is evidenced by the fact that its average percentage in killed and mortally wounded, exceeded that of any other regiment which went out from the State of Pennsylvania. It stands *fourth* in that “splendid ‘sifted’ list of twenty-three regiments which gave fifteen per cent. and upwards of their blood for the flag,” as given in the fully accredited, invaluable history of the regimental losses of the Civil War, by Colonel William F. Fox.

After referring to the fact that the average losses, as above indicated for the whole army, was *five per cent.*, ranging from nothing to twenty, he says:

This increased percentage fell heavily on the Army of the Potomac, and on certain Divisions in that army. But



the hardest fighting and greatest loss of life occurred in the *First Division of the Second Corps*—Hancock's old Division—in which more men were killed and wounded than in any other Division in the Union Army, East or West. This Division was the one which Richardson, its first Commander led on the Peninsula, and at whose head he fell at Antietam, the one which, under Hancock, made the bloody assault on Marye's Heights (Fredericksburg, Va.); which under Caldwell, fought so well in the Gettysburg wheatfield; which, under Barlow, surged over the enemy's works at Spottsylvania, and which, under Miles, was in at the death in 1865. Within its ranks were the Irish Brigade and *crack Regiments like the Fifth New Hampshire, the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, and the Sixty-fourth New York.*

Over 14,000 men were killed or wounded in this Division during the war, yet it never numbered 8,000 muskets, and often could muster only half of that.

In the *Century Magazine* of May, 1888, page 96-97, Colonel Fox gives, as in his previous lists, the first place to the Second Wisconsin Infantry, it having lost the most men in proportion to its numbers, of any regiment in the whole Union Army. Leaving out of consideration the heavy artillery regiments, which properly belong to another class, he mentions the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts Volunteers as the next higher in its list of losses, the percentage being 19.1. This case, he adds, cannot well be classed with the others, because the Fifty-seventh went into action within a few days after leaving Boston, going into the thick of the fight in the Wilderness with full ranks, while most regiments went into their first fight with ranks depleted by eight months' previous campaigning. In this classification, Colonel Fox virtually gives the *second place* in the list of losses among the seasoned veteran regiments to the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania.

This interesting statement we give, as he has published it, in full:

The next largest percentage of killed (after the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts) is found in the One Hundred and

Fortieth Pennsylvania Infantry, whose muster-out rolls tell the following story; and as in the instances previously cited, the names of each one of the dead could be given, were it necessary, in verification of the loss.

One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Infantry,
Caldwell's Division, Second Corps.

(1) Colonel Richard P. Roberts (killed).

(2) Colonel John Fraser, Brevet Brigadier-General.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	En. Men.	Total.
Killed, or died of wounds	10	188	198
Died of disease, accidents, etc.....	1	127	128
1,132 enrolled; 198 killed = 17.4 per cent.			

Battles.	Killed.
Chancellorsville, Va.	15
Gettysburg, Pa.	61
Bristoe Station, Va.	1
Mine Run, Va.	1
Wilderness, Va.	8
Corbin's Bridge, Va.	4
Po River, Va.	3
Spottsylvania, Va.	52
North Anna, Va.	3
Totopotomy, Va.	11
Cold Harbor, Va.	7
Petersburg, Va.	14
Deep Bottom, Va.	5
Ream's Station, Va.	1
Hatcher's Run, Va.	4
Sailor's Creek, Va.	1
Farmville, Va.	5

Total of killed and wounded 732

Total of killed and died of wounds 198

Died of disease in Confederate prisons, 28 (included).

With this record behind it, which will bear the most careful scrutiny, the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was mustered out of the service of the United States at Alexandria, Virginia, on the 31st day of May, 1865.

When the Regiment was organized it numbered 1,015,

officers and men, but afterward the number enrolled was increased by enlistment to a total of 1,132.

The actual number present with the Regiment and mustered out on the date above indicated, was 293. Of the survivors, many had been already discharged because of wounds or disability, while others were still in the hospitals, on detached duty or had been assigned to other commands or branches of the service. It was a pitiful remnant of the Regiment which, with full ranks and complete appointments, was chaffed by the veterans of the Potomac Army as a brigade of "newcomes" in the beginning of the winter of 1862.

The following statement from the Auditor for the War Department gives the number of officers and enlisted men who were present and paid with their commands on muster-out.

<i>Field and Staff:</i> Colonel, Major, Adjutant, Quartermaster, Surgeon, Assistant Surgeon, Chaplain.....	7
Sergeant Major, Commissary Sergeant, Hospital Steward, 2 Principal Musicians	5
Company A: Captain, First Lieutenant, First Sergeant, 1 Sergeant, 6 Corporals, 2 Musicians, 22 Privates...	34
Company B: Captain, First Lieutenant, 4 Sergeants, 5 Corporals, 1 Musician, 9 Privates	21
Company C: Captain, First Sergeant, 4 Sergeants, 6 Corporals, 1 Musician, 1 Wagoner, 15 Privates....	29
Company D: First Lieutenant, First Sergeant, 2 Sergeants, 2 Corporals, 1 Musician, 10 Privates.....	17
Company E: Captain, Second Lieutenant, First Sergeant, 3 Sergeants, 2 Corporals, 1 Musician, 13 Privates	22
Company F: Second Lieutenant, First Sergeant, 6 Corporals, 1 Musician, 1 Wagoner, 21 Privates	31
Company G. Second Lieutenant (Captain?) First Sergeant, 4 Sergeants, 6 Corporals, 1 Wagoner, 15 Privates	28
Company H: First Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant, First Sergeant, 3 Sergeants, 7 Corporals, 1 Musician, 1 Wagoner, 15 Privates	30
Company I: Captain, First Lieutenant, 4 Sergeants, 6 Corporals, 2 Musicians, 17 Privates	31
Company K: Captain, First Lieutenant, First Sergeant, 3 Sergeants, 6 Corporals, 1 Musician, 25 Privates...	38
Total	293

The "muster out" of the Regiment ended our relation to that Army and the order was issued at once to report to the officials of the military camp at Pittsburg, Pa., for payment and disbandment.

Never was an order to "fall in" obeyed with more alacrity and enthusiastic responsiveness. It was about an hour after the turn of the night when we crossed the Long Bridge and entered the city of Washington. As we passed through the streets the Regimental band struck up one of its liveliest airs and the men who had just received a ration of candles for camp use, quickly fell in with the suggestion that an illumination would be in order. This was improvised by fitting the candles into the muzzles of the Springfield rifles—for the officers entered into the spirit of the suggestion as well as the men—and lighting them all along the line. Then came the orders "right shoulder shift," "open order, march!" As we tramped along, windows and doors were thrown open, handkerchiefs were waved and many a cheering word was given to the boys who, as they all knew, were going home. In one of the newer sections of the city where the streets had recently been paved with asphalt, we halted, took possession of an unoccupied portion and bivouacked for the rest of the night. Our first bivouac, after leaving Washington for the front in 1862, was in a muddy cornfield within sight of the dome of the Capitol; our last was in the street where we spread our blankets and rested without challenge or disturbance. The next morning we were entrained, in *passenger cars*—for Baltimore, where we found transportation, over the road we had guarded at the outset of our military career, to Harrisburg; and thence, without hindrance or delay, over the mountains to the camp designated for our reception in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. Here, amid restrictions, more irksome than we had been subjected to while at the front, we remained until all the official requirements had been met and satisfied. Then at midnight, on the 5th of June, we were discharged from military obligations and free to go where we listed. It need hardly be said that *we went*; nor did we stand on the order of our going. Our first thought was the securing of

freedom of action outside the limits of the camp. When beyond the possibility of restraint from sentinel or camp guard, each company went on its way to meet the friends and relatives who were impatiently waiting to welcome them.

Thus, without parade or show, or word of appreciation from the outside world, a noble Regiment melted away; and

Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many

went back to the homes and communities they had left nearly three years before, to take up the unfinished work they had dropped at their country's call, or to begin over again in the attempt to win a place among those who were laboring amid the pursuits which make for prosperity and peace. Faithful as soldiers the survivors of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment have been faithful and true as citizens of the great and ever-growing country, whose cherished institutions they fought to save.

It is a matter for congratulation and thankfulness, my Comrades, that every principle for which we contended to the death fifty years ago, still remains unchanged. May the God of our fathers to whom Lincoln prayed in the dark days, when all the foundations seemed to be melting away, continue to those who shall follow us from generation to generation the precious heritage of liberty and constitutional law which we have received, and have sought to hand down to them unimpaired and unchanged. The peace for which we fought has been permanent because it has been grounded upon the immutable verities of the government of God.

With malice toward none and charity for all, we cannot, we dare not abate one jot of the high principles for which our comrades suffered and died. We honor, respect and esteem the brave men who fought on the other side, and doubtless prayed as earnestly as we to the same God for victory, but, as our great Commander, who led us to the final victory, has said, "we are not ready to apologize for our part in the war,"

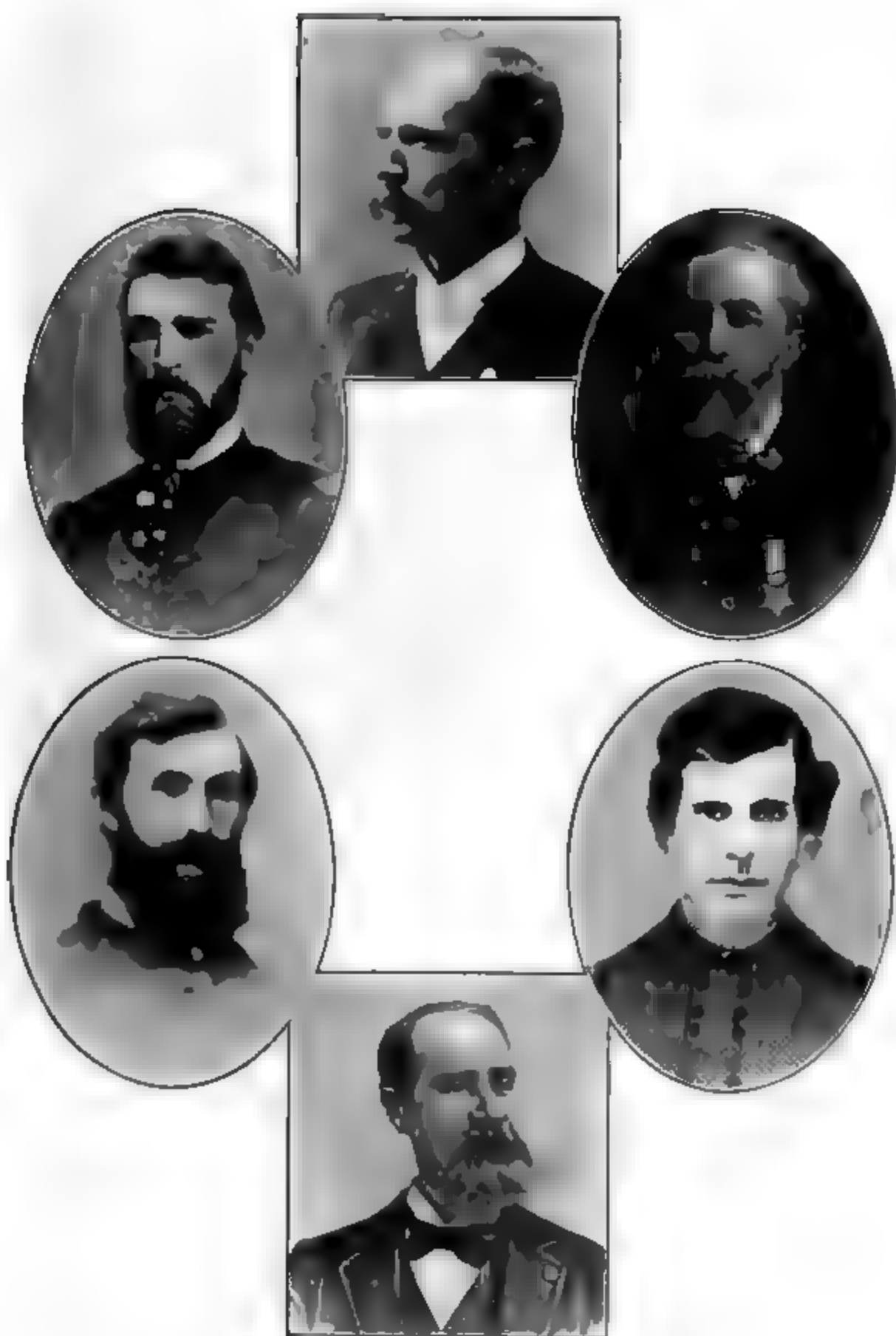
and as another has paraphrased the same sentiment, "we are content that history has shown that we who fought to save were forever right, and they who fought to destroy, and attempted armed secession, were eternally wrong. Forgetting nothing, remembering well the cruel blow at liberty, the unhallowed attack upon the flag of the free, the crime and its sad results of weeping and wounds, of desolation and death, yet have we *forgiven everything*. Happy in the glorious trinity of results—the saving of the Nation's life, the extinction of the blot of slavery from the National escutcheon, and the establishment of the principle of the equality of all before the law—we think them worth even the great sacrifice they have cost, and have no room for malice or ill will."

Our Father God, from out whose hand
The nations fall like grains of sand,
O make thou us through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around thy gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law;
And cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old.

Part II

Company Histories

Personal Sketches



CAPT. JAMES M. PIPES. CAPT. JOHN A. BURNS.
1ST LIEUT. J. JACKSON PURMAN. CAPT. SAMUEL CAMPBELL.
CAPT. JOHN F. McCULLOUGH. 1ST LIEUT. J. FULTON BELL.

HISTORY OF COMPANY A, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

BY JAMES J. PURMAN, A.M., M.D., FORMERLY FIRST LIEUTENANT OF COMPANY.

The campaign of General McClellan on the peninsula had proved a failure after so much expenditure of time and means in equipping it, and Washington City was menaced by armed rebels under Lee and Jackson. The President's proclamation went forth for "three hundred thousand more." The country responded to the call. Men who had before stayed at home thinking their services were not needed, now sprang to arms, and quickly enrolled themselves in the various companies forming all over the country.

John F. McCullough, of Jefferson, Pa., who had seen some service in the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, David, Taylor, of Waynesburg, Pa., and the writer of this sketch, who was then teaching an academy at Jacksonville, Pa., abandoning all business, enrolled their own names and called upon others to do likewise, to form a company "for three years or during the war." We met in the old "Hamilton House," then the principal hotel of Waynesburg, and at that meeting it was agreed that we should join in raising a *cavalry* company, our preference being that arm of the service, and as soon as we had the requisite number of men, to unite our squads, elect officers, and offer our services to the government. This meeting occurred about August 10, 1862. We immediately had posters printed, signed by each of us stating our objects, and each taking a package, McCullough recruited in and about Jefferson, Taylor about Waynesburg, and myself in the townships of Richhill, Center and Alippo, they being contiguous to my academy.

I recollect distinctly that the first man who enrolled his name under mine was James M. Pipes, and the second one was John A. Burns. I rode over the western end of my county recruiting, and Burns attended me and was a great assistance in this work. In two weeks our company was over full as enlistments went on quite lively. On the morning of August 28th, my squad rendezvoused at Jacksonville, and bidding friends good-bye, we took wagons and arrived at Waynesburg in the afternoon. Washington Pipes, having two sons among my recruits, went with us, and stood up in one of the wagons and carried "Old Glory." On the way the boys sang, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." At Waynesburg we met McCullough, who had brought with him about 45 men, and Taylor with about 25 men, while I had 33 men.

The name of our organization was chosen after considerable discussion, that which was first proposed being the "Downey Invincibles," in honor of Robinson W. Downey, deceased, a prominent and liberal spirited lawyer of Waynesburg, who proposed to make the company his *protege* by purchasing its uniform and otherwise caring for it. About this time we erroneously learned that no more cavalry regiments would be received by the government, and as we would, of course, go as infantry, we settled upon the name of the "Greene County Rifles."

As none of us who had recruited for the company knew anything about infantry drill, we called upon James B. Lazear, Esq., now vice-president of the Central Bank of Denver, Col., who had received a military education at West Point, who drilled our men in the step, facings, and company formation. In the afternoon we marched to the North Commons, south of the old College Building, and there an election with written ballots was held for company officers. My brother, Col. D. Gray Purman, who had been wounded at Shiloh, Tenn., was home on furlough on crutches, used his hat for a ballot-box. The almost unanimous result of the election was McCullough for Captain; Taylor, Second Lieutenant, and myself First Lieutenant.

The next morning we assembled in front of the Court House and received many heartfelt good-byes and God bless yous, as well as many substantial tokens of good will in the way of things for our comfort in camp. Rev. William Campbell, now deceased, of the C. P. Church, made the parting address to us, which was responded to by Captain McCullough. To the tune of the "Girl I Left Behind Me," played by J. W. Little, who was then only 17 years old, now Dr. Little, of Washington, D. C., we marched out of the east end of town and took wagons in Hookstown for Rice's Landing on the Monongahela River. When the river was reached, I acted as Orderly Sergeant and called the roll on the river bank and addresses were delivered from the hurricane deck of the steamer Elector, by Judge James Lindsay and Colonel D. Gray Purman.

We all got aboard the steamer, but the river was low, and more than once we ran aground on sand bars. On one occasion we all waded through the shallow water ashore, and walked for miles until the worst bars were passed.

Arrived at Pittsburgh, we marched into Camp Howe. Here we met companies from Washington, Beaver and Mercer countries, and were mustered into the service of the United States. A flag presentation occurred to Captain Gregg's Company from Monongahela City, at which a portion of the Greene Country Company attended, and Hon. George V. Lawrence and Hon. A. A. Purman made speeches. The latter, among other things, said, "that he had two brothers going out to defend the flag, and he would rather see them brought home feet foremost, than that either of them should show the white feather."

In a few days we moved on to Harrisburg and marched into hot, dusty, dirty Camp Curtin, and here we learned that we were to be united with the Washington, Beaver and Mercer County Companies, into a Regiment of Western Pennsylvanians, to be known as the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Richard P. Roberts, of Beaver, was chosen Colonel; Prof. John Fraser, of Canonsburg, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Thomas P. Rodgers, of Mercer, Major.

Here we received our arms, uniforms and accoutrements, being armed with the Vincennes rifled musket, a heavy, cumbersome gun with a sabre bayonet, which we gladly exchanged for the Springfield rifle when we reached the front. Some quite laughable scenes occurred when the uniforms were issued by the quartermaster. A six-foot man would get trousers and shoes intended for a man measuring five feet, six inches, and vice versa; the little fellow would get number ten shoes and trousers a half a foot too long. But by a system of exchanges all got reasonably well suited and clothed. We understood that our first duty was to help guard the Northern Central Railroad, the then great single artery through which flowed the patriotic life-blood of the nation in the shape of men and munitions of war from the North to Washington City. It was soon ascertained that our destination was Parkton Station, where we arrived September 10, 1862, and debarked into a clover field. The headquarters and several of the companies established themselves in tents on a hill overlooking the railroad giving to their location the name of "Camp Seward," while the balance of the Regiment were stationed along the road at different points for a distance of ten miles, reaching from the line separating Pennsylvania from Maryland to Monkton Station. The barracks at Parkton, which had been occupied by a company from the Eastern Shore of Maryland was assigned to us, and the Marylanders were sent on to take part in the work of driving Lee across the Potomac. At a meeting of the captains of the several companies, the letters from "A" to "K" were placed in a hat and each captain drew his letter. Captain McCullough drew "A," so we became "Company A" and the right of the Regiment.

Now our duties began, which consisted in drilling four hours each day and guarding the railroad. Gunpowder Creek, or river, is very winding in its course, and as the Northern Central road follows its valley in the main, a great number of bridges were required. These the rebels were constantly burning, or tearing up, so that a strong guard was necessary along the whole road at the rate of a thousand men to every

ten miles. At the time we arrived a bushwhacker by the name of Merriman had been burning several bridges, and the evidence of his work was still apparent in the charred timbers which had recently been burned.

The companies located along the road, being so widely separated, while they were under the general command of the Colonel at Camp Seward, yet in matters pertaining to the guarding of the road and daily drill, acted largely as independent companies, meeting frequently at the camp for instruction and dress parade.

Being only about sixty miles from the battlefields of South Mountain and Antietam, and these being on such high locations, when the wind blew in our direction, we could hear the heavy guns quite distinctly. These were the first guns which we ever heard in battle. As the telegraph lines were unobstructed we got news on the 14th and 17th of September that McClellan had won two complete victories over Lee. This caused great rejoicing in our camp, and while a little more than the truth, it meant that the rebels would be driven off Northern soil and across the Potomac.

General Miles had surrendered Harper's Ferry to the enemy, and was killed by a shell just as the act was being consummated. His residence was but a short distance from Parkton, and his body was brought home for burial. Permission was given to all not on duty who desired to attend his funeral, but the belief was that the surrender was a cowardly act, and the funeral was but slimly attended by Company A. Patriotism ran high then, and such was the feeling at that time. Prisoners to the number of several carloads, who had been taken at Miles' surrender and were paroled, came over the Northern Central road on their way home to New York a few days after. Near Parkton a collision occurred and several were hurt, and one man was killed by a splinter from the car piercing his head. While the wreckage was being cleared away a rude coffin was made and the dead soldier was taken on with his comrades. His Captain, while washing the blood from the soldier's face and preparing his body for his coffin, would alternately weep and swear, mean-

while saying that he was one of the best soldiers he ever knew.

The Northern Central being a single track road and poorly built, and as the trains run on it very recklessly, a great number of accidents, similar to the one just referred to, occurred. It was no uncommon thing for the guard which had been standing during the "fourth relief" to come with the report in the morning, "Well, two trains up the road tried to pass each other on a *single track* this morning, and as usual failed." The many collisions and other accidents which occurred on this road during the three months that we guarded it, would in this day of double tracks and more careful running, be regarded as a fearful record.

We had not been but a few days on the road, until we were called upon to try our metal as guards. Our custom was to place a corporal and three or more men at each bridge we were guarding. One very dark night the corporal at the bridge about one mile south of our barracks came breathlessly rushing in saying that he believed a party of men were going to set fire to the bridge. He saw them in the woods with torches and acting very suspiciously. The Captain immediately ordered the First Lieutenant to take a Sergeant and twenty men, and double quick down to that bridge, and disperse those bridge burners. Guns were loaded and the officer buckled on his revolver, and we were at that bridge in a few minutes. Sure enough there was a party in the woods near the bridge with torches, who were hailed in a very peremptory manner, as to their business with torches at that time of night. After careful examination they were able to give a satisfactory account of themselves. They were good and loyal citizens out on a fox hunt! This was our first meeting with the supposed enemy, and "the boys" were somewhat excited. Our guns were loaded in our barracks at each one's bunk. The next morning there was found and picked up at the Sergeant's bunk, a ball separated from the cartridge. The Sergeant in his excitement had rammed down his empty cartridge and dropped his ball! The Sergeant was teased not a little about this affair. He proved to be a number one soldier and has now gone to join the great majority.

We remained guarding the Northern Central Railroad exactly three months, from September 10 to December 10, 1862, and while here we could do a number of things which were not at all feasible after we got to "the front." Among other things we organized a "Soldiers' Posthumous transportation Society," the design of which was to transport to their homes, the bodies of all comrades who should die from any cause. Our society transported to their homes the bodies of John L. Lundy, Charles A. Freeland and Samuel Ridgeway, who died during the three months we were on the road. So far as I know, our Company was the only one who organized such a society, and sent home their dead comrades.

After we had been guarding the road for about a month, one day Captain McCullough and myself thought we would like to see what the boys of Company A could do at marching. The matter was mentioned to the Company and all were eager to give their powers a trial. So taking all those who were not on duty, counting about 50 men, they were ordered on a certain morning to be armed and equipped for marching except knapsacks, with one day's cooked rations. The First Lieutenant was ordered to take command of the Company and at 7 o'clock we started on our *first march* for Newmarket, situated at the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. The command was given, "Arms at will—route step, march," and the boys in very cheerful mood started off with a springing step. The distance to the village is about ten miles from Parkton, and we arrived there in good order about ten o'clock. Our entrance into the town was quite a surprise to the villagers, as they had no idea that an armed force of Union men was near them. We marched to the center of the town and stacked arms, and the principal men of the place came to inquire the cause of our visit. We speedily explained that we had no hostile intentions whatever, but were merely testing the marching qualities of the company and had chosen their town as our objective point. Whereupon they welcomed us to the hospitalities of the town, but we informed them that we were fully provided with food for our trip, having one day's cooked rations in our haversacks. They, however,

brought out a bushel of fine apples, and the hotel keeper asked the Lieutenant whether he would allow his men to have some good whisky. This being agreed to, he passed along the men in line with a bucket and a tin cup in it, each man helping himself, there being a careful supervision that no one *got too much*. The Lieutenant was invited into the parlor of one of the best houses and entertained by a good-looking young lady with cake, wine and music. Rations being eaten, we amused the citizens with some fancy company movements, and giving three cheers for the Union people of the town, and three groans for the "secesh," we started on our return march to Parkton Station, where we arrived long before sundown, somewhat fatigued being altogether unused to marching, but upon the whole, pleased with our abilities to cover twenty miles so easily and well.

An open railroad bridge spanned the Gunpowder Creek only a few yards from our barracks. It was customary for the trains while taking in wood and water, to rest upon this bridge. Many of these trains consisted in part of open cars loaded with firkins of butter and cheese. Our company, while being made up of country boys, soon learned the little tricks of soldiers. One or two of them would go awkwardly clambering over a car laden with butter or cheese, while several would be posted under the bridge. Accidentally (?) of course, the one clambering over the car would kick off a firkin of butter or a cheese. This would drop down through the bridge and be caught by those below. If any of the employees of the road discovered them, the cheese would be put again in its proper place on the car, with some such remark, "Bob, you awkward fellow, you knocked a cheese off that car, and if I hadn't been looking it would have gone into the creek." But if unobserved, that cheese or butter quickly took legs and soon was inside "the tigers' den," the name given by a number of our company to a little bungalow which they had constructed for themselves outside of the barracks. Not very long afterward one of their number would appear with a nice slice of cheese or butter, "with the compliments of the tigers' den, for the Captain's mess." Upon inquiring where it came from,

putting on the most innocent air in the world, the bearer would reply, "You know how rough this road is. Well, in going across the bridge this cheese fell off, and one of us boys caught it to *save* it from going into the creek." With this very plausible (?) explanation, the slice of butter or cheese was fully enjoyed in the Captain's mess.*

CONCLUSION.

The roll of the drum, the blare of the bugle, and the clangor of arms no longer echo on the banks of the Potomac, or among the hills of Pennsylvania. The "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" live but in memory. The mighty struggle to save the country's life, costing half a million loyal lives and three billions of treasure is over, and we live to enjoy the rich boon of liberty and union, peace and prosperity purchased by the blood of our fallen comrades, who now

"Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Sleeping for the flag they bore."

And tho' no epaulets they wore,
Nor star, nor bar, nor golden lace,
Yet they who once the musket bore
Shall in our hearts e'er find a place;
And tho' their bones in unknown graves
Or 'neath Southern soil may lie,
The memory of our fallen braves,
Can in this Nation never die.

As long as Round Top Mountain stands,
As long as the Potomac flows,
Or oceans plash their pebbly strands,
Or sun upon his journey goes;
So long the patriot's name shall shine,
Upon fame's scroll of honored dead,
And wreaths of glory ever twine,
In fadeless chaplets round his head.

*Comrade Purman has furnished some interesting incidents relating to his Company, in this connection, some of which will be found in Part III, page .

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF COMPANY B, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

In the month of August, 1862, Thos. B. Rodgers, a young attorney of Mercer, Mercer County, Pa., was authorized by Governor Curtin to recruit a company of three-years' volunteers. He had previously served as First Lieutenant of Company G, Tenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves, but had been discharged a few months before on account of disability. In conjunction with Jason T. Giebner, also an attorney of Mercer, Pa., handbills were sent out to different parts of the county, and in the course of a week or ten days, the necessary number of recruits were obtained to form a full company. They were of an unusually good class of young men, the majority being farmers' sons, and many being of Scotch-Irish extraction, most of them from the towns of Mercer, Sandy Lake, New Lebanon, Pine Grove (now Grove City), Greenville, Jamestown, and the districts in their vicinities.

The Company was organized at Mercer and went into camp at Pittsburgh about the latter part of August. The trip from Mercer was made by wheeled vehicles of various sorts to Newcastle; thence by canal boat to New Brighton, and from that place by rail to Pittsburgh. The Company remained in camp near Pittsburgh about a week, when it was ordered to the general rendezvous at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg. It became Company B. of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, upon the organization of that Regiment under command of Colonel R. P. Roberts, of Beaver, Pa.

The first officers of the Company were: Thos. B. Rod-

gers, Captain; Jason T. Giebner, First Lieutenant; Abram C. Grove, Second Lieutenant.

On the promotion of Captain Rodgers to Major of the Regiment, September 8, 1862, at Camp Curtin, Lieutenants Giebner and Grove were respectively promoted to Captain and First Lieutenant, and George Tanner became Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Tanner was honorably discharged October 30, 1863.

Captain Giebner having been appointed Captain and Commissary of Subsistence, United States Volunteers, April 20, 1864, Lieutenant Grove became Captain of the Company, Sergeant R. C. Craig, First Lieutenant and Sergeant John Satterfield, Second Lieutenant.

Captain Grove was honorably discharged, on account of wounds, February 15, 1865, and was succeeded by First Lieutenant R. C. Craig, John Satterfield becoming First Lieutenant and Sergeant John Fox, Second Lieutenant. Craig and Satterfield were mustered out with the Company, May 31, 1865. Lieutenant Fox was absent, wounded at the time of muster out of the Company.

The non-commissioned officers of the Company at its organization were: First Sergeant, James C. Nolan; Sergeants, K. C. Craig, John Satterfield, John W. Johnson and John Fox; Corporals, R. G. Davidson, George D. Moore, R. B. Porter, Henry Rafferty, C. W. Giebner, Price Dilley, George Perrine and Isaac Davis.

First Sergeant Nolan was wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and was discharged, December 29, 1863. He was succeeded by R. C. Craig, afterwards First Lieutenant and Captain.

The first position assigned to this Company was on the left of the Regiment. Its permanent position, as designated a few months later, was the Second Company, numbering from the right, in the left wing.

At Chancellorsville, on the morning of the 3rd of May, Company B was detailed, together with Company A, for duty on the skirmish line, under command of General Nelson A. Miles. It shared in the honors which were given to that

famous line of defenders in beating back the oft-repeated attacks of the Confederates under General McLaws, and thus helped to save the imperilled Division of General Hancock in the crisis hour of its noble stand for the defense of the retreating army.

This position on the outposts of the battle line proved to be one of less danger, however, than that of the Regiment itself in its support of the Fifth Maine Battery on the east side of the Chancellorsville House.

Company B met with its heaviest losses at Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Petersburg and Farmville.

On its muster out it had a Captain, Ranel C. Craig; a First Lieutenant, John Satterfield; 4 Sergeants, 5 Corporals, 1 musician and 9 privates: a total of 21 officers and men.

Captain Craig was in charge of the Company, as above indicated, at its muster out and had the honor of bringing this little remnant of it back to the place of its enlistment in Mercer County.



CAPTAIN CHAS. L. LINTON, CO. D. CAPTAIN DAVID ACHESON, CO. C.
CAPTAIN ISAAC N. VANCE, CO. C.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF COMPANY C, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.*

The Company to which this official designation was given, at the date of the organization of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, was recruited in Washington, Pennsylvania, the seat of Washington College, by David Acheson, a student of the College, assisted by two of his warm personal friends, Isaac Vance and Charles Linton.

These associates had served with him—the trio having enlisted as privates—for a period of three months, in the summer of 1861.

David Acheson, who was then in his 22d year, was regarded as one of the most promising young men in the College Class, which he left to enter the service of his imperilled country, and in the community to which he belonged. His popularity was evidenced by the fact that the roll of his Company, when completed, contained the names of many of the best and brightest young men of the town and its environs, a large number of whom were college students or men of more than ordinary education and intelligence.

At the date of the organization of the Company, as seemed most fitting, he was acclaimed its Captain, and his two comrades and associates, Vance and Linton, were made its First and Second Lieutenants.

The following tribute from the leading paper of his town

* The data for this brief sketch was furnished, for the most part, by the Hon. Earnest F. Acheson, of Washington, Pa., a younger brother of David Acheson, who gathered much valuable information from the files of the *Washington Reporter*, established in 1808. Coming from this source, the events narrated at that time are more realistic and valuable than those written from memory many years afterward.

—*The Washington Reporter*—written after the notice of his untimely death, gives a just appreciation of the worth of the man and the place which he had already won in the esteem of the community:

“Captain Acheson was the second son of our townsman, Alexander W. Acheson, Esq. A younger brother is a Sergeant in the same Company. The Captain was a member of the Class of 1863 and in the front rank of its scholars. At the opening of the war he enlisted as a private in the three months’ service, and returned with the highest praise of his officers and companions for his qualities as a soldier and a gentleman.

“He then quietly resumed and prosecuted his studies, until his spirit was again aroused by the President’s call for 300,000 fresh troops, after the disasters before Richmond.

“Public opinion assigned him to the place of a leader, and as gallant a Company as ever marched under the Stars and Stripes soon rallied around him.”

In the issue of August 28, 1862, the same paper refers to the efforts which were then being made to secure recruits:

“RECRUITING IN THIS COUNTY.

“We are happy to announce that although our county was not as prompt in responding to the call for volunteers as we could have desired, the patriotic fires seem at last to have been enkindled, and consequently a brisk business in the way of enlistment has been done during the last week. The Brady Infantry, commanded by Captain Acheson, whose roll may be found in another place, have gone into camp on the Fair Grounds, and as may be seen, lack only two or three of having the maximum. The Ten Mile Infantry (Captain Parker), whose roll we likewise publish, are also here with about an equal number of men. This company reached here on Friday last. A squad of men numbering about 60, recruited mostly in Cross Creek Township, by our young friend, W. A. F. Stockton, arrived on the same evening, at which time the whole were regularly mustered into the service by an officer detailed for the purpose. Captain Stockton’s company is rap-

idly filling up and will have the requisite number in a few days. We shall endeavor to publish this roll next week.

"In addition to these troops, Captain Fraser's company at Canonsburg left last week and went into camp at Pittsburgh, with the full number of men. Captain Gregg's company also left Monongahela on Thursday last for the same place."

The presentation of a flag to Captain Acheson's company and the departure of the several companies of the county, which had rendezvoused at Washington, are described in the issues respectively of September 4 and 11, 1862, as follows:

"FLAG TO CAPTAIN ACHESON'S COMPANY.

"A splendid flag, the liberal gift of our patriotic fellow-townsmen, Mr. Nathan Brobst, was presented to the Brady Infantry on Friday afternoon last, by the Rev. Hiram Miller, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in a speech of burning eloquence. The response was made by R. H. Koontz, Esq., in his usual eloquent and felicitous style. We could perceive, however, that the orator's utterance was sometimes obstructed by the force of his feelings, a consequence naturally resulting from his intimate acquaintance and friendship for those patriotic young men long endeared to him. A large concourse of our citizens had assembled in the Court House to witness this truly interesting scene, rendered intensely impressive by the circumstances by which they were surrounded. The whole scene was to us one of absorbing interest."

"DEPARTURE OF COMPANIES.

"On Thursday morning last, the Brady Infantry, commanded by Captain David Acheson; the Ten Mile Infantry, commanded by Captain Silas Parker, and the Reed Infantry, commanded by Captain W. A. F. Stockton, left for the city of Pittsburgh, there to await equipments, preparatory to a further march to the seat of war. Their separation from us, though it may be temporary, gave rise to a deep feeling of solicitude more easily imagined than described. Many of the gallant spirits, composing two of the companies, we have

known from boyhood, and it affords us great pleasure to add that a more intelligent, brave and gentlemanly set of young men have never left old Washington County. May the patriotic ardor by which they are animated, and to which we must attribute their separation from their parents, sisters and friends, enhance as they move toward the enemies of our country, and as occasions arise, afford them an opportunity of not only immortalizing their names, but of contributing greatly to the suppression of a rebellion as causeless as it has been unnatural and barbarous.

"On taking their departure, a splendid flag, the gift of the ladies of Amwell Township, was presented to the Ten Mile Infantry. The Rev. T. N. Boyle, who was the organ of the ladies on this occasion, made the presentation speech, which, like all this gentleman's efforts, was most eloquent and impressive. Our clever young friend, Wesley Wolf, in a neat and appropriate speech, also presented Captain Parker with a beautiful sword, which a number of his friends in the town and county had furnished as a token of their regard. Captain Parker received the flag on behalf of his Company in a few well-timed and eloquent remarks, and also tendered his thanks for the handsome present that had been made to him personally. Swords were also presented to Lieutenants Mannon and Minton, of the same Company, in behalf of the citizens, the presentation being made by Charles M. Ruple, in a brief but felicitous address which was listened to with marked attention. The Rev. L. P. Streator presented Captain Stockton, of the Reed Infantry, with a handsome sword on behalf of his friends, accompanying the ceremony with a few remarks which were well conceived and highly appropriate.

"In this connection we must not forget to state that generous and whole-souled people of Canonsburg, in the exercise of that liberality and patriotism for which they have ever been distinguished, though having only a few hours' notice, furnished the whole three companies with a most sumptuous dinner as they passed through that place on their way to Pittsburgh. Their kindness and hospitality to those brave

boys on leaving home, not only excited the liveliest emotions of gratitude in the hearts of the soldiers themselves, but will long be held in grateful remembrance by all their friends."

The position of the Company, as originally assigned, was fifth in the line on the right wing of the Regiment.

At Chancellorsville, because of this position, the losses were not so great as in the companies to the right and left of it. The casualties reported in this, its first, engagement, were: Two killed; two wounded and one captured.

On the 13th of May, 1863, soon after the return to our winter camp at Falmouth, Company C was transferred to the right of the Regiment.

This position of honor, which made it the leading Company of the command on the march and in all its maneuvers, was retained until the muster out of the Regiment at Washington City.

At Gettysburg this was the most exposed position on the line, it being the right of the Brigade and Division, as well as of the Regiment. In this situation, with no troops in sight with which to form a connection, the right wing was furiously assailed in front by the enemy, while a flanking column, unopposed, succeeded in gaining a position almost directly in its rear.

While attempting to change position to meet this threatened peril, the Colonel was killed in front of the Company, and a few moments later, Captain David Acheson, his successor—then the ranking Captain of the Regiment—fell mortally wounded.

Here the Company met its heaviest losses. Lieutenant Vance, the successor to Captain Acheson, lost an arm, and the orderly Sergeant was killed at his post. Out of 38, the entire number present during the engagement, 7 were killed, 22 wounded, and 3 presumably captured, were reported missing.

The following extract from an editorial in the *Reporter*, of July 15, 1863, gives a resumé of the half hour of desperate conflict on that memorable day, and pays a well-deserved tribute to the fallen Captain and his brave men:

"CAPTAIN DAVID ACHESON.

"We have never seen our community so startled and overwhelmed with grief, as when, among the incidents of the late terrible battle of Gettysburg, the news came that this gallant soldier had fallen. The confirmation of this sad intelligence, which joins with him 6 other members of his noble Company in the list of killed, has deepened the first impressions into profound sympathy and gloom. In the contemplation of such a conflict at the cost of which the glorious victory of our arms was achieved, our exultation may well be tempered with humble submission to the chastening of the Almighty hand.

"Captain Acheson, although wearied with the long marches which had brought the army to the scene of conflict, heroically lead his men into the storm of fire which marked the effort of the enemy to carry to success a flanking movement on our right, on Thursday evening, the 2d inst. How fierce the danger was at that crisis may be inferred from the heavy losses which were sustained by the whole Regiment, and even Brigade, within the half hour of that bloody strife. The order to advance had scarcely been given, until the Brigadier-General (Zook) was mortally wounded. In a few minutes Colonel Roberts, who had thus succeeded to the command of the Brigade, was killed. The next successor was borne from the field in a few minutes more. And so the battle raged, with a fury which the details from the companies representing our county, elsewhere given, only too sadly reveal. It was after a large proportion of his men had been disabled, and closely following the severe wounding of his First Lieutenant, which he had witnessed with tears, that a shot pierced the noble breast of Captain Acheson. This was followed by a second whilst he was being conducted to the rear—either shot being probably mortal. It was not until Saturday, or as one report has it, until Sabbath morning, that his dead body was found; the ground on which he lay having meanwhile been recovered from the enemy. His remains, through the energy of a relative, were brought home on Monday night of this week, and will be interred to-day (Wednesday) at 10 o'clock A. M.

How bravely and wisely Captain Acheson led his Company through difficulties and perils, none can doubt whose ears are opened to the unanimous and almost unparalleled praises lavished upon him, alike by his superiors in command, and all under his authority. Not one note of discord, so far



as we are aware, mars the testimony from all quarters that no officer in the army, whilst living, was the recipient of a more undivided confidence, and none of the heroic dead has left a brighter record of fidelity, honor and courage. His patriotism rose to the summit of an unselfish devotion to his country's flag, whether in defeat or triumph, and the ultimate sacrifice of his life upon his country's altar but fulfilled the deliberate and fixed purpose with which he took the oath of a soldier. Rallying his men to avenge the death of their gallant Colonel, and exhibiting before them a faultless example of bravery inspired by earnest conviction and unfaltering hope, his generous spirit was hurried to its glorious rest, from the hottest strife of battle, whilst as yet the result was in painful suspense. But his name shall live in hallowed association with the blood-stained field upon which his country's liberty and fame were redeemed in triumph—

“Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
’Midst the dew-fall of a nation’s tears,
Happy is he on whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years.
But oh! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory’s breast.”

“We leave to other hands any special notice of the moral character and religious prospects of the noble young man whose career we have thus sketched. We have the best reason to know, however, that the courage of the soldier did not surpass the integrity and virtue of the man. Nor is the evidence less explicit which gives the pleasing assurance that he was a true “soldier of the cross” and now wears the crown of a glorious immortality.” * * *

The remains of Captain David Acheson were brought home for burial, the ceremonies taking place on Sabbath evening, August 9, 1863. Within hearing of the ceremonies at the family residence, a young member of the bar composed the following lines, which were printed in the *Washington Reporter* of the next issue:*

*The writer of this beautiful tribute is the Hon. Boyd Crumrine, a well-known jurist of Western Pennsylvania, author of the *History of the Bench and Bar of Washington County*. Mr. Crumrine, full of years and honors, still resides in Washington, Pa., and continues in the practice of his profession.

IN MEMORIAM, CAPT. A., CO. C., 140TH P. V.

**Pro patria pugnante in magnos honores,
Pallida Mors venit;
Pater, materque, fratresque sorores,
Amici propinqui—O imi dolores!
Mortuum circumstant.**

**In vita generosum, in morte gloriosum,
Sepulcro te parant:
Patriae vexillo nunc involvere,
Gladium fulgentem tibi posuere,
Sepulcro apportant!**

**Flores florescant,
Lacrimae cadant,
Triste super sepulchrum!
Virtutes clariores,
Memoriae dulciores,
In sempiternae futurum.**

Sabbath Evening, August 9, 1863.

MOERENS.

"We learn that the One Hundredth and Fortieth was engaged only for a short time on the afternoon of Thursday, the 2d inst.; but the large number of killed and wounded attests the fact that they must have been in the very hottest of the fight; indeed we are assured on good authority that it was almost a hand-to-hand struggle. In a very few minutes after they went in, their brave commander, Colonel Roberts fell dead while gallantly leading his men in the fearful strife. Of Captain Acheson's company, only 38 were engaged—the remainder having been detailed for other service at the time—and of this number, it will be seen that only five escaped without injury. The other companies were also badly cut up, showing on the whole, that Washington County has suffered more in this one bloody battle than in all the others since the commencement of the war. The following are the names of the killed and wounded in Company C as far as we have been able to gather them:

"Killed, Captain David Acheson, Sergeant J. D. Campbell, Corporal Wm. Horton, Privates J. S. Kelly, Anthony Mull, Simeon Vankirk, Thomas B. Lucas.

"Wounded—Lieutenant Isaac Vance, left hand amputated; Corporals James P. Sayers, left arm and leg, and

Samuel Fergus, right hip; Privates James H. M'Farland, slightly; John Blair, left hip; Isaac J. Cleaver, in the back by shell; E. J. Cole, arm amputated; John A. Dickey, shoulder; N. K. Gilbert, right leg; Clark Ireby, thigh; J. J. Jordan, slightly; Alvin Newman, arm amputated; Charles Quail, hand; Wm. J. Radcliffe, slightly; Pressley Shipley, shoulder and side; James Stockwell, hand and breast, slightly; Colin Waltz, arm off; Frank B. M'Near, thigh; Daniel F. Keeney, left hand, slightly; Thomas M'Cune, hand, slightly; Samuel Wise, slightly; T. Mowry, slightly—prisoner, since paroled; Wm. Armstrong, missing, supposed killed; Albertus Patterson, missing, supposed killed; Jeff. Yonkers, slightly—prisoner, since paroled."

Lieutenant Vance was promoted to Captain of Company C on the 23rd of September, 1863, but in consequence of disability following the amputation of his arm, was discharged on surgeon's certificate, January 12, 1864. His successor was Alex. W. Acheson, the younger brother of David Acheson, who was promoted through the grades from Sergeant to Captain. His commission bears the date of January 30, 1864. He was wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, and discharged on surgeon's certificate the following December. His successor in command was John M. Ray, who was promoted from Adjutant of the Regiment.

A recent article in the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times* furnishes some additional facts of interest relating to Captain Ray and his associates:

"Captain Ray, originally Fourth Sergeant, served in all the intermediate grades, and all the time at the front. He has been for many years a resident of the North Side, his occupation having been bookkeeper and manager of industries at the Western penitentiary. He is a past commander of the Union Veteran Legion No. 1.

"William J. Cunningham was promoted from First Sergeant to First Lieutenant, December 13, 1863, and was killed at Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865, two days before Lee's surrender. Second Lieutenant Charles L. Linton became Captain of Company D, May 1, 1863, and served until after the end of hostilities, having been badly wounded at Petersburg, June 17, 1864, which put him out of further service in the field. First Sergeant Robert R. Reed, a classmate of David Acheson at 'old Wash.,' followed Linton,

but took sick and died at Georgetown, D. C., July 19, 1863, and then came Alex. W. Acheson, a brother of Captain David, as noted. Dr. A. W. Acheson now, he was better known in the army as 'Sandy.' He now resides in Dennison, Tex., and is a brother of Ernest F. Acheson and the late Marcus C. Acheson, of Pittsburgh."

There were doubtless many acts of personal heroism which should be credited to the rank and file of Company C which were not preserved in writing and have been forgotten or cannot now be accredited.

The following instances have been gathered from notes preserved by Corporal Philip A. Cooper, which are vouched for as genuine and thoroughly reliable by his comrades:

In the close hand-to-hand conflict at Spottsylvania, on the morning of May 12, 1864, a Confederate cannon and carriage were left, between the lines, on the other side of the line of breastworks which the Union troops were holding. During a brief lull in the deadly strife, three men of Company C sprang over the works and tried to upset the cannon so that it would fall on the Union side. For a moment or two they tugged with might and main at this hazardous undertaking, while minie balls were cutting the ground around them; but it proved to be too heavy for them and they were obliged to return without this coveted trophy.

The names of this trio of worthies were: *Silas A. Sanders*, *James B. Clemens* and *Sergeant William VanKirk*. The last-named comrade was present at every engagement in which his Regiment took part and come off through all unscathed.

On another occasion, three men—*Philip A. Cooper*, *John Smalley* and *Lewis M. Cleaver*—volunteered, in one of the engagements at the Rapidan, to step out from the line of defenses for the purpose of drawing the fire of the enemy while the men belonging to a disabled battery made an attempt, before the guns of the sharpshooters could be unloaded, to draw off the guns. While thus exposing themselves to a shower of balls in plain view of the opposing line of Confederates, the guns were successfully removed.

At Chancellorsville, while the Company was lying on the



JOHN S. BRYAN, Adj. J. B. JOHNSON, Co. G.
A. W. ACHESON, Capt. Co. C.
PHILIP A. COOPER, Serg. Co. C. DUNNING HART, Co. G.



ground in support of the Fifth Maine Battery, a solid shot struck a musket in the front line and hurled it against three men, two of whom were killed, and one was wounded. The names of the men who were killed in this singular manner were, Isaac Wall and Thomas Jones; the wounded man—George Norris—recovered and was mustered out with his Company after General Lee's surrender.

Corporal Cooper gives the name of another comrade, Sergeant James P. Sayer, who was wounded *four* times on the 2d of July, at Gettysburg.

At the date of its muster out, Company C had a Captain, John M. Ray; a First Sergeant, 4 Sergeants, 6 Corporals, 1 musician and 15 privates: a total of 29 officers and men.

This remnant of a full company of officers and men, which went to the front in the summer of 1862, returned to Pittsburgh in the spring of 1865, where they were mustered for final payment and then disbanded.

A reunion of all the returned soldiers who went out from Washington City was held soon afterward in the borough of Washington, at which a general "welcome home" was given to the men of the various companies.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF COMPANY D, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

JOHN A. WRIGHT.

There is a village in the southern part of Washington County, Pennsylvania, bearing the beautiful name of Amity. When, in the fall of 1862, Abraham Lincoln called for 300,000 more men to reinforce the army which for more than a year had been fighting to suppress the most gigantic rebellion of all history, and there came such a prompt and hearty response from the loyal part of the country as cheered the heart of the Nation's great leader, and encouraged the men who had been facing the enemy on the field of battle, the quiet and peaceful village of Amity and the surrounding country caught the spirit. Silas Parker, of Amity, called for men to go with him to war in response to the call of the imperiled Nation. Men flocked to his standard from the village and the country about it.

Matthias Minton, of Prosperity, a few miles distant, recruited eighteen men and with them joined the Company; and with two from Franklin township, and four from West Bethlehem township, two from Washington and five from Greene County, the Company reached the number ninety-eight.

Silas Parker was elected Captain, James Mannon, First Lieutenant and Matthias Minton, Second Lieutenant.

Silas Parker was one of the most highly esteemed men of the township, in which, for many years, he had taught school, and of which he had for four years, been Justice of the Peace. He was fifty-one years of age, a man of fine physique, martial bearing and a commanding voice.

When almost enough men had been enrolled to make a company, they went to the county seat, Washington, where, on the twenty-second of August, 1862, the Company was

mustered into the United States service for three years.

The Company encamped on the Fair grounds, sleeping in one of the large halls there. Two other Companies, Acheson's and Stockton's were also encamped on the Fair grounds. These afterwards became Companies C and K respectively of the One Hundred and Fortieth. Silas Parker's Company, as they came in from Amity, and marched along Main Street to the Fair grounds, made an impression on the people of Washington as a fine-looking body of men.

It may be said truthfully, that the "cream of the community" was taken when the Amity Company, as it was called, went to war; the Justice of the Peace of the township, the Captain of the Company; the expert cabinet maker and village undertaker, James A. Bebout; the tanner, Isaac Sharp, who left a yard full of hides; the miller, C. D. Sharp; men prominent in the community and in the church, business men, farmers and young men were enrolled in the Company. There were about half a dozen boys under eighteen, and one of them, Joe Meeks, not yet sixteen, was so youthful in appearance that, as we marched up Main Street on the day we left for Pittsburg, people were heard to say, "Oh, see that poor little boy."

Lieutenant Minton brought with him into the Company, some of the best men of the village of Prosperity and Morris township. The Company was largely composed of moral and Christian men, only the few indulged in profanity or were ever the worse for liquor. Perhaps one-half were church members. Every commissioned officer, each one of the five sergeants and all but one or two of the eight corporals were members of church.

Few Companies of the vast army that saved the Union made greater sacrifices than did the Amity Company. Captain Parker laid his all upon his country's altar, taking with him his two eldest sons, one of whom was under eighteen, and leaving a wife and several small children. Philo Paul left his farm, wife and nine children. James A. Bebout, H. C. Swart, Amos Swart, John Black, L. W. Day, Leicester Bebout, John Siber and others left families. We had some men

who were unsurpassed in their soldierly appearance. Captain Parker, James A. Bebout and Philo Paul were among them. One day at Brandy Station, Va., when an officer was inspecting the Regiment, as he came to Philo Paul and saw how erect he stood and noticed his determined look, his clean gun, polished gun barrel and brass pieces, he stopped in front of him and said: "There is a model soldier."

It is worthy of record that there were thirteen sets of brothers: four Swarts, H. C., Amos, John and A.J.; three Bebouts, James A., Beden and William; two Bakers, Enoch and Zachariah; two Currys, Andrew and Levi; two Cunninghams, Charles and Alpheus; two Dotys, Wilson and Thomas; two Sharps, C. D. and Isaac; two Evans, Samuel and Nathan; two Bells, Sample and Hays; two Siberts, John and James; two Parkers, Hamilton and Albert; two Millers, James and Lyman; two Teegardens, George and William.

After a few days of encampment, drilling and completing the enrollment, marching orders came and the three companies were transported by wagons to Pittsburgh. Before leaving Washington, the Amity Company was lined up in front of the Fulton House and H. J. Van Kirk, Esq., in a neat speech, presented to Captain Parker a handsome sword, which had been purchased by the ladies of Washington, under the leadership of Mrs. Judge McKennon. This sword is now in the rooms of the Washington Historical Society, having been presented to it by W. S. Parker, Esq., a son of Captain Parker.

Arriving at Pittsburgh we were taken to Camp Wilkins. Here we were uniformed and equipped and the last twelve recruits were sworn into the service, making an aggregate of 98 in the Company. In a day or two with other companies we were taken on the cars to Harrisburg, Pa., and quartered in Camp Curtin, where, on the eighth of September, the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment was organized. The Amity Company, which called itself "The Ten-Mile Infantry," after the name of a creek flowing near the village, became Company D of the Regiment.

The day after our arrival at Camp Curtin, the members of the Company were afforded some amusement at the expense

of two of the Company. An order had come to each company of the Regiment for a small detail of men, perhaps five or six, for police duty. Our orderly sergeant told us of the order and said he would make no detail but would ask for volunteers. One of our Company said to one of his tent mates, "Let's volunteer. It will be a snap. It is duty in the city, standing on the street corners and hailing all passing soldiers to show their passes." He and his friend volunteered and also others. Instead of being taken into the city they were given picks and shovels and put to work cleaning up the camp. This experience of raw recruits (as we all then were) became a standing joke on them and it ended volunteering for police duty, for we all learned then the military use of the term.

After a few days sojourn at Camp Curtin, the Regiment was ordered to Parkton Station, Maryland, on the Northern Central Railroad, to guard that thoroughfare from the New England and the Middle States to Washington. Five or six companies were distributed at various points along the route. Company D was ordered to Bee Tree Station, two or three miles north of Parkton Station. Our Company was in a small meadow on the farm of "Watty" Walker, as we called him; and we guarded the bridges on a meandering stream from Bee Tree Station to Walker's Switch. In addition to the guard duty we drilled daily in company formations and the manual of arms; and once in awhile went to Parkton for Regimental drill or inspection.

After about three months on the railroad, and when we had almost completed our cabins for winter quarters, we were suddenly ordered to join the Regiment at Parkton, and then the Regiment took cars for Washington City. Thence we marched to Fredericksburg, Va., and joined the Army of the Potomac.

As the history of the Regiment involves that of each company, and as Company D was in all the marches, campaigns, battles and skirmishes of the Regiment, we shall now give facts and incidents that relate especially to the Company.


While we were in winter quarters near Falmouth, Va.,

our Captain broke down in health. The experience of a three days' picket trip was too much for one of his years, fifty-one. No fire was allowed on the outposts; it rained most of these three days and his wet clothes froze on his person. A very severe cold resulted; his lungs became hopelessly affected; he went home, resigned his command April 16, 1863, and died in June.

Our Company, at this time, was unfortunate in regard to commissioned officers. Our Captain, broken down in health, had gone home to die; Lieutenant Mannon had been dismissed, unjustly, most of us regarded it; and Lieutenant Minton, a true gentleman, held in high esteem by all the Company, had been disabled through sickness and in August, 1863, resigned his place. Lieutenant Charles L. Linton, of Company C, was appointed to take command of the Company and on May 1, 1863, was commissioned Captain. We were displeased because one from another Company was taken to command us, as we thought we had men in the Company able to fill the position. However, the prejudice, for this reason against Captain Linton, gradually wore away, as he proved himself to be a very affable gentleman and a brave and skillful officer, and he became one of the most popular officers of the Regiment.

During the winter of 1862 and 1863, while in winter quarters near Falmouth, the Company shared with the other companies of the Regiment in the frequent battalion and brigade drills and in picket duty along the Rappahannock River. Several of the Company were out on picket on that severe cold night, the twenty-second of February, 1863, (the coldest night of the war) and some of these pickets almost froze to death. Abner Enox froze his feet so badly that he was disabled for service, was discharged and suffered more or less throughout the rest of his life.

On the first, second and third of May, 1863, was fought the battle of Chancellorsville. This was the Regiment's first battle. It tested the mettle of the men. Not a company flinched under the fire of the enemy. Company D distinguished itself in the rescue of the guns of the Fifth Maine



Battery at the Chancellor House on the morning of May 3, near the close of the fight. After this battery, which the Regiment and other troops of Hancock's command had been supporting, had been silenced by the fierce and accurate firing of the Confederate batteries, Company D took a prominent part in the rescue of the guns. This rescue of the guns and caissons from the charging, cheering and exultant Confederates was one of the most heroic acts of the war. When the call was made for volunteers to save the guns, Captain Linton and thirty-two men of Company D rushed into the storm of shot and shell and hauled off four guns and caissons, taking them back (according to Captain Linton's written statement in the *National Tribune* a few years ago) about 500 yards, when the Irish Brigade took them. There were others from other companies, and likely from other regiments, who joined in the work of the rescue of the battery, but we claim that there were more of Company D than of any other company or command.

As there has been much discussion through the columns of the *National Tribune* as to "who saved the guns at Chancellorsville," I give the names of those of Company D who helped do it: Captain Linton, Corporals John A. Black, L. W. Day, Beden Bebout, James A. Bebout, Isaac Sharp and James M. Hughes, and Privates Philo Paul, Peter Phillips, Amos Swart, Charles Guttery, Isaac Lacock, William Watson, Joseph Evans, Jacob Yoders, James Hathaway, John L. Hathaway, James Birch, Jacob McAfee, Zachariah Baker, George S. Moore, Simon Sanders, James Miles, Enoch Baker, Joseph Meeks, Wilson Doty, Thomas Doty, Abner Birch, John Sanders and three more whose names we have been unable to obtain. John Sanders was wounded while saving the battery and soon died from the wound.

There were some very narrow escapes in battle. Some of the incidents I give in the language of Manaen Sharp, in a pamphlet prepared by him for a Memorial Day at Amity.

At Chancellorsville, while rescuing the Fifth Maine Battery, "Captain Linton and Isaac Sharp took hold of a limber and while lifting it a shell passed under it, just missing their

feet. Woods Day was trying to lift a wheel of another gun when a shell exploded right under the gun."


"James Miles had some very close calls. At Gettysburg a ball struck his cap box and another passed through his whiskers and wounded Jacob Yoders on the left arm. At Petersburg a ball struck the ground with such force as to throw gravel into his face, drawing blood freely from his mouth. His Captain, J. F. Bell, thought he was badly hurt. In the battle of Cold Harbor, a bullet lodged in the canteen of J. Walton Hughes."

"At the presidential election in 1864, the soldiers were about to vote. Company D was in front of Petersburg where everything had to be done under cover. Captain J. F. Bell was President of the Election Board. John Closser and John Kelly were the Inspectors. While examining the ballots, a large shell from Goose Neck struck and exploded right in their midst, covering them with dust and earth, but not a man was hurt."

There were individual acts of coolness and bravery in battle that are worthy of record.

At Chancellorsville, Joseph Evans, who was one of the volunteers to save the guns of the Fifth Maine Battery, saw two horses hitched to a caisson in that terrific storm of shrieking and bursting shells, and mounting one of the horses, rode off the field and saved the caisson.

"At Gettysburg, where bullets were flying thick and fast and doing their deadly work, Sergeant H. C. Swart stopped right in the midst of this hail of bullets and cut the accoutrement straps from James Hughes, who had been wounded, gave him a drink and helped him to a stone fence. John Swart, while in battle, got a bullet fastened in his gun. He deliberately sat down on the battle line, cut it out with his knife, and went on with the fight. Harvey Swart, John Kelly and George Redd were detailed to guard an important bridge over the North Anna River. There should have been twenty instead of three. They held the bridge by keeping up a hot fire all night. When they would run short of ammunition one of the three would go back and bring up a supply and they would



continue the fire, making the Confederates believe that a large force was holding the bridge."

I close this sketch with the narration of some individual acts of kindness, showing the devotion of the men of Company D to each other and their sacrifices for the welfare of others.

When the pickets returned to camp on that cold February morning of 1863 and reported that Harvey Swart was unable to get in, Captain Parker at once got an ambulance and went out and brought him in, nearly frozen.

At the battle of Gettysburg, on the second of July, when the Union troops on the left of the line, at the wheatfield and the peach orchard, were falling back, A. J. Swart, at the risk of his life, tried to take with him his wounded friend and comrade, James A. Bebout, and had taken him some distance when the enemy came so close that his wounded friend requested him to lay him down and save himself from capture.

After the repulse on the third day at Gettysburg, Enoch French found the dead body of James A. Bebout, where it had been placed between two rocks by A. J. Swart. He pinned a paper on his coat with his name on it and a request to the burial party to mark his grave. He sent home what he found in his pockets.

"At Cold Harbor, Samuel Evans was wounded and lay between the lines. It was not known whether he was alive or dead. His friend, John L. Hathaway, who had been watching, saw his blanket move, and against the advice of his comrades, deliberately arose in full view of the enemy, and walked to his friend and made him as comfortable as he could. In admiration of his bravery, the Confederates did not fire a gun until he had started back to the Union lines, when a hail of bullets was fired at him. He was hit and knocked down. He grabbed a rebel haversack from the ground to make them think they had not hit him and finally got back to his comrades, but in a fainting condition."

At Chancellorsville, John Black and James Miles risked their lives to take off the field, John A. Wright, who was lying on the ground wounded and helpless. On the night fol-

lowing the battle of Chancellorsville, Corporal W. C. Ramsey went to the receiving hospital of the First Division of the Second Corps in the woods and found Sergeant Moses McCollum and private John A. Wright, who were lying side by side, made them coffee, put his own blanket over them for the night, returned the next morning and made them more coffee.

On the night of the withdrawal from Deep Bottom, John A. Wright, who had been suffering with the scourge of the soldier, diarrhoea, became dizzy while marching and began to stagger. Captain Bell took hold of his hand and led him, but soon seeing that he could not do this and keep up with the Company, ordered William Williams to fall out of ranks and take care of him.

Two of the Company (whose names we regret are not remembered) then took his gun and knapsack, and suspending the knapsack on the gun, carried it between them. Williams stayed by the sick man all the night, all the next day, a very hot one in July, the next night and part of the following day, when they reached the camp of the Regiment near Petersburg.

These and other acts of self-sacrifice show the mettle of the men who marched forth to war from Amity and Prosperity and their vicinities. Is it any wonder that the writer feels a very tender attachment to the men of this Company, and is it any wonder that he has often said in private conversation and public addresses that there is no body of men to whom he is so tenderly and strongly attached as to the men of Company D, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers?

COMPANY E, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

This Company was recruited in Washington and Fayette, Monongahela City and Uniontown, being the recruiting stations.

Owing to the necessity for prompt organization into companies, the men, who had been enrolled across the line in Fayette County were ordered to report to the recruiting officers at Monongahela City and, on their arrival, were consolidated with the Washington County recruits. As they numbered only about one-fourth of the Company thus constituted, the captaincy went to the larger body, it being understood that the smaller contingent should have a fair proportion of the offices below that grade.

As originally organized the officers were: Aaron Gregg, Captain; Thomas A. Stone, First Lieutenant, and Irwin F. Sansom, Second Lieutenant. As soon as these arrangements were completed the Company was ordered into camp at Pittsburgh, and thence after a few days to Camp Curtin, at Harrisburg, where the regimental organization was completed.

The permanent position assigned to the Company was fourth from the center in the left wing or next to Company A on the extreme left of the Regiment.

Its heaviest reported losses in battle were at Gettysburg, Spottsylvania and Petersburg. Its heaviest proportional loss seems to have been at Totopotomy Creek where a shell from an exploding battery, tore two men to pieces and wounded several others in the immediate vicinity.

Captain Gregg was discharged on surgeon's certificate, June 5, 1863, and Lieutenant Stone resigned February 6, 1863. These officers were succeeded in order of rank by Lieutenant Sansom promoted to Captain, September 1, 1863 and

Sergeant James A. Russell, promoted to First Lieutenant, November 6, 1863.

Lieutenant Russel was discharged January 13, 1865 and First Sergeant William D. Lank became First Lieutenant in his stead. He was killed at Sailors' Creek a few days before the surrender of General Lee and was buried in the Poplar Grove, National Cemetery, at Petersburg, Va. Francis R. Stover became Second Lieutenant, March 30, 1863 and was discharged by special order of the War Department in December of the same year.

The last Captain of the Company was Jesse T. Power, who was promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, November 10, 1863; from Sergeant to Captain, February 10, 1865. At Spottsylvania he was the youngest member of the color guard and one of the members who picked up the flag when it had fallen and carried it until he himself was stricken and compelled to relinquish it to other hands. Captain Power received his commission when he was but eighteen years of age and had the honor of leading his Company in the last campaign of the war and also of bringing its survivors home.

At its muster out, this Company had a Captain, Jesse T. Power; a Second Lieutenant, William A. McMillian, assigned to it from Company I; a First Sergeant, John Barkley; 3 Sergeants, 2 Corporals, 1 Musician and 13 Privates—a total of 22.

The full number of the Company at the date of muster in was 101 officers and men.

NOTE.—This sketch was prepared from data furnished by Sergeant A. G. Beeson and from other available sources.—R. L. S.

HISTORY OF COMPANY F.*

This Company, like the other independent organizations which made up the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, was recruited in response to the President's call, issued in July, 1862, for 300,000 volunteers.

It was a time of great excitement and prompt decisions. Everywhere men left their homes, abandoning their peaceful pursuits and cherished purposes for the future, and flocked to their nearest villages and towns to enroll themselves among the defenders of the country.

Richard P. Roberts, one of the foremost lawyers of the Beaver Bar, a fearless advocate and supporter of the Lincoln administration, obtained permission from Governor Curtin to recruit a Beaver County company.

John D. Stokes, a noted Sunday school worker, courageous, religious and determined, who believed what he taught and carried that belief into everyday life, began also to solicit recruits from the section in which he lived and had great influence.

Alexander Calvert, a resident of Hopewell Township, who at that time was preparing himself to enter the Theological Seminary, came over with a dozen or two of men, and another addition was secured in Rochester by Wm. S. Shellenberger.

With these several bands recruited in different sections of the county, Company F was made up.

Men who had been watching the progress of the war for over a year, and who had formed their estimates and opinions, and who thoroughly understood that it was to be no child's play, were thus brought together and freely offered their services to save the imperilled nation.

*Abbreviated and condensed from published history of Company F by Corporal Andrew G. White.

Assembling at the county seat, in Beaver, the Company was organized on the 9th of August, 1862, by electing Richard P. Roberts, Captain; John D. Stokes, First Lieutenant; Thomas Henry, Second Lieutenant.

W. S. Shellenberger was made First Sergeant of the Company by appointment of the Captain.

Thus organized, the officers and men were sworn into the United States service on the public square in front of the Court House on the 9th of August, 1862.

Now began the daily drill under an experienced master, John McManamy. Every forenoon and afternoon the Company was put through the manoeuvres until the 31st of August, when the Captain received order to report with his command to the officials at Harrisburg.

On the first day of September we bade good-bye to the friends and dear ones of our community and homes; and in a downpour of rain, to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," marched away—many of that little band of 101 men never to return, but to lay down their lives that the nation might live.

Our line of march was up Third Street, through Beaver and on through West Bridgewater and Rochester, to the Pennsylvania Station. Here we boarded the train, and as we pulled out from the station, looked back upon hundreds of our friends and well-wishers who had gathered to see us off and bid a final farewell. We returned their cheers, salutes of waving handkerchiefs, hats, etc., so long as we were within sight and hearing; and then, while they returned sadly to their homes, we sped on toward the city of Pittsburg.

Leaving the train at the Allegheny Station, we were marched over to Wilkins' Hall in Pittsburg, where we were quartered for the day and fed at the expense of the city.

At 8 P. M. we left the hall, marched up Liberty Avenue in another dashing rain to the Union Station, where we took the night train for the East, arriving in Harrisburg a little before daybreak. After breakfast, which was served in an old barrack near the station, we were marched out to Camp Cur-

tin. Here began our first experience on the tented field. Henry Edwards was detailed as company cook, and well did he perform that duty; the only trouble he had was to get something to cook.

But oh! Sleeping on the hard board floors; to many it was a new and trying experience, and, to some, almost fatal. Here our first man broke down. Harvey Brown caught a cold, from which he contracted asthma, which ended his military career.

In a few days we drew clothing, with the usual experience of misfits, and sent our citizen's clothing home by express.

Here, in Camp Curtin, we remained, drilling every day until September 8th, when we were organized into the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

The Regiment was made up of four companies from Washington County, three from Beaver, one from Greene and one from Mercer County. Here our Captain was elected Colonel and our Orderly Sergeant, W. S. Shellenberger, was appointed Adjutant. On the following day we received arms—the Belgian rifle, with big, heavy sabre bayonets—and on September 10th, at 4 P. M., left Camp Curtin and proceeded by rail down the North Central Railroad to Parkton Station, twenty-five miles from Baltimore. Here the Company went into camp with Companies B, G and Q, the rest of the Regiment being distributed along the road to do guard duty.

By the promotion of Captain Roberts to Colonel of the Regiment and First Sergeant Shellenberger to the rank of Adjutant, two vacancies were made in the offices of the Company. As the result of an election, which was held September 15th, Thomas Henry was chosen as Captain and Alex. Calvert Second Lieutenant. John D. Stokes retained his position as First Lieutenant of the Company, and by regular promotion, Sergeant Andrew M. Purdy became the First, or Orderly Sergeant.

Shortly afterwards the Regiment received its colors, and Robert Riddle was appointed Color Sergeant.

Here, in Camp Seward, the Company remained for nearly

three months, sharing in the experiences of the rest of the battalion. Each day had its regularly appointed service of guard duty, its drills, dress parades, inspections, etc., etc.

On the 10th of December the Company broke camp and, with the rest of the Regiment, took passage for the front in a train of box and cattle cars. On the heights directly behind Falmouth, Va., we cleared a grove of its heavy timber and constructed comfortable winter huts.

From the date of our arrival at this place—December 20th—we became a constituent part of the Army of the Potomac. Our assignment was to General Zook's Brigade of the First Division, Second Army Corps. At a later date we were transferred to the First Brigade, but our connection with the First Division continued unbroken until we were mustered out of the service.

With the rest of the Regiment we participated in the drills, reviews, inspections and regular details for camp and picket duty during the winter and spring of 1863.

At Chancellorsville Company F, while supporting the Fifth Maine Battery, close to the Chancellor House, was called upon for a detail of men to assist in rescuing a number of wounded soldiers from this building, which had been set on fire by the enemy's shells. Captain Henry promptly responded to this call, and rushing into the burning building, by the east entrance, brought out thirty-three wounded men and three badly frightened women.

At Gettysburg Company F was the second company from the right of the Regiment. Eight were killed or mortally wounded, seventeen were more or less seriously injured, and eight were captured.

The Company left the Gettysburg field with eleven men out of forty-nine taken into action. At Falling Waters, however, twelve men, who had been on special detail for the guarding of cattle, were returned in the rank and file, making a total of twenty-two for active service.

While in winter quarters—'63-'64—the Company received nineteen recruits. These men had been gathered up in West-

ern Pennsylvania of officers detailed for this purpose. In the general history, the part taken by this Company in the wilderness campaign and in the events which followed, up to the surrender of General Lee, has been already given.

After this surrender the long-looked-for and the long-hoped-for order arrived—"Homeward bound,"—and Company F, in its place as second in line, with the One Hundred and Fortieth leading the Corps, steps out with its old-time swing for home and "God's country."

Back to and through Richmond, over the well-beaten tracks, over former battlefields, where comrades dear had given up their young lives. What memories come crowding back! In fancy we live the scenes over again. Here in this ravine we seem to see in shadowy outline the blanched face of one so dear as he fell dead at our feet, and, oh! how we regret now that in the rush and excitement of the charge we did not have the chance even to stop and receive his good-bye.

Scattered around we see the little mounds that cover the remains of comrades gone and true; so, uncovered and with bowed heads, we stand looking at these hastily made graves that hold the remains of those who in vigorous, young manhood started out with us to find these lonely resting places.

Then the thought comes, Oh, war! Cruel, inhuman, blackfaced war! Thank God it is all over at last. And, with eyes raised to heaven, we silently return thanks to the Giver of all good that at last our task is finished; that, under the blessing of God, this "Government of the people, for the people and by the people" shall not perish from the earth: nor have these sacrifices been made in vain.

Then bidding good-bye to these graves of our loved comrades who now so peacefully sleep in the soil of old Virginia, we turn our faces once more to the rosy East. And now onward, up through Fredericksburg and on to the Capitol, which we find still draped in mourning for our lamented Lincoln, we go into camp not far from that city of the dead—"Arlington Cemetery."

A few days more, and what is left of Company F goes,

proudly swinging, up Pennsylvania Avenue in the Great Review, where the representatives of the earth uncover and wave welcome to the returning victors of the greatest war this old mother earth has record of.

Little remains now to be told. Once more on board the trains bound for dear, dirty old Pittsburg, where, in a few days more, the Company is mustered out of service; then home, sweet home, to receive hugs and kisses from loved ones who have watched, waited and prayed for this happy event.

Company F left Beaver with 101 men, and received recruits to the number of nineteen, making a total enrolled of 120.

Sixteen of the Company, including our Colonel, were killed in battle, eleven died of wounds received in battle, and two from other causes, making a total of twenty-nine.

At the muster out thirty-two were present. The changes, promotions, discharges and transfers to other commands are given in the Regimental Roster and need not be repeated here.



Mess No. 9 Co. G.

A Haversack of Mess No. 9, which preserved its owner from serious damage at
Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

ROBT. LAIRD STEWART. JAMES S. RANKIN. E. G. EMERY.
JAMES SLOAN. BOYD ATKINSON. JOHN R. MITCHELL.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF COMPANY G.**BY****JAMES W. POLLOCK, Washington, Pa.
Company Historian.**

Company G, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was recruited at Canonsburg, Pa., from the 1st to the 20th of August, 1862, by John Fraser, Professor of Mathematics in Jefferson College and Hon. Henry H. Bingham, of Philadelphia, who at that time had just received his diploma from the college.

The local designation of the Company, in accordance with the custom of time, was "The Brown Guards of Canonsburg," so named in honor of Dr. Alexander B. Brown a greatly beloved Ex-President of Jefferson College, who, shortly before his death, had shown himself to be one of the most loyal and enthusiastic defenders of the integrity of the Nation.

On the 20th day of August the several members of the Company assembled at Canonsburg and were taken to Camp Howe, near Pittsburgh in carriages and spring wagons, furnished free of charge by the patriotic citizens of the town and vicinity. Those who passed the physical examination during the 21st were on the 22nd of August, 1862, mustered into the United States service for a term of three years, or during the war.

FAREWELL RECEPTION.

Before leaving, however, the members were given a farewell reception by the citizens in College Chapel. The friends of the boys and many others were present and it was a sad time and yet they were proud too—proud that they had boys who were going to fight for their country. A number of addresses were delivered by prominent citizens and by men connected with Jefferson College. To each member of the Company was given a New Testament; then the good-byes

were said, and the Company formed in line on the campus and marched down Central Avenue to Pike Street and out to Greenside Avenue, where the wagons and carriages were in waiting; into these after the calling of the roll the boys climbed and they were "off for the war." The backward look at the town from Curry's Hill on the Pike was the final sight of Canonsburg for more than a third of those who went away that hot August day.

On September 4th the members of the Company were taken from Camp Howe at Pittsburgh, by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Camp Curtin at Harrisburg, Pa., where on the 8th of September they were joined in the organization of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers and were henceforth known as members of Company G.

One hundred and two members were mustered into the United States service August 22, 1862. One recruit was added making 103 in all. Of this number 17 were killed on the field of battle. Four were mortally wounded and died in the hospitals. One was drowned in the Appomattox River. Three of those who had been captured, died in prison during the war and ten died of disease. Two have been accidentally killed since the war. Thirty-five died from result of wounds and diseases since the war and thirty-one are living. The Company took part with the Regiment in all the duties, marches and engagements from its organization at Harrisburg, Pa., on September 8th, 1862, until the Company was mustered out of the United States service on May 31, 1865, near Alexandria, Va., by reason of General Order No. 26, Headquarters, Army of the Potomac.

ONE HUNDRED AND THREE WENT OUT; TWENTY-EIGHT
RETURNED.

The Company was given free transportation back to Camp Howe at Pittsburgh, where on Saturday afternoon, June 3, 1865, the members received their final pay. They remained in the city of Pittsburgh until Monday, June 5th, when the 28 survivors being all of the Company present on the

previous Saturday to answer to their names and receive their pay, were escorted back to Canonsburg in buggies, carriages and spring wagons, where they received a royal welcome, as attested by the following account written at the time for publication.

SOLDIERS' RECEPTION AT CANONSBURG.

RETURN OF COMPANY G, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH REGIMENT.

Addresses of Welcome by Rev. Dr. Riddle, William McDaniel, Esq., and Rev. F. Collier—Touching Ceremony in the College Chapel—Entertainment at the Clifton House in the Evening.

As the rebellion is about over and our noble boys are returning from the bloody scenes of war to their homes, and are receiving a hearty welcome from their friends in different parts of the country, we thought it would not be amiss to give your readers an idea of how Canonsburg received the gallant veterans who have stood as a wall of fire between our homes and danger.

Late on Saturday evening, the 3d inst., word came to town that the boys of Company G, One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, were in Pittsburgh. Immediately a meeting of the citizens was called and a committee of arrangements appointed to send for the boys and also to make preparations for giving them an appropriate reception.

Some seven or eight wagons left for Pittsburgh to bring them over. On Monday morning arrangements were made for a grand demonstration in the College Chapel and for a supper at the Clifton House in the evening. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the ringing of the bell announced the arrival at the bridge on the Pittsburgh pike. Fifes and drums were immediately put in requisition, and as their martial strains were poured forth, a large concourse of citizens of all ages, sizes, sexes and colors were soon on their way to meet the

war-worn heroes and bid them welcome to their homes.

Meeting them at the bridge we escorted them to the College Chapel, where an organization took place by appointing Burgess James McCullough, Esq., chairman. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Smith. This venerable divine, whose voice was tremulous with age, was almost overcome with emotions that crowded upon him, as well he might be, having lost two noble sons in this unholy rebellion. After prayer the Rev. Dr. Riddle welcomed the sun-browned heroes back to their homes in a very neat and appropriate address.

Then came the calling of the original roll of the Company by Orderly Sergeant Pollock. The members present answered to their own names. Lieutenant Paxton, acting Captain, answered for the absent, and the tears could be seen coursing down many a cheek as he called out, "Killed at Gettysburg;" "Killed at Chancellorsville;" "Wounded at the Wilderness, since died in the hospital;" and so on. Thus all the noble Company, numbering, when they went out, one hundred and three men, were accounted for as having nobly done their duty.

Next in order came William McDaniel, Esq., who spoke of the hearty welcome and greeting given to those who were permitted to return, and of the sorrow for those who now sleep on every battlefield from Rapidan to Richmond. His speech was received with thunders of applause. •

He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Collier, who made one of the most chaste and telling speeches it has ever been our privilege to listen to, welcoming the brave boys back to their fathers, mothers, wives and sisters and especially their sweet-hearts, hoping they may have many a skirmish by moonlight, and if captured need not fear starvation in the arms of a northern "Libby." After this eloquent speech, three rousing cheers were given for the members of Company G. The band struck up a National air and the Company and citizens marched in procession to the Clifton House, where was prepared one of the finest suppers ever partaken of. All honor to Mr. Brice-land and his lady for this fine entertainment.

After supper several toasts were read, among which were the following:

"The members of Company G, One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment:

"Long may they live to enjoy the benedictions of their fellow-countrymen for helping to save one of the best governments God ever gave to man."

Mr. Thomas A. Perrine, of the senior class of Jefferson College, who lost his right arm at the Battle of Chancellorsville while a member of the Company, responded to the above sentiment as follows:

"This is a day of days for Company G; a day to be remembered long and well by these war-worn veterans clad in their uniforms of dingy blue, the garb of true American nobility; a day for which we all, soldiers and citizens, have looked and longed and prayed right earnestly.

"Father and son, brother and sister, husband and wife, lover and sweetheart, now greet each other once more after many long months of watching and waiting in tearful and prayerful suspense. To-day the soldier returning to the home he left, not that he loved home comforts less, but that he loved his country more, after many weary marches and hard-fought battles, many days of toil and nights of danger, is filled with gladness at these numerous indications of love and gratitude. You who three years ago parted from him in tears, to-day welcome him home with smiles and open arms. Your countenances beaming with pleasure as well as sweet words of thanks and praise tell him that his services and sacrifices are not unappreciated.

"But most of all is he thrilled with joy at the thought that the work given him to do is finished. The rebellion is crushed; his labors are over; his 'occupation's gone,' for over every State, North and South, East and West, now floats 'the starry emblem of the free.'

"The integrity of the Nation has been preserved, her dignity maintained; her authority respected from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf. Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the return of Peace, smil-

ing goddess, thrice-welcome that she comes crowned with laurels of victory. No more fighting, no more breathing the fumes of villainous saltpetre, no more suffering from wounds, no more loved names to be added to the long list of noble dead.

"In the name of Company G, returning thus in triumph, I thank you for this warm welcome, this kindly reception, this cheering recognition of duty done. It is indeed gratifying for those who have borne the heat and burden of the day to know that they have your unflinching support, your earnest prayers. They accept with heart-felt thanks these words of cheer and welcome, these many tokens of your loyalty to your government and your respect for its defenders. For myself I have little to say. I claim but a very small portion of your gratitude. The rebels seemed unwilling to give me a fair chance to be a hero in the strife. The only credit I deserve is for good intentions. I can say cheerfully to-day that, although it is hard to be deprived of comforts which a right arm bestows, yet it is infinitely better for me that I should be thus maimed and my country whole, than I whole and my country maimed.

"I cannot let slip this opportunity for expressing publicly the thanks I owe these bronzed heroes. There are those in this Company but for whom I should not stand before you to-day, those who have not refused to save my poor life at the risk of their own. Shall I forget them? Company G! brave boys, Nature's noblemen, if I cease to remember you with a grateful heart, 'let my hand forget its cunning, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!'"

At the close of Mr. Perrine's remarks, all separated, well pleased with the reception that had been given the Company. About 9 o'clock the same evening, the boys and many of the ladies and citizens of the town were invited to Captain Paxton's home (made happy by the return of two sons, one of whom had suffered in Southern prisons) to partake of some of the delicacies of the season. Ice cream, strawberries, pound cake, etc., again stared the war-worn heroes in the face. After spending some time with this kind family and the fair ladies



ROBT L. STEWART, Corporal Co. G. WILSON N. PAXTON, Capt. Co. G.
JAS. W. POLLOCK, Historian Co. G.
JOHN R. PAXTON, Lieut. Co. G. WM. T. POLLOCK, 1st Sergt. Co. G.
J. P. WILSON, Capt. Co. G.

of our town, all dispersed, and as they scattered more than one of the brave boys could be heard saying, "Canonsburg has always been true to the soldiers, and the members of Company G will never forget its kindness."

THE UNRUFFLED, EVER-READY VETERAN OF COMPANY G.

Whilst all the members of Company G nobly did their duty, one, viz: First Sergeant William T. Pollock, "The Hero of Company G," as he was "dubbed" by the boys, has the remarkable record of having always been on duty with the Company, endured all the marches, and never was in the hospital, took part with the Company, in all the battles, from Chancellorsville to Appomattox and came through without a scar, although his cap, canteen and clothes showed the ravages of many a rebel bullet during the different actions.

The Company was on the advance firing line on Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, when General Lee surrendered the Confederate Army to General Grant at Appomattox which virtually closed the war. The flag of truce first appeared directly in front of the Company, which was the signal for a temporary cessation of hostilities.

Several of the members of Company G, after their return from the war, continued their studies at college. Six of these became ministers of the Gospel, viz.: Rev. Robert L. Stewart, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary of Lincoln University, Pa., and our eminent Regimental Historian; Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D., a noted divine of New York City, N. Y.; Rev. George R. Murray, Thomas, Pa.; Rev. Samuel B. McBride, Sewickley, Pa.; Rev. William A. Kerr, deceased, and Rev. James S. Rankin, deceased. Many others served as elders, deacons or trustees in the respective congregations to which they belonged, in fact all the members of Company G have "made good," are well-to-do financially, nearly all have been married and have descendants. Congressman H. H. Bingham, of Philadelphia, recently deceased, was, for thirty-three years, the Representative of the First Congressional District of the State, and for many years the "Father of

the House," in point of service; James W. Pollock, Washington, Pa., historian of Company G, was County Commissioner of Washington County, Pa.; Dr. James G. Sloan, deceased, and John M. Berry, deceased, were members of the State Legislature, and John T. Sumney, of Los Angeles, Cal., served a term as County Judge of Furnas County, Neb. Many members of the Company filled positions of honor and trust, such as Presidents and Cashiers of National Banks and Trust Companies, Justices of the Peace, Members of City and Borough Councils, School Directors, Road Supervisors, etc., but want of space forbids any further report.

A SKETCH OF COMPANY H, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

BY HARRY J. BOYDE, Beaver Pa.

**Though triumphs were to generals due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers, too.**

—Pope.

It was in August, 1862, that a company of men, which was to be known in the future as Company H, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, assembled in the village of Hookstown, Beaver County, Penna., and were enrolled and finally mustered into the service of the Government as volunteer soldiers to serve for three years or during the war, which was then being waged between the North and the South.

Abraham Lincoln had issued his proclamation calling for 300,000 men and this Company was the response of the little village above named, and the surrounding townships of Greene, Hanover and Racoon.

The Company, at the time of its organization, had 100 men on its roll, this number being increased from time to time during the progress of the war, when at its close we find the names of 133 as having been connected with its membership.

The general characteristics of its membership are worthy of note, in that of the 133 connected with it, over 100 were farmers, averaging at the time of enlistment, a little under 24 years of age.

Again, having been born and reared upon the farm, they were particularly well fitted, physically, to endure the toil and fatigue incident to long marches through heat and cold, sunshine and rain, mud and dust, the sleepless nights on the skirmish and picket line and shock of battle.

Further, life on the farm had not only fitted them physically but it had also trained them to think, a trait which dis-

tinguished the American volunteer soldier, and made him the superior of any soldier the world has ever known. He could and did take the initiative and fight without his commanding officers as well as with them.

Above all they were, with but few exceptions, Christian men. They were, as a rule, the offspring of Scotch-Irish fathers and mothers who feared God and to whom the religious training of the child was as of much importance as tilling the farm. Consequently there went out from these homes men and women of strong Christian character, well fitted for coping with the responsibilities and vicissitudes of life. Their characters were founded upon the teachings of the Bible and their wits sharpened by many a weary struggle with the Westminster Confession of Faith and painful recitations of the Longer and Shorter Catechisms. "Many a victory was practically won before the war by reason of this superior home training."

The character of the community from which these men came may be judged by the fact that from its small population there has gone out in the past 65 years a number of ministers of the gospel, physicians, lawyers and teachers that is equalled by few other communities in the United States. Many of them became eminent in their professions.

What we say of this Company, can as truthfully be said of the entire Regiment and we find it to have been composed of sturdy, independent men, brave and patient in character, calm and even cheerful amid hardship and danger, giving to the Nation and the World, undying proof of the pride, courage and devotion of the American volunteer, a class of men who have ever been the backbone of our country, and often in her story of war and struggle have enabled her to speak with her enemies in the gate.

Does not the above explain why the corps, division and brigade commanders were so prone to impose the most perilous duties upon us? They knew the Regiment could be trusted and they were never deceived. The fearful losses sustained bear mute and eloquent testimony to this, the losses of this Company alone being 20 killed and 50 wounded. Eight

of the wounded men died on the field or in the hospital, two died in Confederate prisons, four were missing in action and seven of our wounded comrades suffered the loss of an arm or leg.

The survivors of the Company have ever had reason to be proud of its record and point with a pardonable pride to the fact that we did not have a single deserter from our ranks.

Having been mustered into the service with Companies F and I in Beaver, the Companies F, H and I, being known as the Beaver County Companies, we were hurried to Harrisburg and with Companies from Washington, Greene and Mercer Counties there assembled, a regimental organization was affected, and thus became the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

An election of officers for the Company resulted in the choice of Rev. Marcus Ormond for Captain, Austin Miller, First Lieutenant and Samuel Campbell, Second Lieutenant, with the regular complement of Sergeants and Corporals. Here we were armed and clothed, the clothing being in most cases a misfit, and our guns an old antiquated pattern, more dangerous to the man behind them than to the one in front. By those armed with modern equipment, we were spoken of as "the walking artillery."

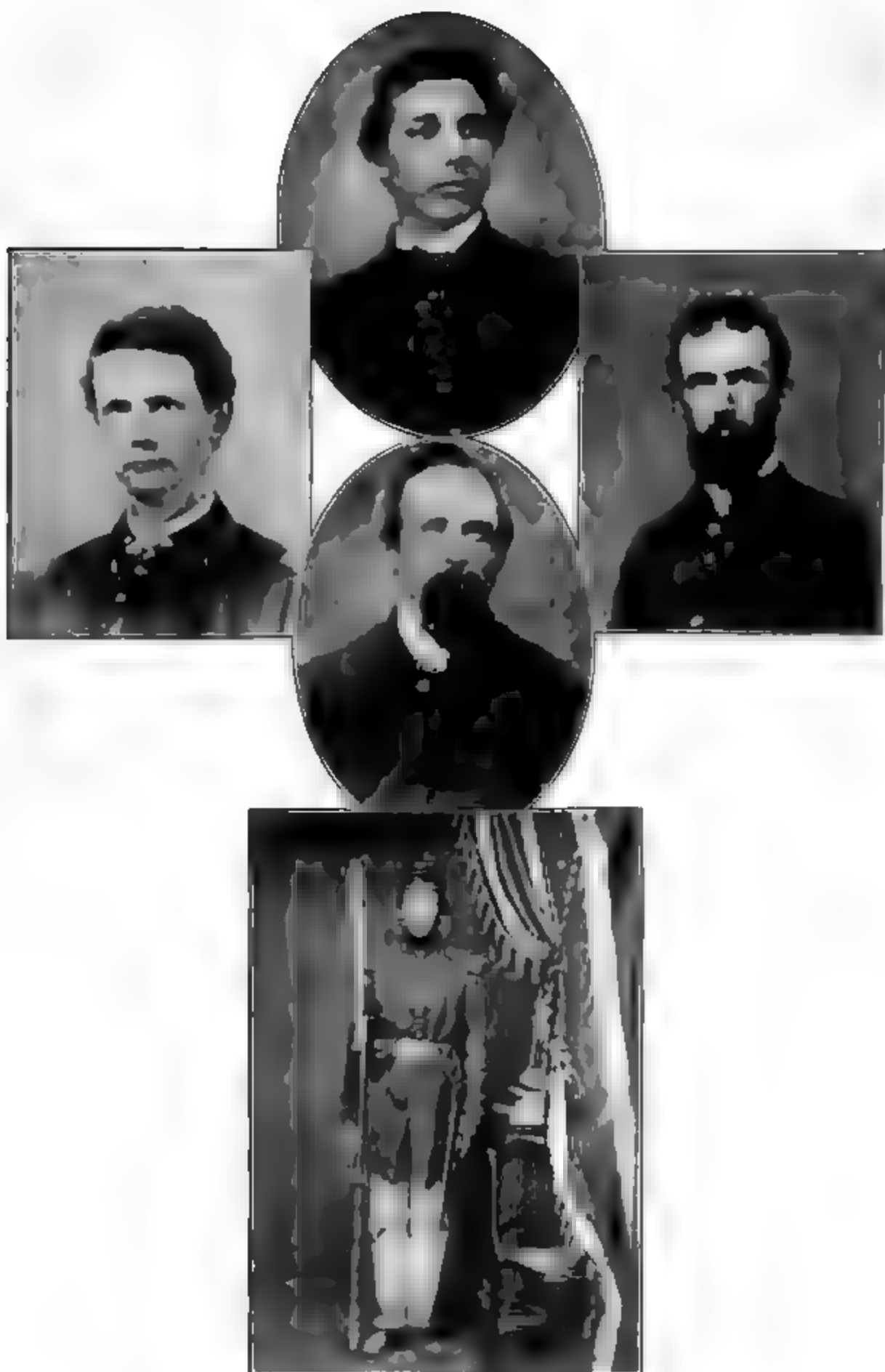
The morning of September 10th found us on our way to Parkton, Md., where we guarded the Northern Central Railroad, a duty which demanded constant vigilance to prevent attack from straggling bands of the enemy, who sought to destroy the road. Many pleasant memories are connected with Camp Seward at this place which only lack of space prevents us from recording. While here, we lost two of our number, viz.: William H. Uncapher, who was taken ill, his sickness developing eventually into typhoid fever, of which he died in Baltimore, Md. Also William O. Custer, who was discharged by reason of ill health.

While at Parkton our Captain, Marcus Ormond, resigned and was commissioned as Chaplain of the Regiment. This caused an election to be held by the Company to fill the

vacancy thus created, and resulted in the election of Samuel Campbell as Captain; Austin Miller, First Lieutenant, and John B. Vance, Second Lieutenant. The election was held by virtue of an order issued by Colonel Roberts after a petition had been presented to him praying that such election might be held, and is thus set forth to correct a misunderstanding as to the matter, which has existed for some years. The Company rightly preferred electing from their own number rather than have one or more commissioned to lead them of whom they knew nothing. It also estopped some who were too dainty to take their chances with us as high privates in the rear rank.

Being new to the service while at Parkton we experienced, as we thought, some hardships. Nevertheless, like "Jeshuran, we waxed fat and kicked." The right to kick and criticise was the peculiar privilege of the private soldier and not to be interfered with. If, what we experienced at Parkton, could be spoken of as hardship, what about the trip from there to Falmouth, Va.? This experience we will always remember. In our then raw condition, we thought of it and spoke of it as entirely uncalled for. Nevertheless, it was only a taste of what was to come. We were, soon after our arrival at Falmouth, comfortably housed in winter quarters and spent the winter in the performance of duties incident to the life of the soldier, such as daily drills, picket duty along the banks of the Rappahannock, etc. The exposure connected with this service soon began to show its effect upon those who were not physically qualified to meet it, and resulted while here in the loss of seven of our number, who were discharged and sent home.

The writer feels at this point that for him to go into details of dates, anything like descriptions of our marches and various engagements will be but a repetition of what the Regimental Historian has already written. Suffice it then to say that Company H was in all of the engagements in which the Regiment took part and performed its duty with credit to itself and the satisfaction of the Regimental and Company officers.



WM. B. THORNBERG, 1st Serg. Co. H. WALTER M. LAWRENCE, 2nd Lieut. Co. H.
 JOS. W. LAWRENCE, Hospital Steward Co. H. JAMES M. D. MITCHELL, Serg. Co. H.
 JOS. MOODY, Serg. Color Guard, Co. H.

Lack of space also forbids the recording of a memento of each member of the Company much as we wish to so do. The muster roll will, however, give the name of each with some data. But in order that the names of those who were killed, wounded and missing may be given some prominence, the writer has prepared the following table. This has been carefully examined and approved by a number of the survivors and we feel assured of its accuracy, although it does differ in some particulars with other extant records.

Names of the killed, wounded and missing or taken prisoners, viz :

At Chancellorsville—Wounded, Joseph Calhoun, William M. Carothers.

At Gettysburg—Wounded, Samuel Campbell, Arthur Shields, Thomas J. Miller, George Summerville, Gibson Hood, David M. Minesinger, John B. Vance, William A. Brunton, Charles McCoy, Hugh Q. Adams, John Purdy.

At Gettysburg—Killed and died of wounds—Alexander Greer, Johnson Berlin, James Taggart, Henry Ewing, William Conlin, John Blackmore, James McC. Phillips, Samuel W. Barnes, Thomas N. Thornburg, John C. Gibb.

At Gettysburg—Missing in action, Washington McHenry.

At Gettysburg—Taken prisoner, Jacob R. Fleegel, David R. Whitehill.

At Bristoe Station—Wounded, James D. Babb.

At Bristoe Station—Taken prisoner, James H. Beal, and died in Libby prison.

At Mine Run—Wounded, Addison Lance.

At Wilderness—Wounded, William Ewing, George W. Shindless, Samuel Minesinger, Charles McCoy.

At Wilderness—Captured, Gabriel Miller, and died in Saulsbury prison.

At Spottsylvania—Wounded, John B. Vance, William Ewing, Samuel W. Byers, Gibson Hood, Henry Keifer, John Purdy, Junius M. Strouss, William Yolton, George Cain, Samuel Torrence, Addison Lance, Thomas Bryerly, David B. Coffee, John W. Hall, Charles McCoy, James P. Smart, William Wherry, John Yokon, Jasper Whims.

At Spottsylvania—Killed and died of wounds, James McD. Mitchell, William H. McCreery, Alexander Ewing, William M. Herron, Robert G. Savage, Thomas J. Foster.

At Spottsylvania—Missing in action, Hezekiah Swaney, George Fox, William Purdy.

At Totopotomy Creek—Wounded, James Cameron, Robert Hall.

At Totopotomy Creek—Died of wounds, Stewart Campbell.

At Cold Harbor—Wounded, William B. Thornburg.

At Petersburg—Wounded, Samuel Campbell, Robert Hall, Silas D. Lockhart, Shafer Dever, James M. Lutton, William B. Thornburg.

At Petersburg—Killed, William Metz.

At Petersburg—Died of wound, Robert Hutchinson.

At Petersburg—Taken prisoner, John Mahoney.

At Deep Bottom—Died of wound, Jacob R. Fleegel.

At Hatchers Run—Wounded, Joseph Calhoun, Joshua Whims, David G. Scott, John Nickle.

At Hatchers Run—Killed and died of wounds, David R. Whitehill, Thomas F. Thornburg, Junius Strouss, Richard M. Crouse.

At Farmville—Killed and died of wounds, Samuel S. Kerr, David Kiefer, Abraham Funkhouser.

At Farmville—Taken prisoner, Garrett Standish, James Hood, James H. Melvin, William B. Thornburg, Samuel Minesinger.

Died of disease during the service, Thomas E. Moore, James Miller, William H. Uncapher.

RECAPITULATION,

	Killed and Died of Wounds.	Wounded.	Taken Prisoner.	Died in Prison.	Missing in Action	Died of Disease.
Chancellorsville		2				
Gettysburg	10	11	2		1	
Bristoe Station.....	1		1	1		
Mine Run		1				
Wilderness		4	1	1		
Spottsylvania	6	19			3	
Totopotomy Creek.....	1	2				
Cold Harbor		1				
Petersburg	2	6	1			
Deep Bottom	1					
Hatchers Run	4	4				
Farmville	3		5			
	—	—	—	—	—	3
Totals	28	50	10	2	4	3

The reader can well afford to pause and consider the meaning of such a sacrifice of life and limb, with the attendant suffering. It was the contribution of this Company to the price paid for the civil and religious liberty we now enjoy. Some were killed instantly, some died a lingering death after much suffering and some were called upon to die in Southern prisons.

Some, in a measure, recovered from their wounds, but only to suffer therefrom as long as they lived. This is notably so in the case of John W. Hall, still living, who has hardly known a day without pain since being wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. This was equally true of many others.

As for those who lost an arm or leg, it is well worthy of note how each one rose superior to such a handicap and how well they succeeded in after life.

It was but a small fraction of our original number who

were in line at Appomattox and after the surrender started back on the long march to Washington, thence down Pennsylvania Avenue in the Grand Review. How proud we felt going down the Avenue, the sidewalks lined with cheering thousands, crying out, "God bless you" and "Well done." While this was appreciated, yet our hearts were saddened as we thought of those who had fallen. We wished they could have been with us, but it had been decreed otherwise.

Our prevailing thought was, our work as soldiers is finished and as the result God reigns and the Government lives. Also we are going home. Home to father and mother, to wife and children, to sweethearts, and not a few of us had the latter.

It appears to have been thought by some, as the war drew to a close, that there would be great danger in turning so large a number of men as composed our armies into the various communities of the North. Never was a fear so groundless. The discharge from the army was but putting back into the ordinary walks of life, men of character and as such nobly refuted the thought. Those who may have lived vicious lives are but a negligible quantity. Note how it was with our Company. Captain Samuel Campbell, like Cincinnatus, was found at the plow when he enlisted and to it he returned. Heaven bless him.

Lieutenant Vance became a salesman, while Lieutenant Lance returned to the farm. Lieutenant Lawrence filled an important position in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C. These thus named passed away years ago.

The familiar voice of Sergeant Shields was heard in our Courts until the day of his death crying Oyez, Oyez, etc., a position he filled with great dignity. Joseph Lawrence, John S. Bryan, Frank D. Kerr and William Morrison became physicians, in which calling the two first named especially distinguished themselves. The first man of our number to receive a wound was Joseph Calhoun. He died August 6, 1911, after a service of over forty years as minister of the Gospel in the U. P. Church, in Iowa. As Doctor Calhoun, he was honored and loved by a large number of acquaintances.



ALEX. L. MCKINBIN, Co. H. N. B. EVANS, Corporal Co. D.
 ISAIAH L. COLLINS, Sergt. Co. E. HARRY J. BOYDE, Co. H.
 SAMUEL S. KERR, Brevet-Major. DAVID R. WHITEHILL, Co. H.

At his funeral, it was said of him, "For he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and faith."

William G. Cowan, despite a rigid Presbyterian training, which did not hurt him, became a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church and accomplished much for his Master.

James Cameron became an attorney and what should have been a bright career was unfortunately cut short.

As a business man, much above the average, Robert Hall will long be remembered in East Liverpool, Ohio, as a man of sterling worth and many noble traits of character.

His brother, John W. Hall, became prominent in the religious and business life of the same city, and of it he eventually became Mayor and was "A terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well."

A word should be said as to John Mahoney the irrepressible Irishman, the despair of our officers and the burden of Orderly Sergeant Shields' life. John felt that the drill and manual of arms was useless. He really appeared incapable of learning these things. So fresh from the old sod, it was difficult to understand his brogue or he us. He was always in the thickest of a fight. At Petersburg, he felt the war could and should be ended right then and there by making a charge. John started, and like Abou Ben Adhem, he led all the rest. If we had followed, it would only have been to accompany him to Andersonville prison, from which he returned at the close of the war. We do not know what became of him.

A special tribute is due the memory of George Summerville, a man from the humbler walks of life to which he returned after three years of efficient service. Mr. Summerville was present at every roll call, was in every engagement in which we took part, never missed duty on the picket or skirmish line, never sick or absent and ever cheerful and patient, ready to share his last cracker or blanket with a comrade in need. Although he received a flesh wound in the thigh at Gettysburg that would have sent many a man to the rear, yet he fought it out and stayed with us. None but soldiers of the One Hundred and Fortieth can comprehend the meaning of such a record. He died November 30, 1895.

Peace, peace be on the spot where this patient, brave-hearted fellow sleeps.

And what more shall I say now, for time and lack of space would fail me to go into details as to Moody, Purdy, Thornburg, McKibben, Melvin, the Whims brothers and others. The same spirit that animated them as soldiers continued with them as citizens and right nobly have they performed their part.

Taps have sounded, lights out, and to-day but twenty-eight of our original number survive. As we look in their faces we can see that Father Time is not always a hard parent, and though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; marking them inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and full of vigor, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life.

In a comparatively few years, some one man will be spoken of as the sole survivor of Company H. May his end be peace.

Of many of those who have died it can be well said of them, "they fought the good fight," and as they appeared before the Great Judge, I am sure they heard the welcome words "pass in."

And for those of us who remain may the same words, dear reader, that welcomed the saintly Calhoun, as he stood at Heavens' Gates, be heard by each one of us.

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear.

—Burns.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF COMPANY I.

By reason of ill health the one member of this Company who was best fitted for writing this sketch, was prevented from doing so. Others who were requested to do so, refused as they felt they were not qualified for such work. Consequently the Committee on History of the Regiment took hold of the matter and what follows concerning the Company is the result of an interview held by a member of the Committee—Harry J. Boyde, of Beaver, Pa.—with Mr. James H. Springer and Mr. Jacob Fisher. Unfortunately, neither of the comrades were able to give much desirable information on account of enforced absence from the Company, Mr. Springer being in a Confederate prison from July, 1863, to June, 1864, and Mr. Fisher absent on sick leave a greater part of the same year.

We learn from them that the Company was recruited in Beaver and other nearby towns and adjoining townships. The members were as a class, mechanics with a number from the farms, averaging in age about 22 years, the oldest being 45 years and the youngest 17 years. The number of married men in the Company at the time of enlistment is noticeable.

As a rule they were a sturdy, rugged set of men, well fitted physically to meet the requirements of the service upon which they were about to enter. Their power to endure was tested on many a weary march and their courage on many a hard fought field.

They were mustered into the service August 25, 1862, and on September 1st, left Beaver with Companies F and H for Harrisburg, the three Companies, viz: F, H and I being known as the Beaver County Companies.

When mustered into the service the names of 101 appeared on the roster of the Company. During the months of January, February and March, 1864, nine recruits were added

thus bringing the total enrollment during the three years of service up to 110.

At Harrisburg, clothing was issued and the Company donned the blue and began to feel that they had indeed entered the service of Uncle Sam. The clothing gave evidence that the boys had not been carefully measured and fitted by a tailor. It had none of the tight-fitting hobble effect of the present day and in most cases, gave ample room for expansion in every direction. Nevertheless, a careful, if not trained use of scissors, needles and thread, enabled them to be eventually presentable. The addition of a hat and epaulets to the clothing increased the feeling of pride as each tried to recognize himself in this completed outfit. Pride, however, goes before a fall and this came when those Belgian rifles, with the immense sword bayonets, were loaded upon the boys. The Regiment at once became the butt of the older organizations who were armed with the then modern Springfield rifle. The Belgian rifle was an old out-of-date pattern, equally dangerous at either end, weighty and unwieldy. The weight of these rifles has been variously estimated and if given here would put the person responsible for the statement in the Ananias class. As a result of a review held at Falmouth, Va., we got rid of them on this wise. General Sumner, as he rode past our line, noticed them and not only then and there condemned them, but gave orders that we should be armed with Springfield rifles. This order was carried out soon thereafter, not only to the relief of the Regiment, but also to General Zook, who had been considerably exercised over the fact of being in command of men who were armed with what he called "shoulder artillery."

After having been mustered in, the Company elected James Darragh, Captain; William McCallister, First Lieutenant and George A. Shallenberger, Second Lieutenant, at the same time electing the required number of sergeants and corporals. While at Harrisburg, the Beaver County Battalion with seven other companies from the counties of Washington, Greene and Mercer, were consolidated into a Regiment desig-



JAS. H. SPRINGER, 1st Sergt. Co. A. DAVID W. SCOTT, 1st Sergt. Co. A.
JAMES ANDERSON, Co. F. CAPT. GEO. A. SHALLENBERGER, Co. I.
JAMES K. P. MAGILL, Corp. Co. K. WM. P. McMASTERS, Sergt. Co. E.

nated as the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

The Regimental organization was then completed by the election of Richard P. Roberts, as Colonel; John Fraser, as Lieutenant-Colonel; Thomas B. Rogers, as Major, and William S. Shallenberger, as Adjutant. This election was held by the commissioned officers of the different companies of the Regiment.

Within a year, Captain James Darragh had been discharged from the service by reason of sickness and Lieutenant George A. Shallenberger had been promoted to the rank of Captain and A. Q. M. U. S. Volunteers. The vacancies thus created, were filled by the promotion of Lieutenant McCallister as Captain; Sergeant Thomas C. Nicholson becoming First Lieutenant, and Sergeant Louis R. Darragh, Second Lieutenant.

During the last year of the war, Captain McCallister served on the Brigade Staff, Lieutenant Nicholson resigned, and Lieutenant Darragh was absent on account of wounds, thus leaving the Company without an officer of their own number as no promotions were made. Frequently the Company was in charge of First Sergeant James H. Springer, who is still living, the commissioned officers having long since passed away.

The Company took part in all the movements and battles in which the Regiment participated.

The greatest loss sustained in any one battle was at Gettysburg and is noticeable by reason of the number who were captured, of whom so many died in Confederate prisons, the result of exposure and insufficient food.

While lying upon the field, severely wounded, a ball having passed through both jaws, Sergeant David W. Scott was taken prisoner and removed to a stone house back of the Emmittsburg pike, where he was kept three days receiving no attention. His suffering was greatly intensified for want of water. The nature of his wound prevented his asking the guards for it. He finally made known his need by writing, but to his surprise not one of the guard could read. Fortu-

nately, a Confederate was found who could read and water was given him.

The Confederates on retreating, left him with others of our wounded whom they had held as prisoners. Sergeant Scott's case is but one of many and is cited here as an illustration of the suffering endured by our wounded who had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

As Sergeant Springer was leaving the field he saw his friend Sergeant Harsha, of Company F, in a helpless condition from a wound which proved to be mortal. As it was out of the question to get him off the field, he paused to make him as comfortable as possible, and in so doing, was taken prisoner. He was sent to Belle Island, Va., where he remained for over a year. No doubt many incidents connected with Gettysburg and other engagements in which the Company took part, and all worth recording, could have been obtained, could it have been possible to have gathered together other survivors. Being without such data, we pass on to the opening of the Wilderness Campaign, at which time we find, from the best information obtainable, that the Company had on its roll as present for duty, about 55 men. This shows a loss of exactly one-half of the entire membership of the Company and was caused by death, wounds, captures, sickness and discharges from the service. The deaths alone to this time being 27.

The engagements in The Wilderness and on to the last battle at Farmville, Va., all exacted their toll, which, in the aggregate, amounted to 10 killed; 3 died of wounds, 15 wounded and 3 taken prisoner. It is notable that a total of 37 were claimed by death alone during the entire time of service, seven of these deaths resulting from disease. Such is war and may the day speedily come when the Nations will learn war no more.

It is difficult to state the exact number present for duty after Lee's surrender, as some had no doubt been returned to duty who had been absent by reason of wounds received in other and earlier engagements. The records of the War Department show, however, that at the date of muster out,

Company I had a Captain—Wm. McCallister—a First Lieutenant, 4 Sergeants, 6 Corporals, 2 Musicians and 17 privates: a total of 31.

An incident has just come to the writer's knowledge from one of the members of the Company who overheard General Miles say to our Brigade Commander at Reams Station, "Get me a Regiment ready, quick." In a few minutes the General was back and asked if the Regiment was ready. "Yes, there it stands." Miles seeing it says, "not that Regiment; give me the One Hundred and Fortieth; the duty to be performed is too important to be trusted to others." This was indeed high praise, when coming from such a source, and is but one of a number of instances in which the efficiency of the Regiment was recognized. The sons and daughters of these men can always remember with commendable pride that their fathers belonged to the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania.

Having been mustered out of the service, they returned to their homes and at once entered into the activities of life. How well they succeeded can be attested by their neighbors in the communities in which they have lived. John D. Irons entered the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church and for some years was president of one of the seminaries of that denomination at Xenia, Ohio. He is now living in retirement much enfeebled by ill health. During the war he was known as Sergeant Irons. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him some years ago so that now it is Doctor Irons, if you please.

The roll kept by the Secretary of the Regimental organization shows the names of twenty-three members of the Company as yet living this 17th day of August, 1912. The names of ten others appear on the roll of whom nothing is known with the probability that the most of them are dead.

What has thus been written in the foregoing is but a mere outline of the story of the Company and should have been prepared by some one fully acquainted with the everyday life of its members while in the field and who had kept in touch with them after their return home. That it was

not is regretted, for had it been so done, many important and valuable details could have been put in this form and thus preserved for the future.

HISTORY OF COMPANY K.*

Company K was recruited during the month of August, 1862, in Washington County, Pa., under the call for 300,000 volunteers. It was principally made up of young men from the strenuous walks of life, out of good Christian homes, largely intelligent sons of husbandry, and not a few having been or being hard-working students in academy, college or theological seminary, thus possessing the fundamental qualifications for good military service.

Probably it had as small a ratio of men unfit for such service as any called out to do duty in the sixties. A few there were, of course, who were carried in by the tide of excitement or selfish interest, without much consideration, but most of its members entered through due reflection, true courage and definite conviction.

Company K, as it was designated after its consolidation with other companies into a regiment, was of a composite nature, formed of squads and individuals from different parts of the county, though the largest constituency was from the northwestern part, with Cross Creek as the center, and in consequence of this was frequently called the Cross Creek Company.

William A. F. Stockton, son of the Rev. Dr. John Stockton, pastor of Cross Creek Presbyterian Church, was engaged some time in recruiting in this region intent upon raising a company. He was assisted by B. F. Powelson, his classmate for years, and by others. Meetings were held in Cross Creek, Burgettstown, Eldersville, Paris, Condor and other places.

One meeting in Cross Creek village was attended and

*Abbreviated and condensed from published history of Company K written by the Rev. Benj. F. Powelson, of Boulder, Colorado, under the direction of Brevet Captain Alex. Sweeney.

addressed by Dr. Wishart and Messrs. A. and David Acheson, of Washington, the county seat.

Twenty-three enlisted from Cross Creek, the first eleven being sworn in by 'Squire Duncan on August 16th. Those recruited in Paris, in the extreme northwest section of the county, footed up twenty. A squad of seven enlisted in Candor, under the supervision of William B. Cook. Seven hailed from the neighborhood of Millsboro, while four others came in from other places in the eastern part of the county. Claysville furnished a squad of nine, and quite a number came in from Finley, Morris and Donegal Townships. Alex. Sweeney, Jr., had been out in Claysville, West Alexander and surrounding regions on a recruiting tour. He and Enoch Mounts represented the county seat.

Those recruited in Cross Creek, Eldersville, Paris and Candor or the northwest—fifty-five in number—came together on August 20th at Cross Creek village, where a large concourse of people assembled and gave them a hearty reception. Thence, after taking leave of relatives and friends, they were conveyed by neighbors in wagons and other vehicles sixteen miles to the county seat. There for a while they went into camp, using for quarters the halls of the old fair grounds, now the athletic grounds of Washington and Jefferson College.

Here all the recruits were rendezvoused, and they were kindly and patriotically treated by the citizens of Washington, who opened their homes and in many ways gave comfort and cheer.

On the 22d of August the formal organization of the Company was effected, and ninety-six entered their names on the Company roll. An election of officers was held, which resulted as follows:

Captain, William A. F. Stockton; First Lieutenant, Alexander Sweeney, Jr.; Second Lieutenant, William B. Cook.

The non-commissioned officers were in the main determined upon. George W. McConnell was entered as musician. On the completion of these arrangements the members of the Company began to assume military airs and were ready for

orders to go forward to active service. These orders quickly came.

Four other companies, recruited in Washington County, were known to be ready for assignment to some regiment. In accordance with instructions, the Company broke camp, and its ninety-six members were taken in conveyances by way of the old turnpike to Camp Distribution, in the Oakland Fair Grounds, near Pittsburgh. The journey itself was an ovation, and many of the friends and well wishers of the boys accompanied them the whole or part of the way.

A halt for dinner was made at Canonsburg, where the citizens entertained the Company in royal style. Their loyalty and enthusiasm had the true ring, for they, too, had a company ready to go into the service. This company became Company G of the One Hundred and Fortieth, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and furnished the Lieutenant-Colonel.

Camp Distribution was reached without mishap and there the Company was partially equipped. It was mustered into the United States service for three years, or during the war, in this camp by Captain Ludington, U. S. A., on the fourth day of September, 1862.

Thence by train over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad we were taken to Harrisburg, going into camp (Camp Curtin), where we became an integral part of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Here we were fully equipped, and the few days of bivouac on the bank of the beautiful Susquehanna were spent in the making of us full-fledged and fully equipped soldiers in the Union Army.

Our Regiment was assigned to duty in connection with the guarding of the Northern Central Railroad, and to Company K was given a section with headquarters at Monkton, Md., about six miles south of Parkton Station, the headquarters of the Regiment.

We had several miles to guard, the chief point being a bridge about three miles below Monkton. Our headquarters—dubbed “Ambolin Barracks”—consisted of a bunk building of two stories, with a shed room attached as officers’ quarters and a cook house.

A flagpole stood in front of the barracks, from which "Old Glory" floated gracefully.

The Sergeants (a train of box cars having been wrecked a short time after our arrival, resurrected one which had been thrown down an embankment) improvised independent quarters for themselves near the main building.

On the 13th of October the non-commissioned officers, as appointed by the Captain on the organization of the Company, received their certificates.

The period of duty here covered three months, the Company participating in all the regimental drills, inspections, etc., marching to and from Parkton on the railroad tracks.

Nothing occurred while here to mar the good name of the Company. The people of the vicinity were kind and considerate and they respected the members of Company K and treated them as gentlemen. The homes and assemblies of the people were open to them.

Many things occurred to render the service here a pleasant one. The corn husking and big dinner at Bacon's plantation, the barn-floor husking and repast at Quaker Matthews', with his many favors to the guard at the lower bridge, and like recognitions, were greatly enjoyed by all who were privileged to participate.

The soldier's plain fare was abundantly supplemented by the Diffendoffer's meals at from ten cents and upwards, with the luscious apple dumplings and peach cobblers and unstinted measure of rich cream. Several of us remember, too, very gratefully the little church up in the woods and that one east of Monkton, whereto occasionally we turned our footsteps.

Those days of soldiering had much of sunshine in them, which lightened materially the burden of a rigorous but useful military discipline.

On the morning of the 10th of December Company K bade adieu to Monkton and marched with all its belongings to Parkton. Here, in accordance with orders from General Wood, we were entrained for Baltimore en route to the front.

It was with some feeling of regret the Company left Monkton, for we had become attached to the place and the

people; but the prospect of entering into more active and stirring scenes of soldier life captivated and filled every one with enthusiasm.

As our train passed through Monkton the hearty cheering of the people and soldiers showed how strong had become the ties of friendship.

Our Company shared with "G" a room in the Union Relief Association building in Baltimore the night of the 10th. We spent the weary hours of the night of the 11th crowded together in old freight cars which were destitute of arrangements for heating. The weather was cold and the whole of the night was consumed on the way to Washington.

Company K was in its place as the One Hundred and Fortieth marched through a portion of the Capital City with flying colors, about 4 P. M. on the 13th, setting out for Burnside's army. On the evening of the 20th of December we reached the encampment of the First Division of the Second Corps, in rear of the town of Falmouth, and from that day became a constituent part of the Army of the Potomac.

In the winter months which we spent in camp near Falmouth, Company K endured hardships, severities, exposures and privations which tested physical endurance to the utmost, and in them had a schooling that was to tell in the future good record of the Regiment. But there was always a sufficiency of spice and source of merriment and good cheer among the boys.

Receipt of news from friends, substantial tokens of love and care in boxes of good things sent by them, camp fire chats and musings, little banquets together, sometimes at the expense of the scanty income of the soldiers and to the profit of the army sutler—all these were "lights among the shadows" in our soldier life.

At Chancellorsville the Company participated in all of the five days of action, being more or less under fire the entire time.

"It was a time," writes Corporal Cooke, "in which we had several new experiences—lying in front of a battery to support it; lying in the woods at night while an occasional long-tailed, comet-like shell would shriek over us, while we

buried our noses in the dirt and leaves; the wild experience of supporting another battery behind it while it seemed that all the artillery of the enemy was playing upon it. That Sunday artillery duel was the most terrific experience to me of the whole war. Yet, strange to say, there were but few casualties in Company K worthy of mention."

During all the battle and marches which followed these initial experiences Company K bore an honorable part and well sustained the reputation which it had won at the outset of its career.

In the stirring activities of the campaign of 1865 we participated throughout the five days of constant struggle, crowned with the brilliant dash of General Miles' Division at Sutherland Station, which brought about the fall of Richmond.

The Company had its share also in the experiences connected with the close pursuit of Lee's Army, in the battles of Sailor's Creek and Farmville, in the foraging in line of battle as in hot pursuit they passed through a well-stocked plantation at Sailor's Creek, and in the distribution of Confederate money and other spoils of war in the trains captured at that point. In the Farmville conflict Sergeants Ralston and McCalmot and Corporal Abe Andrews were taken prisoner and held until Lee's surrender. They were asked for, or rather ordered to, give up their shoes and other effects. This they did in part, when talking and parleying would not avail.

Ralston, through an officer, secured a pledge for the return of his watch at the close of the war, and when released hunted up the Johnny who had appropriated it, and on demand, the circumstances having been reversed, received it back again.

When the surrender of the Confederate Army took place Company K was on the advanced line on the road leading into Appomattox Court House from the east, and when General Lee rode back through the lines toward Richmond we stood in silence, with heads uncovered, as he passed.

The war practically over, we marched leisurely back with the Regiment to Washington, D. C., and took part in the

Grand Review, being formally mustered out near Alexandria, Va., May 31, 1865.

Immediately afterward we were ordered to Pittsburgh, Pa., for final pay and discharge.

In view of the changes which had taken place since the day of our "muster in" at this place, the joy of our return was tempered with sadness, especially as we recalled the names of a long list of our comrades who had fallen in the days and months of deadly strife, whose faces we should see on earth no more.

Then there were on our roll the names of three commissioned officers and ninety-three enlisted men. To these were added five recruits, making a total enrolment of 101. Twelve of the Company were killed in battle, four died of wounds, ten of sickness and thirty-seven received wounds in action. The number present at the date of muster out was thirty-seven.

The number of engagements in which the Company participated, including skirmishes and reconnoissances in force, is put down at thirty-three. Some of these, however, include the almost daily conflicts interspersed with fatiguing night marches which took place during General Grant's flanking expeditions from the Wilderness to Petersburg.

During our period of service many had been discharged on account of disability. A goodly number also had been transferred to other commands and service, some of whom made good records for themselves. Many had gone out beardless boys, but now returned well-trained men.

All were eager to quit the service and to return to their several avocations to enjoy a blessed reign of peace; to rejoice in a nation saved, a Union preserved.

The songs of farewell were hastily sung and Company K became an organization of the past, each man going his own way: some never again to look into each other's faces, but a tie of comradeship binding all hearts together that no period of time can ever break.

COLONEL RICHARD PETIT ROBERTS.**BY W. S. SHALLENBERGER, FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT.**

Colonel Roberts was born near Frankford Springs, Beaver County, Pa., June, 1820, and died on the battlefield of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, aged 43 years. He was the son of John Roberts; grandson on the father's side, of a soldier of the American Revolution, and grandson on the side of his mother, Ruth Dugan, of an Indian fighter. He probably inherited the soldier spirit and learned from his earliest childhood, thrilling stories of heroic service for humanity. He was favored in the early years of his education. Frankfort Springs was the seat of an excellent academy and his instructors there were Rev. James Sloan and the Hon. Thomas Nicholson. Life on his father's farm and the community life as well, were such as favored and fostered high moral standards. He was a lover of nature and an apt student of men and books. From childhood and earliest manhood, Colonel Roberts was commended for his correct habits and for courageous and independent conduct. He studied law under N. P. Fetterman, Esq., and during that period, taught school several terms.

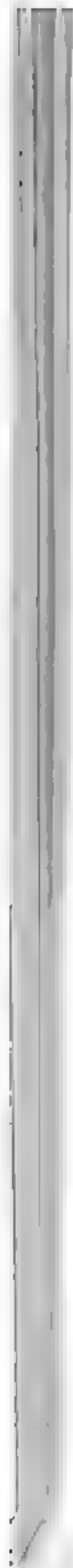
In the year 1848, he was admitted to the bar and rose steadily in his profession. He was tall, straight, fine featured, easily approached, cordial in manner, fluent and forceful in speech, in short he had altogether a pleasing, magnetic personality.

He soon came to be recognized by friends and neighbors as a man likely to win high places in professional and public life. He was selected by the Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, as his deputy for the County of Beaver, and when the office became elective he was chosen District Attorney at a time when the County was of another political persuasion. He was married to Miss Caroline Henry, daughter of Hon. William Henry, and sister of Major Thos. Henry, of the One Hundred and Fortieth, in the year 1851. Three children were born, one of whom, a daughter, Emma, was living, a little motherless girl when her father left her for the war. She is now the mother of a happy family, and wife of Hon. Isaac Harter, a prominent banker of Canton, Ohio. By reason of her great kindness to the comrades, she has been affectionately named by them, "Daughter of the Regiment."

When the failure of the Peninsula Campaign became apparent, in the early summer of 1862, and the call of Presi-



MRS. EMMA ROBERTS HARTER.
The Daughter of the Regiment



dent Lincoln rang through the North, Colonel Roberts responded and announced his readiness to raise a Company. He started the work by saying that a squad of seventeen men, previously enlisted by the writer, should head the list. He spoke in many school-houses and great enthusiasm was aroused by his stirring appeals. In a short time three companies, instead of one, were ready to take the oath, and on the 21st of August, 1862, on one of the public squares of Beaver, were mustered into the service of the United States. Reports from the adjoining County of Washington were to the effect that five hundred men had responded to the call, headed by Professor John Fraser, a noted member of the Faculty of Canonsburg College. Conferences between these two leaders, and telegrams between them and Governor Curtin, led to the prompt organization of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, on the 8th of September, at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg. About the same time General Lee crossed the Potomac and gave occasion for the orders that assigned the One Hundred and Fortieth to the command of General Wool, stationed at Baltimore. Four companies, with the Colonel's headquarters, were located at Parkton and the remaining companies were distributed along the Northern Central Railroad, to guard it from hostile demonstration.

During the three months' guard duty, Colonel Roberts gave special attention to Company and Battalion drill and the duties of camp life. Dress parade and inspections occurred regularly. The presence, for a time, of General Lee's Army in Maryland, and the sound of the guns at Antietam, gave spice to guard duty. On the 20th of December, the Regiment reported to the Army of the Potomac, at Falmouth, Va., and was assigned to the Third Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps, commanded by General S. K. Zook, a brave and accomplished soldier.

The great size of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, as compared with the other regiments of the Brigade, the quick intelligence of its rank and file and the promptness and efficiency with which it responded to calls for reports and details for various purposes, soon established for Colonel Roberts a good reputation at Brigade Headquarters. On more than one occasion, General Zook requested the Adjutant, when at his headquarters making report, to give Colonel Roberts his compliments and thanks for the excellent discipline of his command. Officers and men of the Regiment appreciated the personal attention of Colonel Roberts

to their comfort and general welfare in camp. It is the conduct of a commanding officer on the field of battle, however, that makes or breaks his reputation as a soldier.

The First Division, of the Second Corps, performed brilliant service at Chancellorsville. It was the fighting Division of a fighting Corps, commanded by Hancock, the superb soldier. The magnificent conduct of the picket line, brilliantly led by Colonel Nelson A. Miles, won for that young officer, undying fame and well-deserved promotion. Two Companies of the One Hundred and Fortieth served on picket and fought with the skill and dauntless courage of seasoned troops, reflecting honor on the Regiment and its Commander. The eight companies under command of Colonel Roberts, met every demand of the most exacting test of courage, with steadiness and alacrity.

The Chancellor House, at about the hour of ten o'clock on Sunday morning, May 3rd, was the most critical point of the entire line held by the Union Army. It was filled with wounded soldiers. The open space on which it stood was being shelled by three Rebel batteries preparatory to an assault. The capture of that point would imperil the safe retreat of our army, behind the new line of earth-works, protecting the troops which were massed for return to camp across the river, Hancock saw the absolute need of holding the crest, in spite of the terrific enfilading fire of the batteries. They had already shot to death, or disabled, every horse attached to the Fifth Maine battery. Every officer and man connected with the battery, save one Sergeant, had been silenced. The Chancellor House was on fire. The early details to remove the wounded were evidently inadequate. The One Hundred and Fortieth lay prone on the ground, supporting the battery, the last and only hope of saving the wounded and hauling disabled guns beyond the reach of an exultant foe ready for a charge as soon as the merciless storm of shot and shell should cease. The bravest soldiers were needed in such a crisis and heroic leadership to inspire them. Hancock spurred his horse to the very crest, in front of where the One Hundred and Fortieth lay, and called out, "Is Colonel or Adjutant here?" Rising and saluting, I replied, "The Adjutant, General." "Detail a Company at once," he ordered, "to remove the wounded from the burning building and forty men or more to haul off these guns." I detailed Company F, under command of Captain Henry, to rescue the wounded as it lay to my left, nearest the building, and Lieutenant Linton of Company D, with forty men to haul off the guns.

The coolness of General Hancock was matched by the magnificent response of the One Hundred and Fortieth. Colonel Roberts made prompt report of the successful and heroic services of both details, under the eye of General Zook, and yet for forty-five years the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment has waited to see the official report of General Zook placed on file in the War Department, fully crediting the Regiment with this notable achievement.* The sketch of the positions held by his Division at the Chancellor House and the Reports of General Zook's subordinates, which General Hancock states were forwarded to the War Department, in connection with his report, have *not yet* reached the files. They would no doubt correct still more fully the injustice done the One Hundred and Fortieth all these years if they could be found.

The Chancellorsville Campaign was one that exhausted the nervous energy of officers and men. Colonel Roberts suffered from a low malarial fever, and, on the advice of the surgeons, sought recovery on sick leave. When word reached him of the march of General Lee's Army northward, with intent to cross into Maryland, he quickly resolved that he would return to his place of duty, at the head of his Regiment, or fail in the attempt. It proved to be a long, hard journey, including the use of a canoe from the city of Washington to Edward's Ferry and a walk of thirty miles before he overtook the Regiment, at Uniontown, Md., on the 30th of June. Physicians and friends in Washington had advised that he take hospital treatment but he said, "No"—The result was one of many revelations during the war, of the power of the will to dominate and subdue physical weakness and disease. He expressed himself as delighted to assume command and felt stronger than when he left home, although any one could see that he was far from being a well man. On the following day, July 1st, continuing with short intervals for rest, the march to the battlefield was one of the most exhausting ever experienced. The sun was hot, roads dusty and blocked at times with artillery, hastening to the front. The boom of cannon was heard and a desperate battle was reported in progress. Wagons were going to the rear. The death of General Reynolds was announced in the evening. On, on, through the night, the First Division marched. Zook's Brigade then the rear guard of the

*See "Diary of a Young Army Officer," Lieut. J. M. Favill, 1908, page 232, and preface.

Corps, steadily marched, until a halt was called at 2 A. M. for a rest. In two hours the march was resumed and the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, led by Colonel Roberts, found a place in line of battle and stacked arms at nine o'clock on the morning of July 2nd.

Then it was, while on reserve, in sight of the enemy's line of battle, prone on the grass, the One Hundred and Fortieth rested, lunched and napped, for probably six hours of that eventful day. The Colonel talked freely with the writer. The tenderness of his heart exacted a pledge that the Adjutant, who had been so close to him, would be a life-long friend to the little, motherless daughter he loved so well. He was calm and confident of the final success of our armies, but evidently realized the sacrifice of life that victory involved, and was resolved to lead where others dared follow. The hour came for him and for his Regiment, between six and seven o'clock in the evening. The battle scene need not be retold. Colonel Roberts was a part of it, and in the fore-front, at every moment. He knew no fear. He was alert and self-possessed but impatient to lead the great body of men into line of battle. They overlapped the gallant battalion, with the right of which the One Hundred and Fortieth was to connect. Steadily and rapidly we filed to the right and at length reached the crest of the hill, faced the foe, loaded and fired at will and closed ranks, torn open by savage volleys of musketry and screaming shells. Looking toward the peach orchard we saw our right exposed and the enemy threatening our flank and rear. Change front by the right flank was the order. Colonel Roberts sprang to the front of the right company, to lead in person, when he fell with a bullet through his heart. He was in command of the Brigade when he gave up his life that the Nation might live. General Zook had previously fallen and Roberts, the senior Colonel was his successor. Tenderly, loving hands carried the body a few rods to the rear and the battle line maintained its integrity. Men fall. The ranks close. Officers cease to command and intelligent volunteer soldiery fight equally well without specific orders at a time and place like that.

For a short time the body of our beloved Colonel lay between the armies. When recovered the fine uniform he wore, and the elegant sword and belt presented to him by the citizens of Beaver, were missing. All that was mortal was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Beaver, on the 17th day of July, 1863. A great company of his fellow



BREVET BRIG.-GEN. JOHN FRASER.

citizens attended the funeral ceremonies and testified to the place he held in the esteem of his countrymen. Within the brief space of ten months from the day on which he left his home, to begin the life of a soldier, he was crowned a hero in the spirit world. Tested as a soldier on two of the great battlefields of the century, he had acquitted himself nobly. He loved his home, his country and his God.

In the light of history, death could not have come to him under circumstances more highly honorable. In giving his life he saved the lives of friends and foes as well.

To overcome a foe of equal strength is warlike. To overcome the enmity that breeds the foe is God-like. The Civil War was a stupendous price to pay but the blood of its martyrs has been the seed of the greatest harvest of peace and prosperity the world ever knew.

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN FRASER.

The One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment was honored in having for its Lieutenant-Colonel and, after Gettysburg, its Colonel, one of the ablest scholars and most distinguished educators of his day, west of the Alleghenies.

When the war broke out he was known far and wide as the brilliant and enthusiastic Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy of Jefferson College, an institution which was well known in the South, and from which many young men of the Southern States had been graduated.

Born in Scotland, John Fraser availed himself in early life of the advantages of two of the most renowned universities of his native land, Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

From the last-named institution he was graduated in 1844 and won, over some very able competitors, the Huttonian Prize in mathematics, a prize which was offered only once in ten years.

In the classroom he was—as one has put it—“quick of apprehension, clear in thought and capable of leading his students to clearness; he was skilful in questioning, giving equal chance to all, helpful to those who needed help, and cheering and inspiring by deriving manifest gratification from successful work.”

Abounding in information in every domain of literature, history and science, he frequently varied the monotony of classroom work by brief lectures on practical themes, rising oftentimes on his tiptoes to the highest flight of eloquence and sublimity of thought.

As one who knew him well has expressed it: "It was a wonderful treat, often enjoyed, when the professor would lay down his work and, addressing us as young gentlemen, would launch out in a lecture, filling the hour with the eloquence of a great soul awake and on fire.

"Sometimes his thoughts were as a knife of keenest edge, cutting its way through difficulties, and, again, radiant and joyous as the expression of a life whose experiences were Elysian. Sometimes he would lead us out in the stern lines of duty and the essentials of clean manhood, when wrong and meanness and shystering would get their indignant dues; sometimes along the paths of human industry, where men throwing off the ancient curse are at work subduing the physical forces and mind is winning the mastery; again, among the creations of art, where imagination brings forth ideals and the touch of human genius gives them a local habitation and a name." It was indeed the privilege of a lifetime to hear him on such themes.

Professor Fraser, as his students knew him also, was a man of prayer, sensitive to all good influences and bold in his advocacy of the central truths of the gospel of Christ.

When, at the close of the summer session of 1862, this versatile and greatly beloved professor, who had probably taught more famous Pennsylvanians than any other teacher in the State, announced his intention to give up his chair at the college and enter the service of his adopted country, there was a quick response to his appeal from young men in the college and the neighborhood around, who counted it a privilege to go forth under his leadership.

The writer can still remember the last hour in his classroom, when the little professor drew himself up to his full height and said in effect: "Young gentlemen—This is our last hour of recitation together. The country needs strong and brave defenders, and since I am sound in wind and limb, I see no good reason why I should not enroll myself with them. After the exercises of Commencement Day I shall make the attempt to enlist a company from this town and its vicinity." In the thrill of excitement which followed these words, there were many who then and there made the resolve to cast in their lot with him as a band of sworn defenders of the country and its flag.

The following account from the *Washington Reporter*, of August 21, 1862, is interesting as showing the dominant impulse of the hour, and the reach of the appeal which was made to the homes of Canonsburg and its environs:

"RECRUITING AT CANONSBURG.

"The Canonsburg Brown Infantry, commanded by Captain John Fraser, Professor of Mathematics in Jefferson College, is ready to march. The Professor commenced recruiting on Monday, the 11th inst., and before the close of the same week, he reports his command ready for marching. This is *unprecedented in the recruiting line*, especially if we take into consideration that this is the third company recruited from Canonsburg and the country around, for the three years' service. The first company that went out (the Jefferson Guards, Captain McDaniel) contained a large number of students, as did the Ellsworth Cadets, Captain Murphy. Captain Fraser's company is recruited from the very best men of the town and vicinity, and under their popular and energetic commander, will make their mark. There is one very notable fact connected with the volunteering that we think will not be surpassed by the number of population anywhere. The following families send *forty-seven sons* to the Union Army:

"John Gaston, 4; Thomas Jackson, 4; James Ryan, 4; Harmon McPeck, 4; Samuel L. Hughes, 3; Samuel Stewart, 3; William Smith, 3; John Paxton, 3; Dr. Z. G. Stewart, 3; Mrs. Hallis, 3; James Coleman, 3; John Brady, 2; Hugh Huston, 2; S. R. Cook, 2; W. H. McNary, 2; W. Black, 2.

"Although Professor Fraser leaves with his Company, there yet has been no arrangements made to fill his place in the college during his absence. M'D."

William H. H. Bingham, better known to this generation as General H. H. Bingham—the late "Father of the House"—who had just received his diploma from the College, was an active assistant in recruiting the company, and on the completion of its enrollment, was made its First Lieutenant.

On the organization of the Regiment, Captain Fraser was made Lieutenant-Colonel. He succeeded to the command of the Regiment, and, for a time, of the Brigade, also, when Colonel Roberts fell with a mortal wound at Gettysburg.

His commission as Colonel bears the date of July 4, 1863. He was slightly wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, and in the charge at Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864, received another wound which, for a time, unfitted him for active service. During the temporary absence of the ranking officer, he was assigned to the command of the Second Brigade, and in the month of June, 1864, was placed in command of the Fourth Brigade of the Division. The next

day, while attempting to rally his troops, who had been out-flanked in the midst of a dense woods by the withdrawal of other forces, Colonel Fraser was taken prisoner.

In referring to this event, his successor in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Glenning, of the Sixty-fourth New York Volunteers, says:

"On the 22d we advanced a mile through a dense woods, and with the remainder of the Division, was attacked and pressed back to the breastworks, losing a large number of prisoners, among them the gallant commandant, Colonel Fraser, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers."

At Gettysburg, where as Lieutenant-Colonel, he brought off Zook's Brigade, at Bristol Station, at Spottsylvania, Mine Run and Petersburg, Colonel received special mention for bravery and efficiency from his superior officer.

A well-deserved tribute of appreciation is also on record in the War Department, in the form of a request from General Nelson A. Miles to the Adjutant-General of the Second Corps, to the effect that efforts be made to effect his exchange. In this communication he is described as "*a very valuable officer*, captured, June 22, 1864, while in command of the Fourth Brigade, and now confined at Charleston, South Carolina."

Elsewhere General Miles mentions him by name as one of the officers of his command who contributed largely to his own success as Commander of the First Division.

The above-mentioned communication, asking for special efforts to secure Colonel Fraser's exchange, was dated November 22, 1864. He was not released, however, until several months later. He returned to the Union Army on the 15th of April, and, with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General—a well deserved honor—was assigned to the command of the First Brigade. He was mustered out with his Regiment on the 31st of May, 1865.

Colonel Fraser's first experience as a captive was in Libby Prison. At a later period he was removed to Macon, Georgia, and finally to Charleston, South Carolina, where he and his associates of the "prison pen" were placed by order of the Confederate Government, under the guns of the Union bombarding fleet.

During his confinement in Confederate prisons, the exuberant spirits and wholesome humor, characteristic of the man, kept him from sinking down or yielding to the depressing influences about him. With undaunted courage, he stood by the cause he had espoused, and found the best preventive

against despondency in cheering up others, in ministering to the sick, in teaching his associates how to make the best use of the miserable food served out them; and, above all, in providing mental entertainment and diversion in a course of lectures on literature, history or philosophy.

"His lectures," as one has put it, "to the prisoners of Roper Hospital, on Shakespeare, a volume of which had, by some means, been secured, standing on a pile of ashes, bare-headed and barefooted, and with no clothing but a ragged shirt and torn pantaloons, will never be forgotten by those who listened to him."

At the close of the war, or soon after, General Fraser accepted a professorship in the State Agricultural College, at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and subsequently became its President for two years. Accepting an invitation at the close of this period to become the Chancellor of the University of Kansas, he gave to that institution several years of efficient service. He afterward filled a term as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and it is said that the organization of the excellent School System of Kansas was largely the work of his methodical and resourceful mind.

While a resident of that State, General Fraser was united in marriage to a lady of sympathetic tastes and eminent literary acquirements with whom he enjoyed the comforts and amenities of a happy, hospitable home.

At a date unknown to the writer, General Fraser received the honorary title of Doctor of Laws.

In the spring of 1887, he accepted a professorship tendered him by the trustees of the Western University, at Pittsburgh, Pa., and removed to that city in July of the same year. In less than a year thereafter, he was prostrated by a sudden attack of illness which proved to be varioloid. In its first stage this disease gave him no concern, for he had passed through it once before; but in its later developments, it assumed a serious aspect. Everything was done for him that medical skill could suggest or careful nursing could accomplish, but human remedies were unavailing; and on the 4th of June, he yielded up his spirit to the God who gave it. Thus passed away, in the prime of life—for he was then in his 51st year—this good soldier of his country and of the Cross. His remains were taken by his widow—now Mrs. Frances Kempster—to the burial place of her family, in Kenosha, Wisconsin.

R. L. S.

NOTE.—The writer is indebted to Hon. Boyd Crumrine, of Washington, Pa.; Dr. J. E. Wightmen, of Washington, D. C., Historian of the Class of 1860, Jefferson College, and to the writer of an obituary notice in the *Presbyterian Banner*, of June 12, 1878, for much of the material used in the preparation of this sketch.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THOMAS B. RODGERS.

The first Captain of Company B, of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, Thomas Blackburn Rodgers—was born of Scotch-Irish ancestry at Mercer, Pa., on the 30th of December, 1835. Having received a liberal education which qualified him for a professional career, he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar of his native county in 1857.

By appointment he became the clerk to the County Commissioners from 1857 to 1861. This position he resigned at the outbreak of the war that he might be free to enlist in a Company which responded to the first call of President Lincoln. Before the completion of the list of recruits it was announced that the full number of the three months' men had been secured. The Company was then included in the formation of the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves and became Company G, of that Regiment. At the date of its organization, young Rodgers was made the First Lieutenant, his commission dating from April 27, 1861. He participated in the battle of Drainsville, Va., in December, of that year. On account of physical disability he was discharged by order of the Regimental Surgeon, May 8, 1862.

In August, 1862, he enlisted a Company, for three years' service, under the authority of Governor Curtin, which afterwards became Company B, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania volunteers. He was commissioned as Captain of this Company on the 3d of September. When the Regiment was organized at Harrisburg, he was elected and commissioned as its first Major.

Major Rodgers was with his command in the battle of Chancellorsville and at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, was captured by a flanking party of the enemy between the peach orchard and the wheat-field.

He, with other officers captured in that battle, in obedience to orders from the War Department, refused to give a parole on the field, although strongly urged to do so by General Lee's staff officers. Their place of imprisonment was the Libby tobacco house, Richmond. Here Major Rodgers remained for nine months. He was then paroled and sent to Annapolis and Washington. Having been declared unfit for field service by the medical authorities, he was detailed by the War Department for service on a general court martial sitting in Washington. Afterwards the place of session of this court to which he belonged, was transferred

to Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He remained on duty in this capacity until relieved at his own urgent and repeated requests to return to his Regiment. He was promoted from Major to Lieutenant-Colonel to date from July 4, 1863.

During the attack on Washington by General Early, July, 1864, he and other members of the court offered their services to the War Department. The offer was accepted and he was assigned to the command of a battalion made up of three or four hundred men of the Invalid Corps, convalescents and dismounted cavalrymen. These hastily gathered defenders were stationed in the rifle pit near Fort Stevens, where they remained until after the arrival of the Sixth Army Corps. Colonel Rodgers returned to his Regiment about the first of January, 1865, and was discharged by special order on the 27th of April, 1865.

Returning to Mercer County, he decided to seek a new field of labor in the West and in the spring of 1866, removed to St. Louis, Missouri. In the autumn of 1865—October 24,—he was united in marriage to Marion E. Long, daughter of Captain A. K. Long, United States Navy, retired, at Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs. Rodgers died October 18, 1908. Four sons were born to them, all of whom are now living and have grown to manhood. From 1867 to 1870, Colonel Rodgers was agent of the United States Quartermaster's Department for investigation of claims against the Government; from 1870 to 1879, he was engaged in real estate and insurance business and was Deputy Clerk of the Circuit Court from 1879 to 1887. He served for a time as a member of the St. Louis Board of Education and has had many positions of honor and trust in the Missouri Department of the Grand Army of the Republic. He has served in this department as Assistant Adjutant-General two terms and, at the present time, is in charge of the Department Headquarters in St. Louis. He was a charter member of the Frank P. Blair Post No. 1, for many years the largest post west of the Mississippi River. He is a member also of the Missouri Commandery of the Loyal Legion and of its council; a member of the Pennsylvania Society of St. Louis; of the Board of Trustees of the Federal Soldiers' Home of Missouri and the secretary and treasurer of the Grand Army of the Republic General Relief Committee of St. Louis.

Colonel Rodgers has had the honor and privilege of being a member of every National encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic since 1877, and has served re-

peatedly on some of the most important committees of the National organization.

It seems fitting, therefore, that on the 13th of May, of the present year, 1912, he should receive the appointment from Governor Hadly, to represent the State of Missouri upon the commission which recently met to arrange for a suitable commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.

Comrade Rodgers was a candidate for Congress in the Twelfth Congressional District of Missouri in 1892, but failed of election by a small margin, he having reduced the former opposition majority by more than 2,000 votes.

He is proud of his record, also as one of the "306" who supported General Grant in the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1880, as a delegate from the Twelfth Congressional District.

It will be evident from the above summary of appointments and services that the worthy Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth has not yet reached the dead line of enthusiastic service and far-reaching influence.

SKETCH OF MAJOR THOMAS HENRY.

By Harry J. Boyde, of Beaver, Pa.

Thomas Henry was born in Beaver, Pa., in 1838, the son of William and Eliza Hamilton Henry, they being the descendants of the most prominent of the families of this community. They were a class of people who were at all times interested in the development of all that was best in the material and moral welfare of the county. Some of them became prominent in public life, serving in Congress and other official positions.

In the course of time the Major graduated from the Beaver Academy, a well-known institution in its day, and shortly thereafter the war between the North and South having broken out he entered the service in response to the call for volunteers. This, no doubt, interfered with any intentions he may have had in the matter of taking a collegiate course, and thus further fitting himself for the professional life he had in view.

He enlisted August 21, 1862, in Company F, of which he became Captain upon the promotion of Richard P. Roberts to the Colonelcy of the Regiment, a position he retained until May 1, 1865, when he became Major of the Regiment.

His Company had unbounded confidence in his efficiency, his courage and attention to the things that pertained to their welfare. Woe be to him who failed in issuing to his men their proper share of the best that was to be had in the matter of rations and clothing.

His courage and ability to handle men was attested on many a hard-fought field. Especially was this true when under orders from General Hancock he, with some forty of his Company, removed the wounded from the burning Chancellor House on the morning of the 3d of May, 1863. He also succeeded in rescuing three ladies from this house, one of whom was Mrs. Chancellor. This work of rescue was done under a withering fire from the enemy at close range, and was worthy of more recognition than was accorded it at the time.

Captain Henry's cool demeanor under the destructive fire that was poured into the Regiment at Gettysburg was particularly noticeable, and again at Farmville, when our Regimental skirmish line had been driven back and took a new position. He was in command of the Regiment during that engagement, and coolly paced back and forth in front of his command, apparently indifferent to the fire of the enemy, which was being largely concentrated upon him.

At the close of the war Major Henry placed himself under the care of the Hon. Daniel Agnew as a student of law. He continued under the tutelage of this distinguished jurist for about a year, when he entered the office of the Hon. Henry Rice, with whom he completed his law studies. He was admitted to the Beaver County Bar, March 18, 1867. He at once began the practice of his profession, continuing thereat for a few years, when he entered the School of Mines of Columbia College and made a specialty of the study of analytical chemistry. Upon his graduation from this school he took charge of the mining interests of a company in the Far West. Upon the completion of the work he had undertaken there, he returned to Beaver and resumed the practice of his profession. Following the natural bent of his inclinations, he gave much of his time to special studies in laboratory work, geology and the early local history of Beaver County.

At the time of his death, February 21, 1912, Major Henry was a member of the Historical Committee of the Regimental Association, and took much interest in the preparation of the history which is the outcome of their work. Between intervals of extreme bodily suffering he prepared

brief articles for the use of the historian which were very helpful and suggestive. It was generally supposed that he had prepared the outlines of a history of the Regiment some years before his death, but to this he made no reference in his correspondence, and no material relating to such a history could be found among his effects. The Regiment is greatly indebted to him, however, for a carefully wrought sketch in blue print of its route marches from Washington City in 1862 to Washington City in 1865. This sketch has been prepared for printing and is one of the most unique features in the valuable list of illustrations which adorn the pages of this history. To its publication Major Henry gave his free and hearty consent.

For several years preceding his death Major Henry was a great sufferer from an insidious, incurable disease, but of this he gave little sign to the outside world and endured the suffering and discomfort which fell to his lot with patience and resignation. His comrades frequently visited him, much to his delight, and did what they could to make him comfortable. Practically all the survivors of the Regiment in the community were in attendance at his funeral, each one feeling that he was helping to consign to its last resting place one of the bravest men of the Regiment.

ADJUTANT WILLIAM S. SHALLENBERGER.

The youthful incumbent of this important office for more than two years, was born among the rugged hills of Westmoreland County, Pa.

With the inestimable advantages of a Christian home, and amid the wholesale influences of country life, he had the best of preparation as he grew up for any sphere of action or any field of labor which, in the providence of God, he might be called. From the public school he went to the Mt. Pleasant Academy and thence, in due course, to the Lewisburg College, now Bucknell University, from which he was not graduated, but afterward received the degree of A.M.

Those who saw this newly appointed Adjutant step out from the center of the line at the first dress parade of the Regiment will recall his boyish face, lithe form, graceful manner and distinctively military poise. At this time, and ever after—however he may have attained it—he was *every inch an Adjutant*.

The good impression made in this first hour of public service was strengthened by more intimate acquaintance

with the man; and, during the entire period of his connection with the Regiment, he enjoyed the unbroken confidence and esteem alike of its officers and men.

The following testimonial from the commanding officer of the Regiment—Colonel John Fraser—is worthy of record here because of its evident sincerity, it having been given unsolicited, and because of its just discrimination in dealing with facts relating to Adjutant Shallenberger's well-known characteristic traits; and also to his careful, painstaking and conscientious performance of duty:

"Lieutenant Wm. Shallenberger has been Adjutant of my Regiment since its organization, September 9, 1862, when I first became acquainted with him. From that hour to the present I have had many opportunities of closely observing his conduct in the office, in drill, on the march and under fire. In the office he has been very systematic and untiring in his industry, habitually prompt in his attention to all orders, and always successful in making the books which he kept and the papers which he wrote models of accuracy and neatness. Moreover, in the many trying duties that devolved upon him he has uniformly displayed good temper, combined in an unusually happy degree with great judgment and firmness.

On drill and on the march I have ever found him a very intelligent and efficient aid, in whose cordial sympathy I could always depend in my attempts to instruct and discipline my command. In action he is considered by all his associates as a cool, efficient and brave officer.

To naturally good talents, which he has very much improved by a good education, he adds a refined taste and a high-toned morality unsullied by a single bad habit.

Having for a long time and in a high degree enjoyed the esteem and confidence both of the officers and men of my command, and having acquired a more than ordinary knowledge of tactics and of the forms of military business, he has, in my opinion, proved himself to be abundantly competent to fill any field office in a Regiment. From my intimate knowledge of his character and talents, I feel confident that, in whatever position he may be placed, he will discharge his duties with great fidelity and ability. As an act of justice to Lieutenant Shallenberger, whom I have not had hitherto a chance of helping to the promotion which he richly deserves, I, in the foregoing statement, spontaneously put on record the high place which he has earned for himself in my affection and esteem.

JAMES M. PIPES.

Captain J. M. Pipes, late of Company "A," One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, enlisted as a private, was appointed First Sergeant, subsequently commissioned and mustered Lieutenant and then Captain. Except for a short time on two occasions while recovering from wounds, he was in every march and every battle in which his Regiment took part up to February 17, 1865, when, by reason of the loss of his right arm, he was discharged. He never straggled on a march and never lost an hour's duty from any cause. He commanded his Regiment on several occasions and twice in battle. Was in the charge of General Zook's Brigade on July 2, 1863, where his Regiment lost 244 men in about 30 minutes near little Round Top and Devils Den. In this charge the Captain, then Orderly Sergeant, and Lieutenant Purman, after the Regiment was cut to pieces and the remnant had mostly fallen back, carried a badly wounded comrade some distance and placed him behind a big boulder to shelter him from the storm of shot and shell. While the Confederates were calling "Stop and surrender you d— Yanks," they did not surrender, but started toward the Union lines. When the Lieutenant cried out, "Orderly, I am hit," he fell (his leg was amputated), and almost instantly Sergeant Pipes was wounded in the leg, and having but one to use for locomotion, with the use of his gun started to hop off and ran into the enemies flankers, was captured and taken back to an old barn surrounded by a peach orchard. Here, along with quite a number of the enemies wounded, he remained until the Union forces advanced and carried the Orderly back to the temporary hospital in the woods.

Returning to his Regiment Sergeant Pipes found the men hurriedly preparing to attack the enemy, and without even a uniform and no gun he went into the charge with a gum poncho and a loaf of bread. Corporal Burke was wounded and had a leg amputated, and Sergeant Pipes took off his cartridge box and gun and, thus equipped, did some sharp firing.

At Ream Station, Va., on the evening of August 24, 1864, Captain Pipes being the ranking officer was placed in command of a detail sent out on the picket line, the left resting on the W. R. R. bed and the right quite a distance up the hill and next to the cavalry. He remained on the line all night and all day, the 25th, until late in the afternoon. It then became apparent that the enemy, about 24,000 strong,

promotion to Captain after his return, and was mustered out by special order, May 17, 1865.

Resuming the practice of his profession at Pittsburg in the autumn of the same year, he gave his exclusive attention to it until September, 1881, when he accepted a position which was tendered him in the Pension Department, Washington City, D. C. Captain Paxton is a member of the District of Columbia Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and of the Thomas Paxton Post 126 of Western Pennsylvania, named in honor of his brother, Thomas Paxton, who was killed at the battle of Po River, Va., May 9, 1864.

The Rev. G. H. Keady, his college historian, writes of him:

"Captain Paxton is a scion of that Presbyterian stock that settled in Western Pennsylvania which has moulded the character of our entire civilization—a stock that needs no annals, but is content to be a moving force. He has always been one of the men who don't talk but do, and make no fuss; that class of men by whom the world's work is accomplished, for whom no newspaper blows its penny trumpet, but who can afford to wait for the welcome, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

LIEUTENANT JOHN R. PAXTON.

This distinguished representative of Company G, brother of Captain Wilson Paxton, was born and bred in the college town of Canonsburg, Pa. Like many of his associates he was a pupil of Professor Fraser in Jefferson College, and rallied under his standard when President Lincoln called for additional troops to save the imperilled Union, in the summer of 1862. Enlisting at the close of his Junior year, and almost at the close of the eighteenth year of his age, Paxton served for eleven and a half months as a private in the ranks. He was promoted to Sergeant, August 7, 1863, and attained to the grade of Second Lieutenant, December 10, 1864. He was commissioned First Lieutenant April 16th, and to Captain May 16, 1865, by Governor Curtin, but owing to the reduced strength of the company was not mustered. He had the honor, therefore, of coming home with the Company as the acting Captain.

Re-entering the college in the autumn of 1865, Captain Paxton completed the studies of the Senior year and was graduated in the class of 1866. He was graduated from the Western Theological Seminary in 1869, and took a post-

graduate course of one year at Princeton Seminary. In 1870 he was called to the pastorate of a Presbyterian congregation at Churchville in Harford County, Maryland. Here he labored with increasing evidences of success, doing a notable work in building up the congregation and winning the hearts of the people by his social gifts as well as by his extraordinary pulpit powers. In 1874 he accepted a call to the Pine Street Church, of Harrisburg, and thus became the pastor of the church in which he had worshiped with his Company, as a private, on the seventh of September 1862. (See page 9.) From the Capital of Pennsylvania he was called to the Capital of the nation four years later, ministering with singular ability and acceptance to large congregations in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church from 1878 to 1882. His growing fame as a pulpit orator had attracted the attention of some of the leading representatives of Presbyterianism in New York, and in 1882 he was induced to accept a call to the West Church of that city, where he ministered for some eleven years to a congregation remarkable for its wealth, liberality and culture. While in this position, Dr. Paxton served as Chaplain of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York City. As a member of the Union League Club, the Century Club and other organizations of this character he was in frequent demand as an orator and after-dinner speaker. At the reunions of his Regiment he has always been an honored guest and has made more public addresses, as the minutes will show, than any other speaker in or out of the regimental organization. In 1893 Dr. Paxton retired from active service in the ministry, and since that time has been living quietly in the comfortable home which was provided for him and tendered as a gift by appreciative friends within the bounds of his congregation. At the Regimental reunions he is always sure of a cordial welcome, and his encouraging words and generous gifts have contributed not a little to the success and continuous existence of the organization.*

*Prepared from data furnished by Rev. Dr. Calvin Dill Wilson and other sources.

FIRST LIEUTENANT J. JACKSON PURMAN.

Company A.

Lieutenant Purman was born on a farm in Greene County, Pa., in 1841. At the age of 12 years he commenced

work in the printing office of the *Waynesburg Eagle* and in his 16th year went to Illinois at a "Journeyman printer" and set type in the office of the *Fulton County Democrat*. Young Purman afterwards worked his way through the *Waynesburg College*, attending school in summer and teaching in winter until the close of his junior year. At this stage in his career his patriotism got the better of the classics and he entered the army to assist in putting down the rebellion. In the body of this work several references may be found to the efficient service rendered by Lieutenant Purman and the events which took place in connection with the great conflict beyond the wheatfield where he was maimed for life. After he had received his discharge on surgeon's certificate, Lieutenant Purman resumed his studies and was graduated in 1864. A touch of romance entered into the experiences of suffering which fell to the lot of this gallant officer at Gettysburg, which ought not to be omitted from the record. After his rescue from the hands of the enemy he was carried into the house of Mary Withrow in the town and was so tenderly cared for in this hospitable home that a feeling stronger than ordinary good will was awakened in his breast for the fair lady who had so graciously ministered to him. This feeling was fully reciprocated and in due time there was a marriage, as was eminently fitting, between the "brave and the fair" in the city of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Purman passed away some years ago and her body now rests in the National Cemetery on Arlington Heights. Comrade Purman took up the study of law and was admitted to practice at the bar. In 1872 he removed to Washington City and entered one of the Departments as clerk by civil service examination. Since this time he has taken up the study of medicine by availing himself of night lectures and was Medical Director of the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R. in 1891, the year the organization reached the "high water mark." He was aide on the staff of General John Palmer in 1892 and on the staff of Eli Torrance in 1902. He is also a charter member of the United States Medal and Honor Club of Washington, D. C.

CAPTAIN JOHN AULD BURNS.

Company A.

John A. Burns, son of William and Elizabeth Auld Burns, was born July 2, 1843, and celebrated his twentieth birthday in the "Vortex of Death" in the wheatfield at Gettys-

burg. One of his paternal ancestors, Alexander Burns, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1739, and when but a lad of fourteen was impressed as a "powder boy" into the British navy and served during the seven years of the French and Indian War. When he was set at liberty, he remained in America and was one of the first five thousand men to cross the Alleghenies and settle in the wilderness district then known as Westmoreland County. When the war of the Revolution broke out he enlisted as a private in Lieutenant Colonel Robinson's Company of the First Pennsylvania Regiment. On a foray against the Indians in Ohio Burns was captured and remained with the savages as a prisoner for three years. Escaping near Detroit, he trudged alone through the forests to his home, near the present village of Burnsville in Washington County, Pa. John A. Burns, who proved to be a worthy successor of this old-time hero of the Revolutionary days, was a sophomore in Waynesboro College in Greene County when he responded to Abraham Lincoln's call for 300,000 men, and in the general history the manner of this response is described. (See page 5.) He began his military career as a Second Sergeant and by regular promotions reached the grade of Captain. Of his four promotions, three were due to the fact that in each case his superior officer was killed or disabled in battle. He received his "baptism of fire" at Chancellorsville, and was with his Regiment in all the great battles from that time until the close of the war.

He was in the "Bloody Angle" at Spottsylvania, in the awful slaughter at Cold Harbor, in the battle and siege of Petersburg, and on the Appomattox campaign. Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, he was on the skirmish line across an old wagon road, a short distance from Appomattox Court House. The lines of the two armies were less than one hundred yards apart. He saw General Lee on his white horse ride out with his Staff between the lines, dismount, and seat himself under an apple tree by the wayside to await the coming of General Grant. When Colonel Babcock, of Grant's Staff, rode up, Lee mounted and rode through the lines of his company to the McLean House, where the terms of the surrender were arranged.

April 6, he was with his Regiment when Lee's wagon train was attacked, captured and burned at Sailor Creek. The portion of the train to which his Regiment came contained the officers' baggage. One of his Company took therefrom the uniform of General John B. Gordon. The Captain took a leather case containing a complete toilet set belonging to

Brigadier General Hunter. It is a treasured memento in his family to-day.

April 7, in command, he led his Regiment in the heroic but disastrous charge at Farmville. For the heroism of that day the Regiment was given the place of honor at the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

On this campaign he was one day in command of the flankers. About noon he came upon a similar body of Confederates eating their lunch by a little stream in the woods. A nasty little battle occurred. A Confederate sword hanging in the home of his brother in Macomb, Illinois, is a mute reminder of the issue of the struggle.

After taking part in the Grand Review at Washington, he was mustered out May 31, and reached home June 5, having commanded a regiment of men in one of the great battles of the war when only twenty-one years of age.

The war made a deep impression on his moral and religious nature, and he determined to enter the sacred ministry that he might teach men the gospel of peace and good will. He entered Waynesburg College in October, 1865, and was graduated from the Scientific Course in September, 1867. He went direct to Monmouth, took up the study of foreign languages and was graduated from the College in 1869, and from the United Presbyterian Seminary in that city in 1872. He was pastor of the Church at North English, Iowa, four years, and of the First United Presbyterian Church of Lawrence, Massachusetts, two years, when he was stricken with Bright's disease and passed to the other life March 28, 1878. His remains rest in Mount Wollaston Cemetery in Quincy, Massachusetts, near where lie the bodies of two Presidents of the United States.

In 1871 he married Eliza Hardwick of Quincy, Mass. A daughter of this union survives. She is the wife of Professor Hall of Millbury, and as active in Christian work as was her father. His widow still lives in Quincy, Mass.*

*Abbreviated from sketch prepared by Professor James C. Burnas, of Macomb, Illinois.

CAPTAIN SILAS PARKER.

Company D.

Captain Parker was fifty years old when he marched to the front with Company D. With more courage than, perhaps, strength, he did his part until May, 1863, when he was brought home very sick, and lived only until June 23d. He

is buried at Amity, Pa. Comrade Parker was a man who attracted much attention because of his soldierly appearance. His care of the men was most commendable. When the pickets on the Rappahannock returned one cold February morning and reported that one of their number, Harvey Swart, was unable to get in, Captain Parker got an ambulance at once and, going to the picket post, brought him in. He was nearly frozen, however, when found, for the cold of the night was intense.*

* Memorial Day Address, by Manean Sharp, Amity, 1903.

LIEUTENANT J. FULTON BELL.

Lieutenant Bell, of Company D, was promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, June 1, 1863. On the 1st of November of the same year he was promoted to First Sergeant. For bravery and efficient service he was commissioned First Lieutenant, July 20, 1864, and served in that capacity until his muster out with the Regiment, May 31, 1865. At this time he was the only commissioned officer in the Company, and was the acting captain. Manaan Sharp reports him as living on the same farm from which he enlisted, and adds: "At the presidential election in 1864 the soldiers were about to vote. Company D was in front of Petersburg, where everything had to be done under cover. Captain Bell was president of the election board, John Clauser and John Kelly inspectors. Only seven votes were cast, and while examining them, a large shell from the 'Goose Neck' battery struck and exploded right in their midst, covering them with dust and earth, but not a man was hurt."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE A. SHALLENBERGER.

George A. Shallenberger, a brother of the Adjutant of the Regiment, enlisted in Company I, and at the organization of the company was elected the Second Lieutenant. On the 26th of November, 1862, he was promoted to Captain and Assistant Quarter Master, United States Volunteers. Following this appointment, he was assigned to the Second Division of the Second Army Corps.

In the report of Major John Gibbon, commanding the Second Division, dated November 7, 1864, with respect to the operations of his Division since the 3d of May preceding, special mention is made of the services of Captain Shallenberger as follows:

"Captain G. A. Shallenberger, Assistant Quarter Master, and Captain T. S. Coombarger, Commissary of Subsistence, were unremitting in their several positions, and the sick, wounded and well wanted for nothing which their zeal and energy could supply."

At a later date Captain Shallenberger was promoted by brevet to Lieutenant-Colonel for meritorious service, and was assigned to duty as Chief Quarter Master of the Second Army Corps. This gave to him a position on the staff of Major-General Hancock, which he filled with entire acceptance and conscientious fidelity.

In his case we have one among many instances where men of the One Hundred and Fortieth were called or promoted to special service, apart from their own companies of the Regiment, and in the rendering of this service, reflected high honor upon the command to which they originally belonged.

CAPTAIN JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

Company G.

The most reliable information concerning the early life of Captain Wilson and the noble service which he rendered to his imperilled country is embodied in the following sketch, prepared by a classmate, the Rev. B. T. Jeffers, D.D., historian of the class of 1862, Jefferson College:

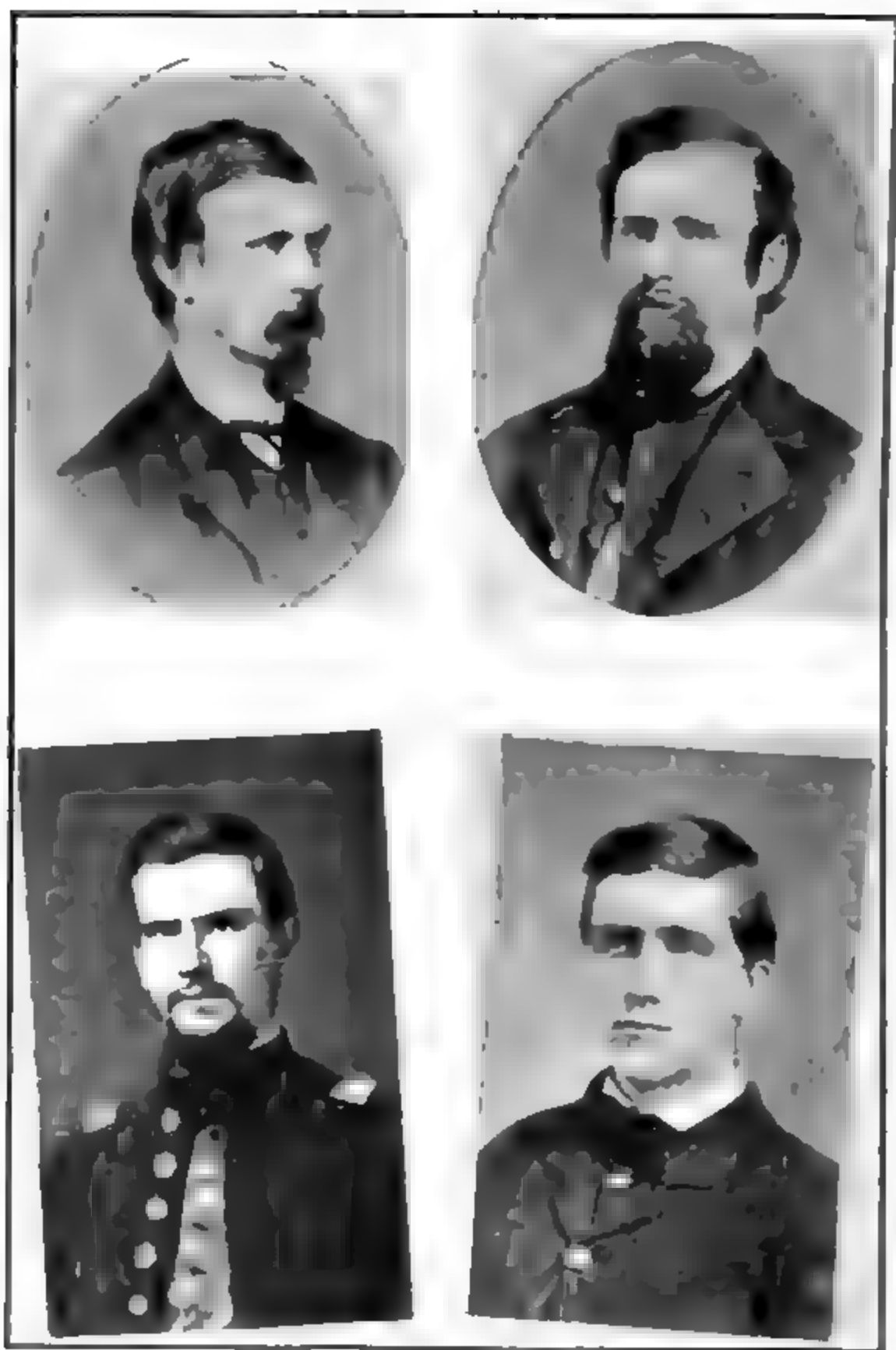
"John F. Wilson was born at Uniontown, Pa., October 10, 1839, and studied under Prof. S. B. Mercer, at Dunlap's Creek Academy. He entered the college near the close of the Freshman year, May 6, 1859. With many of his class and college mates he enlisted in Company G, One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers Infantry, August 22, 1862. He was in active service till shot through both arms at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. His father, the Rev. Samuel Wilson, D.D., brought him to his home and sent him back well, October 13, 1863. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant, July 4th, and afterwards Captain of his Company. He led his Company through the bloody battles with the Army of the Potomac till March 25, 1865, when, while in command of his company on a skirmish line, in support of General Sheridan, as he was cutting through the Confederate forces, on the South Side Railroad, a ball plunged through the femur of his right thigh, shattering it so that his friend, Surgeon J. W. Wishart, found it necessary to amputate near the third division. He died of

pyaemia, April 15, 1865, at two o'clock, five hours before President Lincoln breathed his last. His father and uncle were with him for two weeks before his death. They, President Lincoln, who stopped to talk with the wounded captain, and the attending surgeons, all admired the wonderful courage and manliness, the cheerful equanimity with which he bore his sufferings, the loss of his limb, and finally met death itself. Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D., of New York, who was a member of Company G, says: 'If I am worth anything as a Christian and a minister, I owe it largely, under God, to Captain Wilson. His character as a Christian was an argument for Christianity that my skepticism could not gainsay.'

"This noble classmate lies buried in the churchyard beside the House of God where his father preached for thirty years, whence, he being dead, yet speaks words of Christian manliness to all who knew him. His father, eighty-three years of age (1887), writes an excellent letter. In reading it I could scarcely tell which I most admired, the brave son or the father who told, so modestly, and yet so appreciatively, the story of his son's heroism."

SERGEANT ISAIAH L. COLLINS.

Sergeant Collins was born December 14, 1845. He enlisted in Company E, August 12, 1862, as a private. Was promoted to Corporal January 24, 1864, and to Sergeant February 10, 1865. He was wounded July 2d at Gettysburg and at Todd's Tavern May 8, 1864. At the battle of Farmville, the last engagement by any body of troops in the Army of the Potomac, Sergeant Collins was taken prisoner. He remained in charge of the Johnnies until the surrender of General Lee. Hence he was present at Appomattox, but on the Confederate side. Being let go, he went, however, to his own company. Comrade Collins has served for twenty-five consecutive years as Justice of the Peace in his place of residence, Ohiopyle, Pennsylvania, and is proud of the record that no decision he has made in that time has ever been reversed by a higher court, also of the fact that he has never prosecuted or entered suit against anyone and never was prosecuted or sued except at his own solicitation in order to settle an estate as executor. His family consists of ten boys and six girls. Two of his children he reports as deceased.



WM. A. F. STOCKTON, Captain. ARTHUR S. S. S. First Lieutenant.
WM. B. COOK, Second Lieutenant. BENJ. F. POWELL, First Sergeant.

LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN F. POWELSON.

Comrade Powelson served as First Sergeant of Company K from its muster in to September 27, 1864, when he was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company G, Forty-first U. S. C. T., and assigned to the Army of the James. In the campaign of 1865, which resulted in Lee's surrender, he had command also of Company I of the same Regiment.

At Appomattox he was in the advance line under Sheridan. After the surrender of General Johnson he was ordered with his Regiment to the Rio Grande border. He was mustered out in New Orleans in October, 1865. Colonel Moore, editor of the *Washington Reporter*, on hearing this wrote:

"Among the thousands of our youth who went out to confront the foes of our government on the field of battle, no more worthy one was to be found than Lieutenant Powelson, no one who will be more warmly welcomed on his return."

At the close of the war Lieutenant Powelson studied for the ministry, and since his ordination, July, 1867, has been in active, aggressive work in Missouri, Kansas and Colorado. Until recently he was the pastor of the Church of Boulder, Colorado, which reports a membership of over nine hundred, but he is now on the list of the honorably retired. Lieutenant Powelson wrote the history of Company K, a valuable compend of the battles and marches of the company, from which frequent quotations have been made in the preparation of the regimental history. He also prepared the History of the Class of 1860 of Washington College for its Semi-Centennial Anniversary at Washington, Pa., in 1910.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM A. F. STOCKTON.

Company K.

Captain Stockton was the son of the Rev. Dr. John Stockton, pastor of the Cross Creek Presbyterian Church. The company was recruited mainly through his efforts and influence, and he was made its first Captain. "He was of a generous and open-hearted disposition," says Powelson, the historian of the Company, "and served with faithfulness. On the 2th of July, 1863, he was detailed and sent back for duty at the General Recruiting Station at Pittsburg, Pa., where he remained until the summer of 1864, returning

to the command of his Company, and was with it till it was disbanded, except that on several occasions, by virtue of his rank, he had command of the Regiment." He was brevetted Major on the 9th of April, 1865, for meritorious service, and was highly esteemed by his superior officers in the Brigade and Division. Soon after the close of the war he removed to Carituck, North Carolina, where he died in 1877. He was buried in the Cross Creek village graveyard near the home of his boyhood.

BREVET CAPTAIN ALEXANDER SWEENEY.

Company K.

This popular and highly esteemed officer began his military career as the First Lieutenant of Company K. He was with his Company through the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg campaigns. In December, 1863, he was detailed for service on the staff of General Barlow, the Division commander. After the transfer of General Barlow to another command he continued in the same relation to his successor, Major-General Nelson A. Miles, serving with him until the close of the war.

Not long before his death General Miles was his guest, and between these comrades of the war there was a very close and tender intimacy. At this time and until he received the summons to join the "great majority," Captain Sweeney had the charge of the Steubenville Post Office. He attended many of the Regimental Reunions and the National Encampments of the G. A. R. and Loyal Legion, where he was always welcomed by friends and comrades for his genial manner and cheery disposition. He was identified with the United Presbyterian Church from boyhood, and his regular attendance at church was one of the marked characteristics of his life. He died at Steubenville on the 29th of April, 1912, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Part III

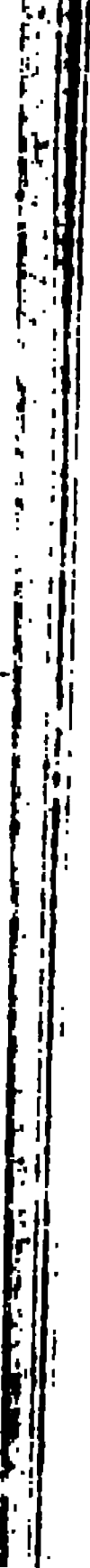
Memorabilia

Reunions—Dedications

Camp-Fire Reminiscences

Noteworthy Incidents

Etc.—Etc.—Etc.



REGIMENTAL REUNIONS.

The following resumé of important acts and events relating to the annual meetings of the survivors of the Regiment was made from a careful review of the minutes by the Secretary of the Association, Comrade Henry J. Boyde, of Beaver, Pa.:

It is not known who first conceived the idea of forming a regimental association of those who had served in the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania during the Civil War. However the thought of such an association appears to have been in the minds of many and found realization in a preliminary meeting held November 13, 1873, in the St. Charles Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., at which time Major Thomas Henry presided as temporary chairman and Adjutant William S. Shallenberger as Secretary. With but little discussion a permanent organization was formed with the following named officers, viz: General H. H. Bingham, President; Major Thomas Henry and Captain Isaac Vance, Vice-Presidents; Adjutant William S. Shallenberger, Recording Secretary; Chaplain J. Lynn Milligan, Corresponding Secretary, and Captain Alex. Sweeney, Treasurer.

A constitution and by-laws was prepared and adopted at this meeting, the first article stating, viz: This body shall be known by the name, style and title of The Reunion Association of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Article 2. The objects of this Association shall be to cherish the memories, associations and friendships of the war waged in defense of the indivisibility and unity of the republic, to strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship, sympathy formed from companionship in arms and to conserve National honor, union and independence.

Article 3. Every honorably discharged officer or soldier who may have served at any time in the Regiment may become a member, also the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania and the general officers who may at any time have commanded the Corps, Division or Brigade to which the Regiment belonged shall also be entitled with their respective staffs to membership.

The first reunion was held in Washington, Pa., September 8, 1874, and they have been held annually since that time. At this reunion 118 members were present, and this number represents a fair average of the numbers present each year. The meetings have been held in various places,

principally in the counties of Washington and Beaver, and have always been occasions of pleasure and profit and making, if possible, still stronger the peculiar tie that binds those who together endured the hardships of the soldier's life in camp and on the march, and also faced shoulder to shoulder the dangers of the battlefields.

The hearty interest and hospitality shown by the citizens in the places in which the Association has met fully merits the praise given in resolutions passed from year to year in which we endeavored to show our appreciation. Through it all, however, there has ever been a note of sadness occasioned by the reading of the necrological report, thus reminding us that our members were being rapidly depleted by death.

It would be difficult to say which of the reunions were the best, for the reason "they were all good. Two reunions, however, appear by the minutes as well in the memories of many as being particularly notable, the first of which was held in Washington, Pa., October 15, 1902, at which time the Washington College Centennial was being held. This occurring at the same time of the reunion, made a double attraction to many graduates of the college who were also members of the Regiment. A number of these, as well as others of the graduates, had been prominent during the war, and had also become eminent in the religious, professional and political life of our country since its close, and were thus enabled to be present with us. Among them were Comrades, General Harry H. Bingham, Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D., Captain Alex. W. Acheson and others, each of whom, by their masterful addresses, added a peculiar interest to the enjoyment of the occasion. Among the speakers of the evening was the Rev. J. P. Smith, D.D., of Richmond, Va., a graduate of the college. He had served on the staff of General Thomas J. Jackson, the noted Confederate, and known as "Stonewall" Jackson. In his address he referred to the death of the General, he being at his side when he died, and heard him say: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." It has been said that the General did not utter these words, that they were but imaginary, like the famous poem of Barbara Freitchie, and not a fact. Yet here we have in these minutes of the Association the testimony of a reputable witness who heard them and are referred to here in proof of their authenticity.

Another reunion worthy of mention was held in Beaver, Pa., the entire affair being largely in the hands of Mr. Isaac

Harter and his wife, Mrs. Emma Roberts Harter, the daughter of our Colonel who fell at Gettysburg. It had long been in the thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Harter that they would at some time entertain the survivors of the Regiment and that they carried their thought to a successful issue was apparent and will always be in the memory of those who were present as the most enjoyable of the many reunions held. They have always had a deep and an abiding interest in the Regiment, and they occupy a warm place in the hearts of the members of the Association.

The minutes are almost entirely mere statements that the Association met in such a place on such a date and the usual routine pertaining to the business of the meeting with reference to the entertainment provided.

Matters of real historic value, however, appear in certain minutes, where it very clearly sets forth that the Regiment was among the pioneers in starting the movement that led to the erection of the many monuments that now stand upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

The minutes of October 11, 1881, show the appointment of a committee to act with Colonel Batchelder in accurately marking the position held by the Regiment in that engagement. The committee reported October 10, 1882, that the monument would be located on the roadway near the spot where heaviest loss occurred. Captain Samuel Campbell, of Company H, introduced a resolution authorizing the appointment of a committee to raise funds to meet the expense of erecting a memorial shaft to mark the designated spot held by the Regiment the evening of July 2d. August 28, 1884, the committee reported progress, and Comrades Shallenberger, Sayres and Hartford were appointed to mark the spot and determine the inscription to go on the shaft. The shaft having been erected, the committee met in Beaver, July 17, 1885, and arranged for the unveiling and dedication to take place August 11, 1885, Comrade Short to be the Officer of the Day, Comrade Shallenberger to deliver the oration, and Comrade D. M. Pry to deliver the monument to the care of the Battlefield Commission. At the time appointed, twenty-seven members of the Regiment met and the monument was formally dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The minutes at no time show the cost of the monument, which was paid out of funds of the Association, Voluntarily contributed.

October 11, 1887, the attention of the Regiment was called to the then recent Act of the Legislature which pro-

vided for the erection of monuments by the State for those regiments of the Pennsylvania Volunteers that had taken part in the battle and appropriating out of the moneys of the State \$1,500 for each of such regiments, the monuments to mark the places held by them on that field. A committee was at once appointed to act with the State Commission and Battlefield Association in the matter. October 9, 1888, the committee reported progress and was authorized to push the work to completion ready for dedication. The committee was also empowered to purchase a piece of ground in the field on the opposite side of the avenue from the position held by the earlier monument erected by the Regiment, if they deemed such action necessary, in order to comply with the rules of the Battlefield Commission as well as with the wishes of the Regiment in the matter of location.

The minutes indicate that this piece of ground was bought at a cost of \$75.

This monument having been completed, the Association met at Gettysburg, and on September 12, 1889, was formally dedicated with impressive ceremonies in the presence of 216 of the survivors and a large number of spectators. At the dedication, Comrade Short was Officer of the Day, Comrade Sloan received the monument from the State Commission, and Comrade Shallenberger made the historic address.

October 14, 1890, the Monument Committee was granted full power to act in the matter of having the first monument erected, and known as the little monument, removed to another location. From year to year resolutions were passed relative to this matter, but never brought to a conclusion.

October 9, 1894, the Chairman of a committee appointed, at a previous meeting, to make report with recommendations as to what action, if any, should be taken in reference to the address published in the Second Volunteers of Pennsylvania at Gettysburg, said to have been delivered on the battlefield by Major St. C. Mulholland at the dedication of the monument of the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania submitted his report. Here follows, spread in full on the minutes, a carefully prepared and exhaustive report on this remarkable address which closes by saying: "We pronounce its statements as to the position and movements of our Regiment as utterly at variance with the facts. Not for one moment were we without a field officer. Not for one moment did Major Mulholland have command of our Regiment. Not one step did we follow him toward the Peach Orchard.

The whole story is a play of fancy and a figment of the imagination."

It was then ordered that a copy of this report be forwarded to the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission, with request that such action may be taken as in their judgment may be due our Regiment.

An appendix follows which occupies thirty-one pages of the Minute book and consists of copies of the reports of field and staff officers, Division and Brigade, made at the close of the battle, as well as the report of our own Colonel John Fraser, all of said reports showing most conclusively the inaccuracy of the statements made by Major Mulholland regarding the position and movements of our Regiment.

October 18, 1898, the statements of Major Mulholland regarding the movements of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment were again brought to the attention of the Battlefield Associations, whereupon the following resolution was offered and unanimously approved, viz: Whereas, Major St. Clair Mulholland, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, sets forth the remarkable statement that the Regimental monument of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers is wrongly placed and that we as a regiment are not entitled to the claim of having been on the right of the First Division of the Second Army Corps at the Battle of Gettysburg;

Resolved, That both of these statements are unfounded and have been overruled by the Commission. Second. That his statement claiming to have had command of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania at any time on the evening of July 2d is absurd and without any foundation in fact. Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser was in continuous command after the death of Colonel Roberts.

After the passage of these resolutions, twenty-four members of the Regiment who were present and who had taken part in the battle came forward and stated they each had personal knowledge of the facts stated in the resolutions and of the inaccuracy of Major Mulholland claims.

The Reunion at Canonsburg, Pa., in 1911, will be remembered as one of the most interesting and important of all our annual meetings.

The community manifested just pride in the distinguished record made by its own gifted citizens who were members of Company G.

Comrades J. Brad. Johnson and Oliver Paxton welcomed the survivors of the Association and gave them a splendid

reception. It was at this meeting that the long-talked-of scheme to publish a Regimental History was brought to a culmination. Comrade W. L. Shallenberger named a comrade of Company G, Robert L. Stewart, as particularly well qualified to undertake the work. Comrade John R. Paxton promptly and warmly seconded the suggestion, and pledged his best efforts toward the securing of a fund which would make possible the work. Others heartily approved and plead for decisive action. The Historian expressed his grateful appreciation of the confidence shown in him, doubted his ability to command the time and material necessary, but finally saw a vision of duty and privilege and accepted the commission.

From time to time resolutions are found upon the minutes authorizing the publishing of a History of the Regiment. Such work as may have been done in accordance with these resolutions failed for many reasons to materialize. September 12, 1911, the matter was again brought before the Association, as above stated, which resulted in the appointment of the following-named comrades as a committee to prepare and have published such a history, viz:

Rev. Robert L. Stewart, D.D. Hon. William S. Shallenberger
Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D. Thomas Henry, Esq.
Harry J. Boyde

This committee at once began the work so that at the time of this writing it is evident that the committee will be able to report at the coming reunion, the completion of the work and that the book is ready for distribution.

At the time of the organization of the Association Rev. John Lynn Milligan LL.D. was elected Secretary and continued as such until his death, July 12, 1909. Very much of the success attained in our reunions was the result of his work. As Chaplain of the Regiment he had greatly endeared himself to the members thereof, not only by his tender interest in their religious welfare, but also by his constant efforts to relieve the sick, his courage in reaching and alleviating the suffering of the wounded, his soothing ministrations to the dying, and his care for the bodies of the dead. As we read his name and that of others on the pages of the minutes of the Association who have passed away from year to year, we rejoice that we have been permitted to know and to have had association with such men. May such lives be an inspiration to us all.



SURVIVORS PRESENT AT REUNION OF 1911.



ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Nov. 13, 1873.

Pursuant to call, the comrades of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers met in preliminary reunion at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the parlors of the St. Charles Hotel.

Major Thomas Henry was elected temporary chairman, and Adjutant W. S. Shallenberger secretary. On motion the chair appointed a committee of three on permanent organization, viz: Adjutant W. S. Shallenberger, Captain J. M. Ray and Chaplain J. L. Milligan, who submitted the following report:

President.—General H. H. Bingham.

Vice-Presidents.—Major Thomas Henry and Captain Isaac Vance.

Recording Secretary.—Adjutant W. S. Shallenberger.

Corresponding Secretary.—Chaplain J. L. Milligan.

Treasurer.—Captain Alex. Sweeny.

And recommended a finance committee of three, and an executive committee composed of one from each company, with the president and secretary as ex-officio members. On motion the report of the committee on organization was adopted. The chair appointed as a committee on finance, Corporal J. G. Sloan, Private Joshua Weaver and Sergeant R. H. Cooper.

Nominations were then made for an executive committee, and the following persons appointed:

Company A—Lieutenant Thornton Hedge.

Company B—Captain A. C. Grove.

Company C—Captain J. M. Ray.

Company D—Sergeant Henry C. Swart.

Company E—Captain A. T. Gregg.

Company F—Lieutenant D. Singleton.

Company G—Captain W. N. Paxton.

Company H—Captain S. Campbell.

Company I—Sergeant R. W. Anderson.

Company K—Sergeant George Ralston.

On motion, *Resolved*, That the first general reunion shall be held on Tuesday, September 8, 1874, to convene at 2 o'clock, P. M., and close with a banquet in the evening.

General John Fraser was elected orator of the day, with Major Thos. Henry as alternate, and Washington, Pa., selected as the place of meeting. On motion.

Resolved, To extend a special invitation to the com-

manders and staff officers of Brigade, Division and Corps, with which the One Hundred and Fortieth was connected, and a general invitation to comrades of other regiments to meet with us on reunion occasions.

On motion, all comrades of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers desiring to become members of the "Reunion Association" are hereby requested to send their names and post-office address to the secretary for enrollment.

On motion, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered the proprietor, of the St. Charles Hotel, for the courtesy shown, in proffering the free use of his parlors upon this occasion. On motion.

Resolved, That all newspapers published in the several counties of Washington, Beaver, Mercer and Greene be respectfully requested to publish these proceedings. On motion.

W. S. SHALLENBERGER, *Secretary*.

REUNION OF VETERANS.

The Eighty-fifth and One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers held their annual reunions at Washington upon Tuesday of last week. The Eighty-fifth had held one reunion last year at Uniontown, but the One Hundred and Fortieth had never met together as a regiment since they were mustered out of the service at the close of the war.

The committees having the management of the reunions had made ample arrangements for the accommodation of their comrades, and for their comfort and enjoyment, and all that was needed to make the meetings a success was fine weather.

The day opened bright and fair, and soon the town began to put on her gala day dress, flags were flung to the breeze from many dwellings and public buildings, and every one seemed anxious to give the veterans a hearty welcome. Knots of soldiers and citizens were to be seen through the streets greeting some returned brave, as one by one they arrived in town. The headquarters of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment was at the office of James P. Sayer, Esq., in the Fulton House building, from whose window hung the beautiful silk flag of Company C, which had been presented to them by our fellow-townsmen, N. F. Brobst, at the time of their departure in 1862, and which has since been in the possession of Mrs. Hon. A. W. Acheson, mother



of the gallant Captain David Acheson, so well remembered by our citizens for his sterling worth and honor, and whose memory is so fondly cherished by his comrades for his noble daring in the field of strife. In front of the headquarters hung the banner of the Regiment, presented to Major Henry by the ladies of Beaver, upon which was inscribed the names of the battles in which the Regiment took part. The following is the list of battles: Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristow Station, Pine Run, Todds Tavern, Wilderness, Corbins Bridge, Po River, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomy, Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Strawberry Plains, Deep Bottom, Reams Station, Hatchers Run, Sutherlands Station, Sailors Creek, Cumberland Church and Appomattox. On the reverse side was the corps mark of the Regiment and the date of its muster into service. The headquarters of the Eighty-fifth was at the office of Major H. J. Vankirk, in Caldwell's building, from which hung the tattered flag of the Company.

Around these headquarters were crowds of soldiers of the respective regiments and their comrades of other organizations, extending and receiving warm and hearty welcomes. Shortly after ten o'clock the members who had arrived in town, formed in procession and marched to the Chartiers depot where they received large numbers of their comrades and escorted them to their respective headquarters. The display as they marched through the streets was very fine, although not attended by music or flying banners. The men presented a very fine appearance, and we may truly say that never before has our town been visited by any body of men who created and left a more favorable impression upon our people than the soldiers of the Eighty-fifth and One Hundred and Fortieth.

Shortly after the arrival of the Chartiers train, the West Alexander brass band arrived in their wagon.

After the greetings and handshaking were over, and the members had registered their names upon the rolls, they separated to their different places for dinner. At two o'clock the Eighty-fifth met in the Court House and the One Hundred and Fortieth in the Town Hall for a business meeting. The meeting of the One Hundred and Fortieth was called to order by Chaplain John Milligan, upon whose motion Adjutant Shallenberger was called to the chair. Adjutant Shallenberger, upon taking the chair, thanked his comrades for the high honor conferred upon him. He would rather their choice would have fallen upon some one older

in the service and more experienced than he. He invoked harmony and good feeling in all their deliberations and hoped that whatever was done would be done for the best. The Adjutant's remarks were well received, and the applause which greeted him fully attested that the Regiment was well satisfied with its choice. Upon motion, Chaplain John Milligan was unanimously chosen secretary. The secretary read an abstract of the minutes of the meeting of the officers of the Regiment held in Pittsburgh, November 13, 1873, which called this meeting. The roll was then called, when one hundred and fifteen members responded.

Major Thomas Henry delivered the oration, being a rapid review of the engagements in which the Regiment had participated during the war.

At the time all the officers and committees were chosen and a permanent organization effected. The interest then awakened and systematized has never grown less. It comes together each year with its camp fires of friendship burning brightly. It gives an opportunity to look each other in the face and clasp hands in manly recognition and gather up the charms, the dangers and the victories of the undying past.

The Regiment numbered over one thousand when they entered the service. Many who survived the campaign and were permitted to return to their homes, have since died; others have found homes in the West and South; some remained in the country where they fought, while some, engrossed by cares and responsibilities of active business life, found it impossible to attend. After the call of the roll, letters were read from S. Potter, Jr., General W. S. Hancock and General H. H. Bingham. These letters were received amid great applause, and were as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4, 1874.

My Dear Colonel—Enclosed find letter from General Hancock concerning the reunion One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. I am of the opinion that it would be well to read the enclosed. If I can possibly be present at the reunion, I will do all in my power to reach that result. My father has been most seriously ill at my house for the past ten days; he is no better at present; I fear that he will not survive the present attack.

If I cannot be with you I will telegraph on Monday to Washington. Explain the cause of my necessary absence. I am more than sorry for my present inability to join in the gathering. My trip to Washington would occupy several days and I never would or could forgive myself if any thing serious would take place during my absence. I will write you again.

Very truly, &c.,

HENRY H. BINGHAM.

COL. SHARLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31, 1874.

My Dear General—I am in receipt of your kind note of the 25th instant inviting myself and staff, on the part of the Executive Committee, to be present at the social reunion of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers at Washington, Pa., on the 8th proximo.

It would give me great pleasure, I assure you, to accept and to meet the gallant soldiers of that distinguished Regiment, which I had the honor to command during a part of the late war, but I shall be prevented from attending the reunion by my absence in the West, having my arrangements all completed for starting to St. Louis to-morrow evening to be absent during the month of September.

I am very truly yours,
WINF'D S. HANCOCK, Maj. Gen.

FALLS CITY, PA., Sept. 4, 1874.

Mr. Alf. Beeson—Dear Friend: Your card of yesterday is received. I cannot express my disappointment and regret on account of my inability to attend the reunion of my old Regiment at Washington, Pa. I cannot secure a competent person to take charge of my business during the time it would be necessary to be absent.

Please remember me to my old comrades of the One Hundred and Fortieth, and especially to the members of Co. E. I would name John Barkley, Jesse T. Power, and many others whom I have not time to name. But I must not forget Tom Kelly, the wild Irishman. Tell them I want them to come and see me.

Yours truly,
S. POTTER, JR.

[TELEGRAM.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7, 1874.

Col. W. S. Shallenberger—I had hoped up to this morning that I could be with you at the reunion. I now find, in consequence of family illness, that it is impossible. Express my sincere regrets. Thank the comrades for the honor conferred at the last gathering in having elected me President. I wish for the perfect and complete pleasure of all who may meet, and trust that, at the next reunion, I may be with you in person, as I am with you now in spirit and full sympathy.

HENRY H. BINGHAM.

A letter was also received from General Fraser, but had been left in Pittsburgh by Mr. Milligan. One was also received from Lieutenant J. J. Purman, but too late to be read. After the reading of these letters Sergeant Beeson suggested that when the Regiment adjourn, it march through the streets of the town, and that their comrades of the Eighty-fifth be invited to join them. He moved that a committee of three be appointed to invite the Eighty-fifth to unite with them. The chair appointed Messrs. Sayer, Sweeney and Singleton for that purpose.

The chair announced that the next business to be considered was raising money to meet the expenses of the reunion and to provide a permanent fund for the organization. The mode to secure this would be an assessment upon the members present, which, he felt sure, would be largely increased by donations from absent members. Several sums were mentioned, and after a full interchange of opinion, it

was finally determined to assess each member present the sum of \$1.50, which would include a ticket to the banquet, and the Executive Committee were authorized to collect the amounts so assessed. While the Executive Committee was thus engaged, the committee appointed to invite the Eighty-fifth Regiment to join in the parade, returned and reported that the Eighty-fifth accepted the invitation and would join the procession.

The business of the meeting being now nearly closed, the Regiment proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:

President, General H. H. Bingham; Vice-Presidents, Captain Thos. Henry, Captain Isaac Vance; Corresponding Secretary and Chaplain, John L. Milligan; Recording Secretary, John L. Gow, Esq.; Treasurer, Captain Alex. Sweeney; Executive Committee, consisting of one member from each company, consists of the following soldiers:

Lieutenant C. T. Hedge, Company A; Captain Craig, Company B; Sergeant James P. Sayer, Company C; Captain J. F. Bell, Company D; Sergeant A. G. Beeson, Company E; A. G. White, Company F; Sergeant William Pollock, Company G; Captain S. Campbell, Company H; David E. McAllister, Company I; Silas Cook, Company K.

The next business was the election of the place for the next reunion. It was unanimously conceded by Washington county boys that the Beaver companies should fix the place. Beaver and Beaver Falls were suggested, and the claims and advantages of each urged by the respective parties. The meeting seemed pretty fairly divided upon the two places, and it was difficult to guess which would be successful, until a member announced that Beaver was the birthplace of Colonel Roberts, their gallant leader. At the mention of that name all claims for Beaver Falls were relinquished and Beaver unanimously selected.

It was suggested that, as the Roundheads (One Hundredth Pennsylvania) would probably hold their next reunion at Beaver, this Regiment hold theirs at the same time, and the Executive Committee were instructed to confer with the Executive Committee of the One Hundredth, and if a reunion of both regiments could be held at the same time, the time so fixed would be announced not later than June 1, 1875.

The meeting then proceeded to elect an orator for the next reunion, when Adjutant W. S. Shallenberger, of Rochester, Pa., was unanimously elected, with Chaplain John

L. Milligan, of Allegheny City, Pa., alternate.

This closed the business meeting, and the members formed in procession, Captain Craig, Marshal, and marched to the front of the Town Hall, where they were joined by the Eighty-fifth.

The Eighty-fifth Regiment met in the Court House and organized, appointed committees, etc. (see proceedings, roll, etc., on our third page) after which they adjourned to join the One Hundred and Fortieth in a procession.

After the procession the regiments returned to the hall, when the conventions adjourned to meet at 7 o'clock in the Town Hall to listen to the addresses of the orators previously elected.

The meeting at 7 o'clock was large and very orderly. Colonel Norton McGiffin, veteran of the Mexican War, and Colonel of the Eighty-fifth, was called to the chair, and Captain A. C. Grove, of the One Hundred and Fortieth, Vice-President.

Colonel Norton McGiffin introduced Boyd Crumrine, Esq., orator of the Eighty-fifth Regiment. Mr. C.'s address was exceedingly neat in language and style, and delivered with much force.

After the conclusion of Mr. Crumrine's address, Major Henry was introduced and gave a historical sketch of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, which was quite interesting and well received.

After the meeting adjourned the members of the Regiments, together with invited guests, soldiers of other organizations and citizens, marched to the Fulton House, where a banquet was prepared. The spacious dining hall of the hotel was beautifully decorated with flags, wreaths and flowers, while the tables groaned under their loads of all the delicacies of the season. The hall was soon filled and it was found that the many who held tickets were unable to procure seats. Messrs. Little & Melvin announced that another table would be prepared as soon as the first was served, and those on the outside accepted the "situation" gracefully, and not a murmur or syllable of discontentment was heard.

After the banquet a meeting was organized in front of the hotel, when loud calls were made for Sergeant T. L. Noble, who responded in his usual humorous style. He was followed by Adjutant Shallenberger, Sergeants Sayer and Cook, Chaplain Milligan, Lieutenant James S. Stocking, of Company A, One Hundredth Pennsylvania; Rev. Samuel J. Wilson and H. J. Vankirk.

Want of space prevents us from speaking at length of these orations. They were all short, earnest and eloquent; some referring to the deeds done by comrades, some in feeling and touching words to the fallen, whose graves are on every battlefield, and all invoking a spirit of brotherly love toward each other. These men continued until midnight, when Chaplain Milligan proposed that all present join in singing the long metre doxology.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Which was done in fine style, the audience standing with uncovered heads. After this the meeting dispersed, each going his way feeling that he had enjoyed a very pleasant day—and the reunions were over. We cannot close this account without speaking of the dignified manner in which all present conducted themselves; not a single thing occurred to mar the happiness of anyone. The soldiers were gentlemen in every sense of the word. Of all the vast crowd of strangers present, there was not one who did not deport himself in the most respectful manner. They were a body of fine looking, intelligent, honest men, met to renew the friendships of other days, and should they ever revisit Washington, they may be sure of a hearty welcome.

AT THE WAYNESBURG REUNION IN 1887.

Mr. French, a member of the Regiment, made an impromptu speech, narrating some incidents. He said several of the boys were standing about a spring. One held a cup in his hand ready to take a drink when the ball from a sharp shooter's rifle struck the cup, cutting it all away but the handle. The soldier looked in the direction of the source of the ball and said, "Johnnie, you can't do that again." A. J. Scott, of Rutan, and a member of Company A, spoke of the farmer leaving the plow in the furrow and going to war. He said he knew a man who broke a clevis while at work in the field. He left the plow and went to the blacksmith to have the clevis mended. He enlisted, and after being mustered into Uncle Sam's service, and getting ready to put on the uniform, put his hand in his coat pocket and found his clevis pin which was needed on the farm. Dr. Paxton related an incident of Col. McCullough and himself. They were

sitting on the ground taking a lunch of hardtack and coffee, when a solid shot dropped near them and threw dirt into McCullough's cup of coffee. The colonel looked in the direction of the enemy and said, "we'll get even with you yet, Johnnie."

REUNION OF 1902 AT WASHINGTON, PA.

Col. A. Loudon Snowden, of Philadelphia, speaking of "The Alumni in the Army and Navy," at the college gymnasium yesterday, among other things, said:

In the Jefferson College, Class of 1861, on the call of Abraham Lincoln, 26 students in a class of 56 entered the military service of the United States, and in Washington College, in the same year's class, 5 out of 25 entered. In the Jefferson College class but two southern students entered the Confederate service. From the two colleges there were 58 graduates, from general officers to high privates, who died in our service, and 11 from Jefferson who died in the Confederate service. When we consider the large number of southern students at Jefferson, this appears a very small percentage. The figures are, however, taken from your records.

There were from the two colleges 393 graduates who served under the old flag. Including the living and dead, from 1802 to the period of the union of the colleges at the close of the rebellion in 1865, there was over 13 per cent. that entered the national service. It is prudent, therefore, to estimate that in the war for the preservation of the Union, the living graduates, subject to a call for military duty and capable of bearing arms, more than 20 per cent. of the graduates of Washington and Jefferson College were enrolled in our army and navy. Patriotic as are the students of our American universities and colleges, no better comparative statement of self-sacrificing patriotism can be found than is presented in this brief record.

When we consider the ancestry, the blood lines of the great majority of the students who have been educated at Washington and Jefferson Colleges, and those who are now receiving instruction in this noble college formed by the indissoluble union of the two colleges, it is but reasonable to expect that every call of a patriotic character will be honored as was the call by our martyred president in 1861.

WAR-TIME LETTERS—GENERAL ORDERS, ETC.

LETTER FROM MAJOR HENRY IN REFERENCE TO RESCUE OF
THE WOUNDED AT CHANCELLOR HOUSE, MAY 3D, 1863.

PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL, January 11, 1912.

PROFESSOR R. L. STEWART.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of January 8th was received. On May 3, 1863, the One Hundred and Fortieth was supporting the Fifth Maine, composed of five brass pieces, which were located east of the Chancellor House. So accurate and rapid was the fire of the Confederate gunners that they had killed almost every man and horse in the battery. They killed several of our Regiment. I saw a man holding two horses by the head. They were attached to a caisson. A shot or shell came and struck him and tore him to pieces. It was after that that I was ordered to take my company into the house and remove the wounded. We entered at the east entrance of the house. If there were two hundred wounded Union soldiers and a room full of Confederates and seven women in the house, this throws a flood of light on the whole matter and may afford the means of harmonizing the various statements. Thirty-three wounded soldiers and three women were all that Company "F" claimed to have removed, and they were brought out of the house from the east entrance, the Rebel gunners having ceased to fire. If other troops removed the great body of the wounded from the house, they must have been taken out from the rear entrance, of which we had no view. One of the wounded that we received from the house asked me if the Rebel gunners had ceased firing. I said I thought they had.

I tried to find the headquarters of General Hancock, to deliver the three women into his hands, but in that mob in the woods I could not find him, and they were taken to the Chandler House. . . .

Very respectfully yours,

THOMAS HENRY.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

From Page 94 of Mrs. Hancock's Reminiscences.
My husband writes, no date given:

I have not recovered from our last failure, which should have been a brilliant victory. Hooker had two large Corps

(Meade's and Reynold's) which had not been engaged. He was implored to put them into action at 10 o'clock on Sunday, when the enemy had apparently used up all their troops. He would not do it. Now the blame is to be put on Sedgwick for not joining us; as if it were possible to do so with one Corps when we had six Corps, and this force was not considered strong enough to attempt to unite with Sedgwick without risk to the command. But it seems that Providence, for some wise purpose, intended our defeat.

The day before the fight Hooker said to a general officer, "God Almighty could not prevent me from winning a victory to-morrow."

Pray, could we expect a victory after that? . . . Success cannot come to us through such profanity.

ORDER ISSUED BY GENERAL MEADE ON THE EVE OF THE
GETTYSBURG BATTLE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

June 30, 1863.

The Commanding General requests that previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, Corps and all other commanding officers will address their troops, explaining to them briefly the immense issue involved in the struggle. The enemy is on our soil; the whole country now looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe; our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of the army. Homes, firesides and domestic altars are involved. The army has fought well heretofore. It is believed that it will fight more desperately and bravely than ever, if it is addressed in fitting terms.

Corps and other commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty this hour. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

SETH WILLIAMS, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG AS DESCRIBED BY ADJUTANT
W. S. SHALLENBERGER IN A LETTER TO HIS BROTHER,
J. LLOYD SHALLENBERGER, OF MT. PLEASANT,
PA., TWO WEEKS AFTER IT OCCURRED.

ROCHESTER, PA., July 18, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER LLOYD:

After ten days of long and wearisome marches through

Virginia and Maryland, sometimes through mud and rain, and by night as well as by day, we found ourselves (Third Brigade, First Division of our Corps) on Wednesday morning July 1st, at a little place called Uniontown, some thirty miles southeast of Gettysburg. The rest of the Corps moved on ahead, leaving our Brigade to follow the trains as a rear guard. But shortly after starting the trains received orders to return to Uniontown and go into Park, and our Brigade had orders to join the Division on the front. This looked like work. The battleground had evidently been selected. At noon of Wednesday, while on the march, we discovered smoke rising in the direction of Gettysburg, and toward evening, as we neared Tarrytown, rumors were afloat of an engagement ahead, resulting in the loss of General Reynolds, which, of course, had a tendency to quicken our march. The road was filled with artillery moving to the front, ammunition trains, etc., so that our movements were necessarily delayed and rendered very wearisome. About eight o'clock in the evening our Brigade was halted for supper (coffee and crackers), after which we marched on until half past one o'clock at night. We were then within six miles of the advanced line, and had orders to lie down and sleep until *early daybreak*. The men were so utterly exhausted that even the certainty of a sanguinary engagement next day could not prevent them from sinking down into a sound sleep. At half past three o'clock Thursday morning we were again called to arms and, without breakfast, started for the scene of action, arriving on the plain south of Gettysburg about eight o'clock A. M. The position was a rising plain, terminating in a semicircular crest of hills, and over a mile in radius. Batteries were seen posted on and near the summit all around, supported by heavy masses of infantry. Our Corps had position as reserve, to the rear and centre of the plain, in plain sight and range however of the crest.

After forming line, we had instructions to stack arms and rest with accoutrements on. At that hour all was quiet, save an occasional shot from our batteries feeling the position of the enemy, or, perhaps, punishing too much audacity on the part of the Rebel pickets. Firing was kept up along the entire line of outpost pickets but was little heeded. Now and then it would become brisk, and a support would proceed to the outer line. But nothing alarming occurred during the day until three o'clock, the enemy not even firing a shot from any of his batteries up to that time. The men on the reserve were quietly napping on the grass.

I succeeded in getting an hour's sleep myself at noon. At three o'clock the picket firing grew lively, and it was evident the enemy were making a demonstration toward the left of our centre. One Division of infantry from the Third Corps (General Sickles's) moved across the plain toward the crest to be in readiness. The movement was beautifully made. Steadily in line of battle by Brigade the column advanced with colors flying and fixed bayonets gleaming in the sunlight. A sharp skirmish ensued between the pickets, the enemy appearing in considerable force. One of our batteries opened upon them from the flank of the advancing infantry. Shot followed shot in quick succession and the play had fairly begun. Simultaneously with this attack on the left centre I heard a shot from our battery on the extreme right of our position. I turned to look and saw the smoke rise in a beautiful column. Again the curling smoke arises from the same point and a loud report succeeds—another shot and another. Battery after battery opens; shot follows shot with such rapidity that the sound of each is swallowed up in one continuous roar of artillery as the music of the dashing wave is lost in the thunders of the cataract. Then it is one grows excited, enthusiastic and assured of the approach of sudden danger and eager to resist it, imagines he can see the gunners unfettering the swift messengers of death with all that nervous energy the scene so well inspires. The design of Lee was plain. While apparently attacking in great force upon the left centre, he massed his troops for a terrific assault upon the right, hoping that attention was called away, he might turn our right flank. But Meade was prepared. His batteries were well posted and reaped a fearful harvest of death. While the cannonade was heaviest upon the right, a battery of the enemy obtained position upon the left, from which it began shelling us on the reserve. We fell back some distance to the rear and nearer the right wing, ready for any emergency there. The battery annoying us was soon silenced however, and it was evident to all that our forces not only held their position, but were advancing. About five o'clock the firing slackened somewhat on the right and centre, but was heard passing around to the left. The extreme left of our line was quite a prominent hill or small mountain, heavily wooded and very rocky. The enemy now endeavored to gain possession of that point, with the object of commanding the pike to Baltimore. Smoke was seen issuing from the hill above the tree tops. A severe infantry fight was going on, and one of our batteries was

between a hundred and fifty and two hundred. (Two hundred and twenty-seven later report.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser escaped unhurt and now commands the Brigade during the temporary absence of Colonel Morris. Major Rodgers was taken prisoner. Captain Acheson and Lieutenant A. M. Wilson, both from Washington County, were killed. The body of Colonel Roberts was brought home and buried from his residence in Beaver, yesterday, at ten o'clock. The funeral was large and services interesting and impressive. His loss will be deeply felt by the entire Regiment. I feel that I have lost in him one of the strongest friends a man can have. But his death is but an item in the great cost of this rebellion. His but the sacrifice of another noble life, upon the altar of constitutional liberty and law.

My wound is doing well. I still use the crutches, and will, I suppose, until the sore heals upon the outside. Your letter to Father came to hand this morning. It seems the privilege of making a small donation to the government has fallen upon you this time. Well, better that than life. The friends at home are all well. *Cyrus is still at Washington. A batch of letters from George yesterday report him well, although not much pleased to hear of Lee's escape. With many kind regards to †Melinda and the little ones, I remain,

Affectionately your Brother,

WILLIAM.

A REMINISCENCE OF GETTYSBURG.

By J. J. Purman, M.D., formerly First Lieutenant One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Infantry.

The events of this story occurred well nigh fifty years ago at Gettysburg. Nearly all the actors in the drama have passed to the Great Beyond. I was a Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Infantry, Colonel R. P. Roberts, of Beaver, Pa.; General Zook's Brigade, Hancock's Corps. Our Brigade received the shock of the charge of General Wofford's brigade of Georgians, Longstreet's Corps, on the afternoon of July 2, 1863, at the wheat field. After fighting for nearly two hours, with the loss of all our field officers, and with 241 out of 540 of my Regiment placed hors du combat, and surrounded by the enemy on three sides, we fell back in some disorder.

*Another brother.

†Wife of brother Lloyd.

My Orderly Sergeant, now Captain, J. M. Pipes, of Washington, D. C., and myself retreated together, and to recover our breath sat down a moment on a boulder at the southwest side of the field. In a few seconds I descried the enemy coming through the woods at a double quick, and said to the Sergeant, "We must get out of this or we'll be gobbled up." "Yes," he replied, and off we started toward our reserve forces. We had not gone far before we came upon an unknown comrade, badly wounded in the legs, who cried to us, "Comrades, carry me off." I replied, "We can't do that; I doubt if we can get away ourselves, but we'll do the best we can for you." Suiting the action to the word, with the assistance of the Sergeant, I carried and placed him between two rocks, sheltered from the enemy's fire. Grasping his hand, I said, "Good-bye, comrade," and started on a run, to put as much distance as possible between me and the enemy. But my delay was fatal to me. When I halted in response to the cry for help, they had a point-blank fire on me. Emerging from the woods into the wheat field, they shouted, "Halt, you d——d Yankee, halt!" The broad wheat field was before me, the enemy behind me. Visions of Libby and Andersonville flitted through my brain. If I halt some careless or brutal fellow may shoot me after I have thrown up my hands. They can't hit me, anyhow, on a double-quick. These thoughts determined my will, and I refused to halt.

In less time than it takes to write this sentence, I was brought down with an ounce of lead through my left leg. I called out to the Sergeant, who was about a rod ahead of me, "I am struck," and went down among the tangled wheat. A moment after he was also hit. Many have attempted to tell how it feels to be shot. At first there is no pain, smarting nor anguish. It is very like the shock of an electric battery. But that delusion soon passes and the acute pain follows, and you know that a missile has passed through the tender flesh of your body. When hit I was brandishing my sword, which I involuntarily threw some feet from me, where, point downward, it fell and remained sticking in the ground. The Confederate Regiment charged over me, and as it passed I read from the floating colors "Twenty-fourth Georgia." I now examined my wound and found that I was hit about four inches above the ankle, the ball passing through, crushing both bones.

Stragglers were passing over the fields and shots were being exchanged. A member of the Pennsylvania "buck-tails" came by on a run. I called to him, "Come and cut

my boot off my foot." He knelt down and commenced cutting but his knife was dull, my boot thick and the pain great, so begging him to desist, he rapidly disappeared. The sun was now sinking behind Seminary Ridge, and as dusk came on all grew quiet around me. The dead and wounded of both armies lay thickly strewn over the wheat field, which was still disputed ground. Placing my wounded leg in as easy a position as possible, I realized that "the night was left to darkness and to me."

Never shall I forget that midsummer night. The almost full moon was shining, with drifting clouds passing over her face. At intervals a cloud obscured the moon, leaving in deep darkness the wheat field with its covering of trampled and tangled grain, boulders and wounded and dead men, then passing off revealed a ghastly scene of cold, white upturned faces. It was indeed a field;

"Converse thick with other clay, heaped and pent,
Friend and foe in red burial blent."

The night wore on with no sleep for me, its quiet broken occasionally by the cries and groans of the wounded. One man not far away called repeatedly for his Regiment, "Oh, Seventh Michigan." As the streakings of light gradually merged into morning there could be seen both the Union and Confederate skirmish lines.

Soon the occasional shot, first on the one side and then on the other, multiplied into a desultory fire. The wounded near each other began to converse. The Michigan man was a Sergeant, wounded in the legs and seemed to suffer intensely.

As the sun rose higher the firing grew hotter, our wounds more swollen and thirst more intense, and the prospect of our relief became exceedingly hopeless. The Michigan Sergeant asked me, "Have you any water?" I replied "No, but I have a little whiskey." "For God's sake give me some, I am dying from thirst." "I will if I can," and rising on my sound leg I threw my canteen with all my force, but it fell midway between us. After this I heard a ball make that peculiar thud, and the Sergeant cried out, "I'm struck again. My right hand was resting on my left arm and the ball passed through my hand and arm." He then asked, "Are you a praying man?" I replied, "I am." "Then pray for me." I prayed as best I could and I heard the Sergeant say "Amen." If there ever was an earnest, sincere petition sent up to the Throne of Grace it was then.

Growing tired lying so long in one position, I frequently rose on my sound leg and hands to rest and look around.

Nothing could be seen except a line of blue on one side and gray on the other, and nothing heard but the crack of the rifles and the zip of the bullets in the wheat, or their well-known thud in the ground or the body of a wounded man. I had drawn my right leg up at the ankle, exposing it somewhat when a ball struck me, passing through, between the knee and ankle. I shouted to the Michigander: "I've got it again through the other leg."

Being much nearer the Confederate line than ours, I could see their movements clearly. Soon after I received my second wound I saw a soldier in front of their lines, I called to him: "I am twice wounded and am dying out here. Won't you bring me a canteen of water?" The Confederate replied: "I can't do it. If I attempt to come out there, your sharpshooters will think I am trying to rob you and pick me off." I answered, "Crawl through the tangled wheat, and you will not be seen from our side. At Chancellorsville I saved the lives of many of your men, who would have died from thirst."

Moved by my pleading, the Confederate filled his canteen at Plum Run, a small stream that flows through the Valley of Death, near their lines, and cautiously crawled toward me. When he reached me I drank and drank and thought it was the sweetest water I ever had tasted. He then poured some on my wounds and cut the boots off my legs. After this I began to feel that I had a chance for life, if I could get out of the hot sun and from under the fire then constant over the field. I said:

"This is a pretty hard place for a man to lie, between two fires. Can't you carry me out to where your line is posted on the edge of the woods?" "The way the balls are flying, if I should attempt to lift you up we would both be killed," he replied. "Well, let me get on your back and you crawl off the way you came." He agreed to this and started for their lines, crawling on hands and knees with me on his back. When about half the distance to the woods in which their lines were posted, feeling my hold relaxing, I said: "I can't hold on any longer," and from pain and loss of blood I fell unconscious from his back.

The Confederate crawled back out of the wheat field, refilled his canteen at Plum Run and dashing the water in my face, brought me to life again. Awaking from my swoon, I asked: "Where am I? What is the matter?" He explained, and getting on his back again I held on till we reached the woods. Placing me under a tree on a rubber-blanket, he gave me a canteen of water and some Confed-

erate biscuits and I gave him my watch as a souvenir. I had some money and other valuables, none of which were disturbed. I said: "Please don't take my sword belt, as it is a gift from friends at home," and he replied, "It shall not be taken."

After lying in the shade and drinking copiously from the canteen I began to feel much relieved and said to one of the officers who had gathered around to see the wounded Yank: "Won't you have your stretcher bearers carry me to your hospital and let your surgeon look at my legs?" He replied, "Our men are very tired," and, while I was not refused, the answer implied that I was past surgical aid. Not long after this I saw a movement among the Pennsylvania Reserve Brigade under Colonel William McCandless on the opposite side of the field.

I saw they were massing into columns by division for a charge, and said: "You need not trouble carrying me off; our boys are coming." The reserves poured in heavy volleys as they crossed the field, while the Confederates, after returning a few shots, rapidly fell back through the woods. Although the balls rattled among the rocks and trees about me, I enjoyed that charge hugely, for it meant victory. I recall it now as one of the most sublime sights I ever witnessed. One wounded man lying near the edge of the woods was very much afraid of being hit the second time. He shouted to the Brigade, at least 300 yards away, "Fire high! Fire high!" Amid all that din of musketry his voice could not reach more than a few yards. The thing was so ludicrous that I, an almost dead man, could not refrain from laughter. The Confederates were now beaten at all points, and this charge across the wheat field was the last fighting of the Battle of Gettysburg.

It was now nearly sundown, and as the evening shades came on the sounds of battle grew further and further away as the Confederates were driven beyond Sherffey's peach orchard. About 9 o'clock I heard the distant hum of voices and the trampling of feet. It was a detail with torches coming to gather up the wounded. Captain E. M. Robinson, Fifth Maine Infantry, of Phillips, Me., was in charge and personally put me on a stretcher and helped carry me to a barn used as a hospital at the foot of Round Top. Here on the next morning, I celebrated the Fourth of July by the loss of my left leg. Captain Robinson has several years since answered the last roll call.

On the morning before the battle I had a presentiment. I was much impressed, and spoke to Sergeant, afterwards

Captain John A. Burns, of my Company, about it, making him my executor. He laughed at my forebodings, but did not dispel them. I was wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, a conspicuous mark, and so before going into the battle exchanged my hat with James A. Woods, the drummer of my Company, for his cap. I never met him again until at a reunion at Gettysburg, twenty-six years afterward. His first salutation was "Lieutenant, where's my cap?"

The unknown comrade whom I placed between two rocks to shield from the fire of the enemy, and in doing so received the shot which took off my leg, I have since learned was John Buckley, Company B, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Infantry, from Mercer County, Pennsylvania, who afterward died on the field from his wounds and exposure. For going out of the line of duty to save a comrade's life, the Congress granted me a medal of honor, which is inscribed: "For gallantry at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863."

When this cruel war was over I thought one day, I would find my Confederate friend. I had just two facts to guide me. As the Confederate Regiment charged over me, I read on their flag, "Twenty-fourth Georgia," and while I was being carried on his back I noticed one bar of lace on his collar. So I was reasonably certain that a Lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiment was my savior. Through the kindness of Hon. Garnett McMillan and Hon. Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, I found the man who did this heroic and self-sacrificing service. He was Thomas P. Oliver, then adjutant of the Twenty-fourth Georgia Infantry and for many years a resident of Athens, Ga. Many times since the war we exchanged letters and planned to meet each other and talk over "the times that tried men's souls," but never met until in June, 1907, when he, with a delegation of Georgians, visited the capital. I then had the pleasure of entertaining him at my house, and presenting him and his friends to President Roosevelt, who greeted us with great warmth of feeling, and with his usual emphasis informed us that he was "delighted" to see us. On December 7, 1908, the Great Reaper claimed this brave and noble man. He had just been elected Alderman of his town, Atlanta, Ga., and died amid his honors and his friends.

CAPTAIN BURNS' ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF A CONFED-
ERATE WAGON TRAIN AT SAILORS' CREEK, VIRGINIA,
APRIL 6, 1865.

(Extract from a Letter Written to His Father, April 24, 1865.)

"On the morning of the 6th, we moved out (from Burkesville) and had not gone more than two miles when we discovered that we were marching nearly parallel to a rebel column and wagon train not more than a half mile distant. Two batteries were double quicked to the front and began shelling the train. I tell you now, they closed up quickly. Our brigade being in front was thrown right forward upon their rear which was just passing. To get to them we had to go down a gradual descent, cross quite a large creek, through which we plunged, and then up a long hill. On the way we passed a large fine residence surrounded with poultry of all kinds. Though we were going on double-quick and under a sharp fire, not a duck, chicken or turkey was allowed to cross our line. Every boy seemed determined to have a fowl for dinner, if he should live to eat that meal. I knocked a chicken with my sword, grabbed it, and went on. Lieutenant Spragg was equally successful and when we reached the crest of the hill, there were not *less than thirty chickens, six or eight ducks and two turkeys captured by the One Hundred and Fortieth*. I note this as one of the very peculiar characteristics of the American soldier. We fought all day in sight of the train and just at night struck them such a blow at Sailors' Creek that they left the train and all its contents with several pieces of artillery. The One Hundred and Fortieth was the first or among the first to the train and officers' trunks and things in general were gone through in short meter. I could have gathered up a fortune in a few moments. I got into a General's trunk and secured his toilet case and a few trophies. I did not look at the name; some said it was Hunter's, but other things gotten from the trunk had the name of General Harris. I harnessed up two mules with saddles and saddle pockets, got a contraband, gave him his orders and went on after the enemy. We drove them from the hill beyond and encamped for the night. I had me a servant, two pack mules, some flour, meal, bacon, sorghum and chickens. So we were going to live for a day or two, providing we didn't get shot."*

*NOTE.—The train with its contents was burned; a few moments having been given to the men to secure any trophies they might wish to appropriate. Altogether it was a rare day for the gathering of the spoils of war.

In describing one of the engagements which resulted in the breaking up of the lines in front of Petersburg, Captain Burns writes in the same letter:

"At one time when the battle raged fiercest, while moving by the right flank a solid shot struck some fifty feet in front of us, and bounding through the files of the Company, knocked the hat off one of our men. I don't know that it would have struck me, but I saw it in time to stoop and make a sure thing of what a moment before was an uncertainty. It passed over and a few feet behind me struck a poor fellow tearing him to pieces."

CONGRATULATORY ORDER.

Headquarters, Second Army Corps,

April 10, 1865.

Officers and Soldiers of the Second Army Corps:

I congratulate you on the glorious success that has attended the operations just closed. While awaiting the expressions of approbation from the country, from the Commanders of the armies and of the Army of the Potomac, for the manner in which you have performed your part in the general plan, I cannot refrain from expressions of admiration at the noble spirit that has animated you throughout, at the brilliant exhibition of the soldierly qualities for which the Second Corps has been conspicuous.

The rapid manner in which you pressed the pursuit from the moment the enemy was discovered in retreat, driving him before you by constant combat, over an unknown country, through dense undergrowth and swamps, from positions which his advanced troops had entrenched, has, I believe, been unexampled.

Being in direct pursuit the opportunities for large captures were not yours; but despite the disadvantages you labored under, the results to the Corps have been the capture of 35 guns, 15 flags, 5,000 prisoners and the capture and destruction of 400 wagons with their contents, besides tents, baggage and other material, with which the road was strewn for miles. In addition you have contributed eminently to the general success and to the captures made by other Corps, by hemming in the enemy and preventing his escape; and have done your share in the grand closing scene.

In the operations before Petersburg your success was brilliant. General Miles, with the First Division was ordered to advance and attack the enemy, flushed with success over two divisions of another Corps, which they were pressing back; this was done in the promptest and most spirited manner. The enemy was driven back rapidly into his entrenchments with severe loss in killed, wounded and prisoners.

In the plan of general assault upon the enemy's lines on the morning of the 2nd of April, this Corps was not to attack, but, nevertheless, the Second Division under General Hayes captured one of the enemy's redoubts with two guns and the Third Division, under General Mott, less favorably placed, captured and held the entrenched rifle-pits of the pickets under the fire of the main entrenchments.

During the night of the 1st inst., General Miles, First Division, had been detached under orders of Major-General Sheridan and in the pursuit of the following day, attacked the enemy entrenched on a strong position, which was finally carried in the handsomest manner with the capture of two guns, one flag and 600 prisoners. These great successes have been gained with comparatively small loss, but the rejoicing for our victory is tempered by the reflection that in that loss many noble spirits are counted.

In this brief glance at what you have done, I cannot attempt to award to each the full merit due, but must content myself with thanking the Division Commanders: Major-General Miles, Major-General Mott, Major-General Barlow, and Brigadier-General DeTrobriand and the Commanders of the Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Hazard and through them the troops they command. My thanks are also due to Brigadier-General Hayes, who commanded the Second Division when it carried the enemy's redoubt before Petersburg. While enjoying the satisfaction of having done your duty to your country, it is a source of intense gratification to all, that the greatest military feat of the country was reserved as a fitting climax to the great deeds of that army of which this Corps has always been a part, the Army of the Potomac.

(Signed) A. A. HUMPHREYS,

*Major-General Commanding.**

*This order was read to the Second Corps on the day following the surrender of General Lee's Army, just before the marching back to Burkesville Junction.

COAT WITH A HISTORY.

John Purdy is attending the reunion of 1911. He wears a coat with an interesting story. The coat is of the finest broadcloth and perfectly tailored. Wagons containing supplies for the Union Army had been captured by the Confederates, but Mr. Purdy, with several of his comrades, was fortunate enough to come upon a Southern wagon train and among the things confiscated was the coat, which had been taken by the Confederates some time before and which Mr. Purdy then appropriated for his own use. It is more than 46 years since the incident occurred.

CAMP-FIRE REMINISCENCES AND NOTEWORTHY INCIDENTS.

**EATING APPLES IN 1904 GROWN IN PENNSYLVANIA ON
GRAFTS FROM SPROUTS CUT FROM A TREE WHICH
WAS USED AS A DEFENSE AGAINST REBEL
SHELLS IN 1863.**

Robert McClurg, of Company K, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, in a recent communication relates that in the spring of 1863 he was in a detail of troops sent out to assist in laying pontoons for the crossing of the Rapidan. He thinks it was at Germanna Ford. While they were at this work the Johnnies opened on them with some batteries and the shells were a little troublesome, and for a time they had to seek shelter. McClurg found retreat behind an apple tree. He thought it was not as big as it ought to be. So he changed base to another affording better protection. After the storm of shell passed, the batteries being silenced, he, out of appreciation of the valuable service rendered him by the tree, cut from it some sprouts and sent them home by mail. A friend of his grafted the sprouts into young trees in the home orchard, and so to-day this venerable comrade sits under the branches of two apple trees grown from the grafts, and with peculiar relish partakes of the fruit thereof, not in the least annoyed by shrieking or bursting Rebel shells.

"KEEP YOUR EYE SKINT."

One dark, cold, sleety night about the 1st of January, 1863, after we had arrived at "the front," Company A had its first experience on picket. Our location was on the bank of the Rappahannock north of Fredericksburg. I had heard as a matter of rumor that the orders were to have no fires on the front line, but I had heard nothing of the kind from any-

one in authority. The officer who placed us on guard was a German, and when he left us the only instruction he gave was, "Keep your eye skint." We had the "fourth relief," and the picket whom we relieved left some few smoldering fires. There was plenty of fallen timber in the woods near us, and I ordered "the boys" to gather wood and keep up brisk fires till morning.

In the morning we were relieved by a stylish looking Connecticut officer. I saw that he looked astonished when he saw the fires briskly burning. After saluting he carefully inquired my name and Regiment and took it down in a memorandum book. I said to the boys as we marched back to camp, "You'll not have any trouble, but I will soon have a call to visit headquarters." General Hancock then commanded our division, and Major John Hancock, his half-brother, was his Assistant Adjutant-General. In a few days we had a division drill, at the close of which Adjutant Shallenberger informed me that I was ordered to report at Hancock's headquarters. I said to Captain McCullough, "I'm in for it now." Finding the headquarters tent, I entered and saluted Major Hancock, who apparently was waiting for me, when the following colloquy occurred:

"Are you Lieutenant Purman Company A, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you on picket on the night (giving the date) of January?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have fires on your line?"

"Yes, Major, and big ones, too. I found some smoldering fires, and it was an intensely cold and sleety night, and I ordered the boys to gather wood and keep them up all night."

"Did you receive no orders about fires on the front line?"

"No, sir."

"What orders did you receive?"

"Well, Major, the officer of the guard was a German, and the only order he gave me was to 'Keep my eye skint'; and I did that all night."

The Major turned his head to one side, and, placing his hand over his face, smiled audibly and said to me, "You can go."

I presume the German Captain who had neglected to give me (a new officer) full instructions about the fires and my other duties as a picket, got a severe reprimand. I never saw him again, but he met the Second Lieutenant of my company on guard a few days afterward and describing me said, "You tell that Lieutenant that he loose much frient."

A MIRTH-PROVOKING EPISODE AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Captain Pipes contributes this and the following incident:

My company (A) was, as usual, on the skirmish line during that battle. We were among the small pines of this wilderness region, and the enemy, hidden from our view, were throwing in among us shot and shell. During this cannonade a solid shot struck the ground in our midst and threw up about a cartload of Virginia clay. One of the company, a good soldier with very cross eyes, caught the full force of this upheaval, which caused him to whirl around like a top, clawing with both hands, to relieve the pain in his eyes. Aside from the immediate suffering, with which his comrades truly sympathized, there was something so ridiculous in his unconscious antics that for the moment they forget the danger and indulged in a hearty laugh.

On one occasion, after a hard march, the troops camped for the night in the vicinity of some farm buildings. Two or three comrades, including the narrator, had noticed a bee hive beside an old house and decided to slip out in the darkness for the purpose of "borrowing it." They were successful in locating it, and, taking it up, placed it on the shoulder of one of the party. After a run of several hundred yards a halt was called and preparations were made to dispose of the bees and appropriate the honey. Then, to the great disgust and disappointment of this foraging party, it was found that a colony

of worms had preceded them and had destroyed both comb and honey.

CHRISTMAS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY REV. JOHN R. PAXTON, D.D.

"Gentlemen, the chair of the Professor of Mathematics is vacant in this college; permit me to introduce to you Captain Fraser." Rah! rah! rah! and away we went and enlisted—to go to Richmond. It took us three years to get there. No wonder; there were so many Longstreets to make our way through; so many Hills to climb; so many Stonewalls to batter down; so many Picketts to clear out of the way. It was as hard a road to travel as the steep and stony one to heaven.

No preaching, sir! Can't you forget the shop? Don't you know that you have squeezed yourself into that faded jacket, and are squirming, with a flushed face and short breaths, behind that sword belt, which had caused a rebellion *in medias res*?

I started for Richmond in July, 1862, a lad eighteen years old, a junior in college, and chafing to be at it,—to double quick it after John Brown's soul, which, since it did not require a knapsack or three days' rations or a canteen or a halt during the night for sleep, was always marching on. On the night before Christmas, 1862, I was a dejected young patriot, wishing I hadn't done it, shivering in the open weather a mile back of the Rappahannock, on the reserve picket and exposed to a wet snowstorm. There was not a stick of wood within five miles of us; all cut down, down, even the roots of trees, and burned up. We lay down on our rubber blankets, pulled our woolen blankets over us, spooned it as close as we could get to steal warmth from our comrades and tried not to cry.

Next morning the snow lay heavy and deep, and the men, when I wakened and looked about me, reminded me of a church graveyard in winter. "Fall in for picket duty. There,

come, Moore, McMeaus, Paxton, Perrine, Pollock, fall in." We fell in, of course. No breakfast; chilled to the marrow; snow a foot deep. We tightened our belts on our empty stomachs, seized our rifles and marched to the river to take our six hours on duty.

It was Christmas Day, 1862. "And so this is war," my old me said to himself while he paced in the snow his two hours on the river's brink. "And I am out here to shoot that lean, lank, coughing, cadaverous-looking butternut fellow over the river. So this is war; this is being a soldier; this is the genuine article; this is H. Greeley's 'On to Richmond.' Well, I wish he were here in my place, running to keep warm, pounding his arms and breast to make the chilled blood circulate. So this is war, tramping up and down this river my fifty yards with wet feet, empty stomach, swollen nose."

Alas, when lying under the trees in the college campus last June, war meant to me martial music, gorgeous brigadiers in blue and gold, tall young men in line, shining in brass. War meant to me tumultuous memories of Bunker Hill, Cæsar's Tenth Legion, the charge of the Six Hundred,—anything but this. Pshaw, I wish I were home. Let me see. Home? God's country. A tear? Yes, it is a tear. What are they doing at home? This is Christmas Day. Home? Well, stockings on the wall, candy, turkey, fun, merry Christmas, and the face of the girl I left behind. Another tear? Yes, I couldn't help it. I was only eighteen, and there was such a contrast between Christmas, 1862, on the Rappahannock and other Christmases. Yes, there was a girl, too,—such sweet eyes, such long lashes, such a low tender voice.

"Come, move quicker. Who goes there?" Shift the rifle from one aching shoulder to the other.

"Hello, Johnny, what are you up to?" The river was narrow, but deep and swift. It was a wet cold, not a freezing cold. There was no ice, too swift for that.

"Hello, Johnny, what you coughing so for?"

"Yank, with no overcoat, shoes full of holes, nothing to eat but parched corn and tobacco, and with this derved Yankee snow a foot deep, there's nothin' left, nothin' but to get up a

cough by way of protestin' against this infernal ill treatment of the body. We uns, Yank, all have a cough over here, and there's no sayin' which will run us to hole first, the cough or your bullets."

The snow still fell, the keen wind, raw and fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather, in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas Day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half-mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around without your adding to it your tears.

"Let's laugh, boys."

"Hello, Johnny."

"Hello, yourself, Yank."

"Merry Christmas, Johnny."

"Same to you, Yank."

"Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?"

"Parched corn and tobacco,—the size of our Christmas, Yank."

"All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats."

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee, desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail and watched them slowly creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies? To see them crowd the bank and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water and stretching out their long arms. Then, when they pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations, "Hurrah for hog." "Say, that's not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you'uns." "And sugar, too!"

Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted, "Reckon you'uns been good to we'uns this Christmas

Day, Yanks." Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which if they weren't very filling at least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We shouted, "Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted, "Same to you, Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

We had bridged the river, spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes, waving salutations of good-will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies, the Christ Child struck a truce for us, broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas and our hearts were lighter for it, and our shivering bodies were not quite so cold.

—*Christmas Number, Harper's Weekly, 1886.*

WHO GOT COLONEL ROBERTS' SWORD?

When Colonel Roberts left for the front his fellow citizens of the town of Beaver presented him with a beautiful sword, scabbard and belt. On the scabbard was the inscription: "Presented to Captain R. P. Roberts by the citizens of Beaver." When the Colonel fell loving hands carried him gently and laid him behind one of the huge rocks abounding on that part of the field. But the brave men of Zook's Brigade and the other brigades of Hancock's Corps could not hold the line here and their dead and wounded were left on the field. When Colonel Roberts' body was recovered some time later it had been robbed of everything, including his sword.

On the afternoon of May 6, 1864, the second day in the Wilderness, Carroll's Brigade of Hancock's Second Corps were driven out of their works by a fierce onslaught of the enemy. Stone's Brigade of Wadsworth's Division of the

Fifth Corps (Warren's) had previously passed through the Second Corps line and halted to the left of the Wilderness Cross Roads. The brigade was reformed and was ordered immediately to retake Carroll's works, which they did and the brigade occupied the ground in the immediate front of the works when the fighting closed for the day. A picket line of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania of Stone's Brigade was advanced into the woods where there were many dead of the enemy.

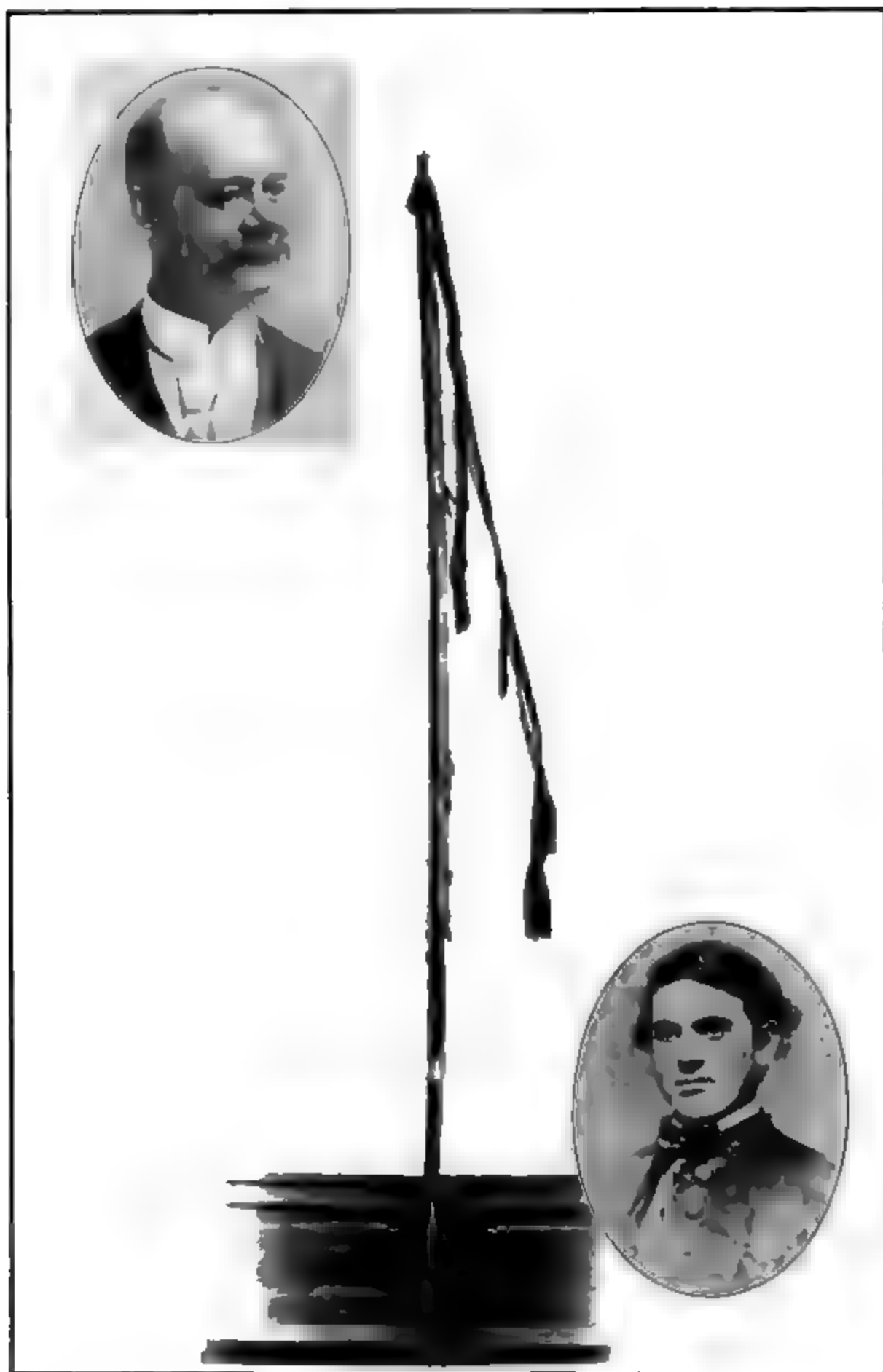
Major John W Nesbit, of Oakdale, then a Corporal in Company D, One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania (Captain J. F. Slagle's company) says in his company history that he noticed a scabbard worn by a Confederate officer which on examination proved to be the scabbard of Colonel Roberts, of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania—killed at Gettysburg, and the scabbard was sent to and is now in possession of the daughter of Colonel Roberts.

Sergeant William R. Johnston, of Company D, One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment, of Bellevue, says that when their picket line deployed through the woods a comrade of Company I, James E. McIntyre, of Huntingdon, stooped down and pulled a sword from the scabbard of a dead Confederate officer, a lieutenant-colonel, he thinks. He showed the sword to Johnston, who read the inscription and immediately advised him to send the sword to headquarters for return to Colonel Roberts' family, which McIntyre did. In 1899 Mr. McIntyre came to Beaver and through Senator Quay, who knew of the sword episode, was taken to Mrs. Harter, and the fact became known that she had never received the sword, much to McIntyre's surprise. Mrs. Harter did receive the scabbard on which the inscription was and the belt, but the sword never came back. She states it was not inscribed and that the dead Confederate may have had it in his hand and it fell to the ground when he did and was picked up, and not having any marks to identify it was naturally retained by the finder. The testimony of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth's men is that it was the sword and not the scabbard that they saw and had. —*Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*, July 27, 1910.

THE BATTLE FLAG OF THE REGIMENT.

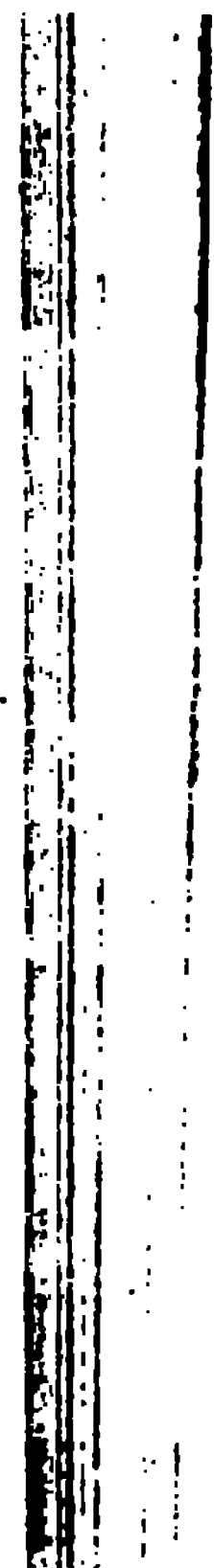
The first standard-bearer of the Regiment was Sergeant Robert Riddle, of Company F. Into his hands was given a brand new silk flag, whose stars were undimmed in their field of blue, and it was a pleasant sight to the eyes when its brightly tinted silken folds waved gracefully about him as he held it aloft on the parade ground or planted it on the color-line wherewith to align the several companies of the Regiment. Sergeant Riddle had the honor of carrying it through the smoke and flame of the three days' battle at Chancellorsville, where the Regiment had its first baptism of fire, and thence through Virginia and Maryland into Pennsylvania. Beyond the wheat field at Gettysburg he was stricken down by a minie ball which passed through his left lung. He fell heavily upon the flag, which was taken from under his body by Corporal Joseph Moody, of Company H, who passed it into the hands of another guard, Corporal Jesse T. Power, of Company E, while he attempted to place his fallen comrade in a more comfortable position. Two of the color-guard were wounded about the same time. In order to save the flag from capture, as the line was then beginning to give way, Corporal Power carried it back through the wheat field to a place of comparative safety. It was then placed on the left of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, and as many men as could be gathered up in the darkness were rallied around it. Sergeant Riddle was so seriously wounded that he afterwards received his discharge, and the flag meanwhile remained in the hands of Corporal Power. He carried it from Gettysburg to Spottsylvania. In the furious charge on the morning of May 12th Power received two wounds and the colors fell to the ground. From two or three sources the statement is made in the body of the work (page 198) that another man, said to be a private of Company C, picked up the flag and was also stricken down with it. The name is given as Biddle, but this seems to be a mistake, as this name cannot be found on the muster rolls of any of the companies.

In a recent communication Sergeant Beeson says: "I



BATTLE FLAG OF THE 140TH P. V.

JESSE T. POWER, Color Sergt. who carried the flag from Gettysburg to Spottsylvania.
DAVID TAGGART, Color Sergt who carried the flag from Spottsylvania to Appomattox.



picked up our colors in front of the first line of works and while reconnoitering to charge the third line I was wounded, the ball entering my right cheek and coming out at the back of my neck. I was discharged November 21st on account of disability resulting from this wound." Elsewhere he adds: "I was knocked senseless for a time, about three minutes, so says John Fell, who was beside me at the time, as also was Corporal Taggart, of the color-guard, who took the colors, and, as I understood, carried them to the end. As the last duty I performed with the Regiment was to carry the colors and get shot down with them, I claim to be one of the color-bearers."

In the judgment of the writer this is a valid claim which all his comrades will endorse by a hearty amen.

Sergeant Taggart describes the events which took place in this assault and the after history of the flag, while in his charge, as follows:

"The morning of May 12th found the One Hundred and Fortieth, along with about seventy other regiments, in close column, by division. I found myself in the center of the front division. Jesse Power, of Company E, was color-bearer. I was a corporal on the color-guard. Colonel Fraser came to us before the charge and told us to look out in the midst of the rush for the flag. We started for the Confederate works with fixed bayonets, our rifles being at right shoulder shift, and with a yell, mind you. In that terrible fighting mob while struggling through the brush and abattis I lost sight for a little while of Power and the flag. When I caught sight of it again it was in the hands of Beeson, another sergeant of Company E. We were then in the Rebel camps in the midst of a terrible fight. I asked Beeson where Power was. He replied he was shot, and another man also, before he picked up the flag. Just as he said this a bullet struck him in the face and knocked him down. That ended the conversation and I did not see him again for thirty-three years. I had been watching for an opportunity to get hold of the colors, and when Beeson fell with them I picked them up and was the color-bearer from that moment until the end of the war. I learned afterwards

that the man Sergeant Beeson meant to name was Biddle, a private of Company C. I can't place him.

"It fell to my lot while with the company to fight with a musket, but when I caught up the fallen standard of the One Hundred and Fortieth I resolved to do my very best to be a leader—for a good color-bearer must at times be that, regardless of personal consequences.

"The battle flag had a broad spear on top of the staff, which was shot off at Spottsylvania. It got another welt on the brass ring, near the top, the same morning. Another welt was made by a bullet in the flagstaff while in my hands at Cold Harbor. Altogether there were three welts made by bullets in the staff. No bullet ever struck me and I was a good bit bigger than a flagstaff.

"Captain John F. Wilson and I led a charge on the evening of the 18th of June at Petersburg into the brush, through the mud and up the hill, right into the Rebel skirmish line. Neither one of us was armed. I had the old flag at full furl and he had an old cheese knife which he brandished in the air, but didn't we yell, and the Rebs all took to their heels and never fired a shot. I heard Wilson tell Paxton that night in the moonlight that Taggart was a 'brick.'

"At Todd's Tavern Corporal James A. Lockhart, of Company F, one of the color-guard, had seven bullet holes put into his blouse, and another guard from Company A was killed. I do not recall his name. When we charged the works in our front on the 25th of March, 1865, Smith Graham, color-guard of Company K was shot dead just beside me. At the battle of Five Forks the Confederate skirmish line, which had got partly to our rear, was firing into us, and made us mad. We faced about and charged them. The Rebs were in rifle pits and we could not see them until we were almost on them. I led the boys all the way, Jim Rankin right at my heels. We brought the Johnnies back with us and the shooting stopped."

The old battle flag is now at Harrisburg with all its welts and scars. There is nothing left of it but the cord and tassels, a few rags of silk and the flagstaff.

The Committee has secured an excellent photograph of

the flag *as it is*, which may be seen in its place in this volume.

They regret their inability to secure a photograph of Sergeant Robert Riddle to place with Sergeant Power and Taggart alongside the old flag which he so worthily carried for nearly a year.

Sergeant Taggart is a prosperous farmer in Western Kansas. He has harvested and threshed on his 480 acres of land 3,500 bushels of wheat and 1,500 bushels of oats this season, and the corn crop in sight he reports as most promising. He lives in a comfortable home with his wife, his two children having flown the nest and established homes for themselves; but to compensate for this he had four grandchildren, "and all girls," to perpetuate his name and fame.

The following items, which will doubtless be of special interest to the survivors of the Regiment and their friends, were culled from a carefully written sketch of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, which was published by the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times* in the spring of 1910:

When the tide of civil war was nearing its height there was recruited in the immediate vicinity of Pittsburgh a regiment of as brave and true men as ever carried muskets or marched under the old flag—a regiment destined to win imperishable renown and bring lasting honor to the Commonwealth—and Gettysburg is but a chapter in the story of that renown. This regiment was the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Colonel Richard P. Roberts.

The Washington County companies came by a variety of vehicles to Pittsburgh on the old pike, the stage road, and received an ovation the entire way, and previous to departure for Harrisburg were quartered at Camp Howe, Oakland.

The Regiment's first service was in guarding the Northern Central Railroad at Monkton and Parkton, Md., where the men were assiduously drilled. They joined the Army of the Potomac under Burnside after Fredericksburg and were assigned to Zook's Brigade of the First Division of the Second Corps, made famous by that renowned Pennsylvanian, Winfield S. Hancock, long its commander.

The Regiment wintered at Falmouth, Va., and received its "baptism of fire" at Chancellorsville in May, where it was in the severe fighting in the vicinity of the Chancellor Mansion and lost heavily, but acquitted itself nobly.


The Regiment in the Gettysburg campaign had the same officers, General John C. Caldwell, of Maine, commanding the First Division, in which Zook's Brigade was still the third, Cross' the first, the Irish Brigade the second, under Colonel Patrick Kelly, and that noted Pennsylvanian, John R. Brooke, now Major-General U. S. A., retired, the fourth. This was a fighting command, afterward led by him who is now Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired, who succeeded General Zook after Gettysburg in the command of the brigade.

On the return of the army to Virginia the One Hundred and Fortieth was assigned to the First Brigade, then under the command of that sterling soldier, Nelson A. Miles. The badge of the One Hundred and Fortieth was a red trefoil, the badge of the First Division of the fighting Second Corps, and in this division the Regiment served to the end of the war, the division being first under General F. C. Barlow and on his retirement from wounds under General Miles.

The One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers was one of the most illustrious regiments in the Union service. In proportion to its enrollment it lost more men than any other Pennsylvania regiment and only three others in the United States service had a greater percentage of loss officially.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL ZOOK.

"The old boys of the One Hundred and Fortieth will be glad to know something of their slain General, Samuel K. Zook. He was born in Norristown, Pa., in 1823. When Samuel F. B. Morse, successful after many trials and disappointments, gave to the world the electric telegraph, General Zook was one of the first to see its importance and utility, and became one of the pioneers of telegraphy. Colonel William Bender Wilson, of Holmesburg, Pa., manager of the war



department telegraph office in 1861-62, now president of the Society of the United States Military Corps, writes of General Zook as follows:

"I never knew of Zook as a telegraph operator, as a sender and receiver or working as such in Pittsburgh. He appeared in Pittsburgh, however, in 1847 with Henry O'Reilly, of Rochester, N. Y., and was associated with him in building a line to Louisville via Cincinnati. August 3, 1847, he opened the Office at Zanesville, Ohio, and the following week one at Columbus, and August 20 one at Cincinnati.

"General Zook went to the front April 21, 1861, one week after Sumter, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth New York Militia. He served as Military Governor of Annapolis in the preliminary movements of the war. Then he returned to New York City and recruited the Fifty-seventh Regiment, of which he was the first colonel. He was made a brigadier-general November 29, 1862, and given command of his old brigade, the Third of the First Division of the Second Corps. He was with the Army of the Potomac in all its battles from first Bull Run to Gettysburg. He is buried at Norristown, where he sleeps beside his old commander and illustrious townsman, Winfield Scott Hancock, and his equally illustrious townsman, John Frederick Hartranft, where all have notable monuments."

One of the first monuments on the Gettysburg field was in honor of Samuel K Zook, erected by his old command. It stands in the wheatfield.

MILES AND CALDWELL.

General Miles, the One Hundred and Fortieth's old commander, is well-known in Pittsburgh, where he has frequently visited. General John C. Caldwell is not well known here. When the Army of the Potomac under Grant was consolidated into three corps, General Caldwell, like our General "Tom" Rowley and many more brave and capable officers, was supernumerary, and so placed on detached duty. Even those great regulars, Sykes and Doubleday, were taken from the field.

After the war President Grant sent General Caldwell to Valparaiso, Chili, as United States Consul and later to Uruguay as United States Minister. Returning to this country, he located in Kansas, where he was last heard of. If living he would be seventy-seven years old.

Pennsylvania is proud of the One Hundred and Fortieth and the men are proud of their record, and when their bronze at Gettysburg reveals the story of their struggle in the wheat-field in the list of the Regiment's dead and wounded—the universal testimony will be—a gallant band, a glorious record.

AN APPRECIATION FROM ONE IN HIGH STANDING AND HONOR.

In a notable address by Matthew Brown Biddle, D.D., LL.D., at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the union of Washington and Jefferson Colleges, the following reference was made to the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment:

“Three hundred and ninety-three students are down in the records of the graduates as serving in the army—either Union or Confederate, but principally Union. Added to this is a large number who gave up their class in order that they might volunteer. Three classes in Jefferson College that I was acquainted with furnished ninety-five men for the volunteer armies, and one of them was Governor Beaver, who was here to-day. I wish he was here to-night. They were men of that kind. Whenever they engaged in this work their duty was faithfully done, and the record is something that we ought to preserve. If you ask whether they made good soldiers or not, let me in reply tell one story. It happened in 1863 that one regiment in the service of the United States Government might be characterized as a college regiment more than any other because it contained a great many students from Washington College and a great many, even more, from Jefferson College.*

*To these might be added a number of student recruits from Waynesburg College also.

It was the college regiment *par excellence*, although there were a great many others in which the colleges were represented. What kind of men were in that regiment? Well, from Washington there was the name of Robert Reed, one of the finest boys I ever knew, and there is the name of Acheson. These two names are typical of what they were. Over in Canonsburg it was very much the same. John Fraser was the Lieutenant-Colonel. They went off to the war and it happened, though we didn't know it then, that there was one turning point in that great conflict. It was at Gettysburg, culminating when Pickett's Division made that gallant charge. * * *

"Now the records of the War Department show that scarcely in modern times has any regiment suffered so severely as did that One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania at Gettysburg. Where they were and what they did some of you here know better than I, for you were there. But this I do know, that if we have anything to be proud of in this conflict of brother with brother we, as representing this college, can at least be proud that a regiment most distinctively a college regiment has a record for bravery unequalled, certainly unsurpassed in modern times."

TWO OF THE "TRANSFERRED" WHO RENDERED "SIGNAL" SERVICE.

In the autumn of 1863 a call was issued for a certain number of alert, level-headed young men to serve as volunteers in the Signal Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

These men were to be selected from regiments in the service, after careful examinations with respect to their ability and qualification.

Two Corporals of Company G, Joseph B. Johnson and John R. Mitchell, responded to this call, passed the examinations satisfactorily, and in due course were transferred to this branch of the service.

One of the principal duties of the men attached to this corps was to ascertain the position, strength and movements

of the enemy and report the same by signal to Army Headquarters. The stations occupied for this purpose were necessarily elevated positions on the outposts, and the men while on duty were exposed to great danger, especially from sharpshooters, who were always on the lookout for signals and the men who gave them.

Frequently the stations were on the tops of high trees. Comrade Johnson describes one which was 104 feet high, the first limb being 70 feet from the ground. Two young saplings were cut and a rude ladder with cross pieces made which was rested against this limb in order to make the climb easier and less hazardous. At best the most of these stations were giddy heights, and frequently it became necessary to climb trees in emergencies without any helps except those which nature had provided. On the 28th of October, 1864, while at an outpost near Dinwiddie Court House, Johnson was captured by guerrillas. He was taken to Petersburg and after spending one night in a slave pen was sent with other prisoners by rail to Richmond. Here he remained a prisoner until February 5, 1865. During this period of imprisonment he suffered greatly from scurvy, but after spending two weeks in a parole camp at Annapolis, Md., and a twenty days' furlough at home, he was able to return to the front. He was discharged June 25, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Comrade Mitchell also served with great credit to himself and to the Regiment, with which for more than a year, through many experiences of hardship and peril, he had been associated.

From a letter addressed to Comrade Mitchell by his commanding officer, Captain William H. R. Neel, November 21, 1864, we quote the following incident which deserves a place in the records of the nation as well as of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment, which trained him in the first principles of military service and still claims him as one of its honored veterans:

"During one of the engagements of the Second Corps with the enemy on the north of the James in August last, I had been directed to occupy a position on our line with



CO. G'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE RANKS OF THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

Rev. Jas. S. Rankin. Rev. Robt. Laird Stewart, D.D.

Rev. Jno. R. Paxton D.D. Rev. Wm. A. Kerr.

Rev. S. B. McBride. Rev. George Murray.

Pickett's Battery, where the movements of the enemy could be watched and reported. While engaged in that duty the enemy opened from a battery upon our skirmish line; a belt of woods on our left effectually concealing their battery from view. Our battery was unable to reply with effect and it was soon apparent that some point must be attained from which the enemy's guns could be seen, as well as to observe the effect of our shots. One position offered. That was on a high tree on our front; but it was a post of imminent danger, exposed to a hot fire from the enemy. As soon as I made known to you my wish to have that point occupied you faltered not a moment, but sprang to your post with alacrity, and your important services were soon manifest. You directed the fire of our battery with so much judgment and skill as to dismount one of the enemy's guns and silence the remainder. While the engagement lasted, regardless of all personal danger, you remained at your post.

"The importance of the service you rendered on this occasion may perhaps never be fully realized. Perhaps it may receive no further notice than the brief one I have given, but to you the proud consciousness of having done your duty will, I know be an ample reward.

"With the fervent prayer that success may attend you in the glorious work in which you are engaged, that our government will be successful in speedily crushing out treason and peace and prosperity be restored to our beloved country, I am

"Always your friend,
"WILLIAM H. R. NEEL,
"Late Captain and Acting Signal Officer."

VETERANS OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH WHO
ENTERED THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

One of the most noteworthy things in connection with the roll of the Regimental Association is the large number of veterans who became ministers of the Gospel.

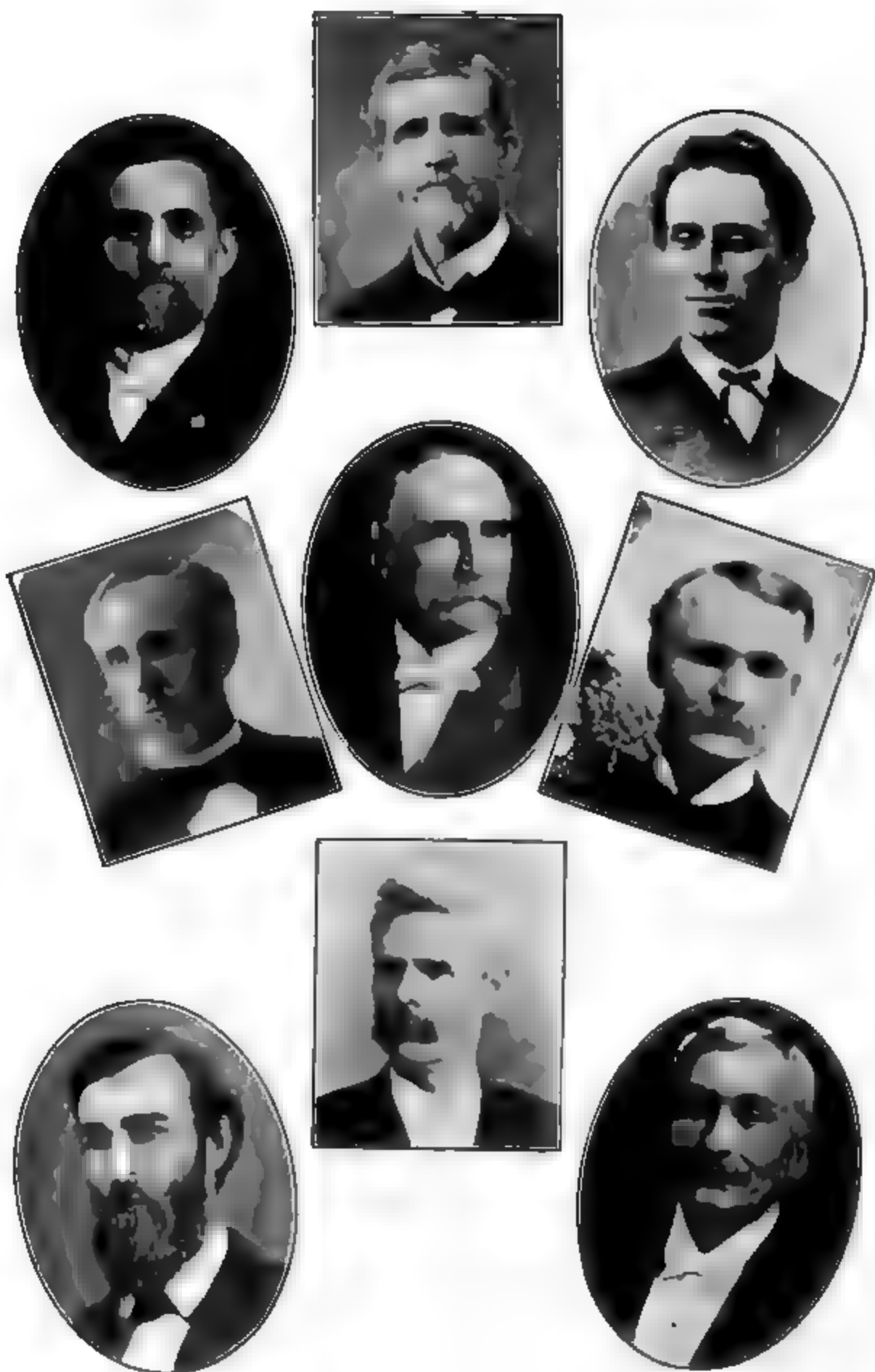
So far as known the list foots up seventeen. Of this

number Companies A, B, C, D and I have each contributed one; Companies F, H and K two, while Company G has a list of six, four of whom are still living. This record, we believe, is unprecedented in the history of the regiments which served in the Civil War.

The Committee was successful in securing the photographs of fifteen of the seventeen ministers on its list. These have been arranged in two groups, the six of Company G constituting one and the remaining nine from the other companies another. (See groups facing pages) The names and companies are herewith given:

Rev. James C. Burns	Company A.
“ John L. Bailey	Company B.
“ Henry J. Boatman	Company C.
“ John A. Wright	Company D.
“ Benjamin A. Bonewell	Company F.
“ William J. Cooper	Company F.
“ George B. Murray	Company G.
“ William A. Kerr	Company G.
“ Samuel McBride	Company G.
“ John R. Paxton, D.D.	Company G.
“ James Rankin	Company G.
“ Robert Laird Stewart, D.D.	Company G.
“ Joseph Calhoun, D.D.	Company H.
“ William G. Cowan	Company H.
“ John D. Irons, D.D.	Company I.
“ Silas Cooke, D.D.	Company K.
“ Benjamin F. Powelson	Company K.

A large number proportionally of the survivors of the war entered the other professions and several that might be named attained distinction in them, but we do not have sufficient data for the preparation of a list of each class or the names of those who took up these professions as a life work. The most notable of the representatives of these classes are mentioned, however, in the series of personal sketches.



GROUP 2.

SURVIVORS OF THE WAR WHO ENTERED THE MINISTRY FROM OTHER COMPANIES.

Rev. B. F. Powelson, Co. K. Rev. John A. Wright, Co. D. Rev. Wm. G. Cowan, Co. H.
 Rev. John D. Irons, D.D., Co. I. Rev. Silas Cooke, D.D., Co. K. Rev. Henry J. Boatman, Co. C.
 Rev. John A. Burns, Co. A. Rev. Wm. J. Cooper, Co. I. Rev. Jos. Calhoun, D.D., Co. H.



A WINTER CAMPAIGN OF TWO DAYS AT HATCHER'S RUN.

(From manuscript notes by Lieutenant CHARLES T. HEDGE.)

On the morning of the 9th of December our division received marching orders. We were soon equipped for service and at the word of command filed out on the road which led to the left in the direction of Hatcher's Run. One regiment of each brigade was left to hold the works. The Twenty-sixth Michigan of our brigade was left in the trenches while the rest of the command went to the front with the division. The morning was very cold and the ground was frozen hard. We soon passed the extreme left of our army, and were on the lookout for Rebs, a small force of cavalry being in the advance. When the report of their carbines gave notice of the presence of the enemy our Regiment was deployed on the skirmish line and sent forward.

When we came to the edge of a strip of woods where our cavalry had been halted we caught sight of the Johnnies in a line of rifle pits on the other side of the stream (Hatcher's Run), about 800 yards distant. We were under a heavy fire of musketry while we halted here for a few moments; also when an advance was ordered down the sloping ground and through an open field directly in front of the enemy's position. When we reached the edge of the stream it was found to be too deep for fording. The Rebs had built a dam across it farther down and backed the water up with a view to protecting their position from direct assault. They knew very well we could not cross it and made the best use of their opportunity. Here we were not more than 100 yards from the Rebs; they in rifle pits and we in line with nothing to protect us. To retreat would be as bad as to stay, as we should be obliged to flee up a rising piece of ground in fair view of the enemy. So we hugged the ground and let them fire away. There were some bushes on the edge of the run which partially screened us from view, but bushes would not stop bullets. We remained in this uncomfortable position for more than an hour, when another regiment marching up the stream felled

trees across it, over which the rest of the brigade crossed and took the enemy in the flank. As soon as they saw that they were being outflanked the Johnnies began to jump out of their rifle pits and run. Then was our time to open fire with deadly effect, and realizing this the larger part of them kept close to the ground until they were taken by the flanking column.

Company H was more exposed than any other company during the time we were lying on our faces, for the reason that there were but few bushes in their front. In less than an hour the company lost in killed and wounded eleven men. Corporal Robb had his clothes riddled with balls, but his body was untouched. His knapsack which he had placed as a shield in front of him had a frying pan strapped to the outside, and when he arose from this perilous position he found four holes in it which had been made by well-directed Rebel bullets. There was scarcely a man in this company who escaped without bullet holes in his clothing. That night a heavy snow-storm came up and we suffered much from the cold and exposure. The next day about 3 o'clock P. M. we started back to camp, the object of our expedition having been accomplished. We reached the camp a little after dark, very tired, cold and hungry. Imagine our surprise, therefore, when we found that the boys of the Twenty-sixth Michigan had prepared a good supper, with plenty of hot coffee, for the men of our Regiment. This, I think, is the only instance of the kind on record. The two regiments were so frequently thrown together in battle and on the skirmish line that they affiliated more closely than the men of other commands and often ate and slept together at the noon halting place or the night bivouac.

THE DEAD OF THE CIVIL WAR.

MAKE OTHER WARS OF THE UNITED STATES APPEAR PALTRY.

The campaigns and battles of the Civil War were on a scale of surpassing magnitude. There were more than a score of single battles, sometimes extending over several days, in each of which the losses in killed and wounded on the Federal side were greater than the aggregate of all our losses in all our other wars combined. How paltry seem the 5,000 killed and wounded in the War of 1812, or the war in Mexico, or the war with Spain, compared with the 14,000 at Shiloh, 15,000 at the Chickahominy, 13,000 at Antietam, the same at Fredericksburg, 16,000 at Chancellorsville, 23,000 at Gettysburg, 16,000 at Chickamauga, 37,000 in the Wilderness and 26,000 at Spottsylvania! The grand aggregate of destruction fairly staggers the imagination, accustomed as we have been for more than a generation to the figures—93,000 killed by bullets, 186,000 killed by disease, 25,000 dead from other causes—a grand total of 304,000, about 1 in 9 of every man who wore the uniform.

In no other war in all time has such respect been paid to the dead. Immediately after its close the Secretary of War was directed by Congress "to secure suitable burial places, and to have these grounds enclosed, so that resting places of the honored dead may be kept sacred forever." In seventy-nine separate and distinct national cemeteries the bodies of nearly 300,000 soldiers who died during the Civil War are interred, and the decoration of their graves with flowers on a fixed day has become a national custom. Some of the cemeteries contain each a silent army of over 10,000 soldiers, in serried ranks marked by the white headstones, on nearly half of which is inscribed "Unknown." The world may be searched in vain for anything similar or kindred; there is no other such impressive sight.—*Scribner's Magazine*.



Part IV

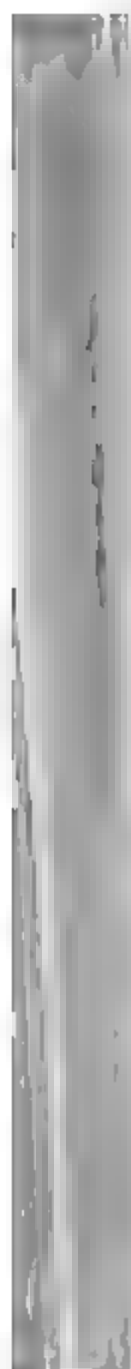
Regimental Roster

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REGIMENTAL ROSTER

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Colonels		
*Richard P. Roberts	Aug. 21, 1862.	Promoted from Captain of Co. F Sept 12, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
*John Fraser	Sept. 9, 1862. †	Promoted from Lieutenant-Colonel to Colonel July 4, 1863; wounded at Wilderness and Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; captured at Petersburg, Va., June, 1864; mustered out May 31, 1865; died at Pittsburgh, Pa., June 4, 1878.
Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas B. Rodgers	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted from Major July 4, 1863; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged by special order April 27, 1865.
Major *Thomas Henry	Aug. 21, 1862. †	Promoted from Captain Co. F May 1, 1865; mustered out May 31, 1865; died at Beaver, Pa., Feb. 21, 1912.
Adjutants W. S. Shallenberger	"	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Co. F Sept 12, 1862; wounded and captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; wounded at Todd's Tavern May 8, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate Oct. 1864. Washington, D. C.
John M. Ray	Aug. 22, 1862.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. C Dec. 10, 1864; to Captain Co. C Dec. 13, 1863. West Alexander, Pa.
John S. Bryan	"	Promoted from Principal Musician Dec. 12, 1864.
Quartermasters Samuel B. Bentley	Sept. 12, 1862.	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 5, 1864.
R. B. Parkinson	Aug. 22, 1862. †	Promoted to Quartermaster-Sergeant Dec. 12, 1864.
Surgeon *J. Wilson Wishart	Sept. 12, 1862. †	Promoted from Assistant Surgeon Oct. 25, 1862; mustered out May 31, 1865.
Assistant Surgeons William W. Sharpe	"	Promoted to Surgeon 163d P. V. Jan. 13, 1864.
*Benjamin F. Hill	Nov. 5, 1862. †	Mustered out May 31, 1865; died Jan. 20, 1910.
Chaplains Marcus Ormond	Aug. 22, 1862.	Discharged June 8, 1863.
J. Lynn Milligan	Nov. 5, 1863. †	Mustered out May 31, 1865.
Sergeant-Majors Henry J. Boatman	Aug. 22, 1862.	Promoted from private Co. C Sept 12, 1862; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged May 15, 1865.
Thomas O. Anshutz	Aug. 21, 1862. †	Promoted from Sergeant Co. F May 15, 1865; mustered out May 31, 1865.
Quartermaster Sergeants Cyrus Townsend	Aug. 22, 1862.	Promoted to Quartermaster 211th P. V. Oct. 18, 1864.
Thomas C. Nicholson	Aug. 25, 1862.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant Co. I Dec. 19, 1862.
John W. Wiley	Feb. 29, 1864.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. C Dec. 23, 1864; transferred to 53d P. V. May 30, 1865.
*R. G. S. Smith	Aug. 22, 1862.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. E, date unknown; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Commissary Sergeant Thomas L. Noble	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted from private Co. K Sept. 18, 1862; mustered out May 31, 1865.
Hospital Steward Joseph W. Lawrence	Aug. 22, 1862.	Promoted from private Co. H Sept 27, 1862; mustered out May 31, 1865.
Principal Musicians Josiah H. Carrol	"	Promoted from Musician Co. G March 1, 1864; mustered out May 31, 1865.
Jesse J. Morris	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted from Musician Co. K Dec. 22, 1864; mustered out May 31, 1862.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY A

NAME AND RANK	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Captains		
*John F. McCullough	Sept. 4, 1862.	Wounded July 2, 1863; at Gettysburg, Pa.; May 28, 1864, commissioned Colonel 183d P. V.; killed at Totopotomy Creek May 31, 1864.
James M. Pipes	"	Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant Jan. 2, 1864; to Captain June 27, 1864; wounded with loss of arm at Reams Station, Va., Aug. 25, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 17, 1865. Washington, D. C.
*John A. Burns	" †	Promoted from Sergeant to 1st Sergeant Jan. 2, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant June 27, 1864; to Captain March 4, 1865; died March 28, 1878.
1st Lieutenants		
J. Jackson Purman	"	Wounded with loss of leg at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 20, 1864. Washington, D. C.
*Mark G. Spragg	" †	Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant March 1, 1864; to 2d Lieutenant June 27, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant March 4, 1865.
2d Lieutenant		
David Taylor	"	Resigned July 31, 1865. Wind Ridge, Pa.
1st Sergeant		
*Charles T. Hedge	" †	Promoted from Corporal July 1, 1864; commissioned 2d Lieutenant Dec. 18, 1864.
Sergeants		
Daniel B. Wyehoff	"	Promoted to Sergeant July 1, 1864; discharged by general orders July 5, 1865. Wilzetta, Okla.
Nathaniel N. Purman	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; transferred to 105th Co., 2d Bat. V. R. C., Jan. 20, 1865; discharged Sept. 4, 1865. Indianapolis, Ind.
*Henry Zimmers	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; absent at muster out.
John F. Coen	" †	Promoted to Corporal July 1, 1864; to Sergeant May 1, 1865. Brave, Pa.
*Cornelius J. Burk	"	Promoted from Corporal Nov. 1, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 16, 1865.
*William A. Brown	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
Corporals		
*J. S. Herrington	"	Promoted to Corporal July 1, 1864; transferred to V. R. C., date unknown; discharged by general orders July 20, 1865; died since the war.
*Alpheus Crawford	"	Discharged by general orders June 6, 1865; died Feb. 13, 1910.
Carey M. Fulton	" †	Oakland, Cal.
Thomas J. Kent	" †	Promoted to Corporal July 1, 1864. Moravia, Okla.
*James B. Reinhart	" †	Promoted to Corporal July 1, 1864; died Oct. 30, 1911.
*Joseph Bane	" †	Promoted to Corporal July 1, 1864.
*Kramer Gabler	" †	Died since the war.
Spencer Stephens	" †	Promoted to Corporal May 1, 1865. Mt. Morris, Pa.
*Leroy S. Greenlee	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; buried in Evergreen Cemetery.
*John W. Peden	"	Killed at Todd's Tavern, Va., May 15, 1864.
Musicians		
*James Woods	" †	Died since the war.
*Morgan Dunn	" †	Died since the war.
Privates		
Harrison Anderson	" †	Monesson, Pa.
Samuel Acklin	Feb. 27, 1864.	Transferred to V. R. C.; discharged by general orders Feb. 24, 1864. Castile, Pa.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY A

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NAME AND RANK	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Olive Armstrong	Sept. 4, 1862.	Transferred to Co. F, 18th Regt. V. R. C.; discharged June 27, 1865. Waynesburg, Pa.
*James Anderson	"	Transferred to 114th Co., 2d Bat. V. R. C. March 13, 1864; discharged by general orders June 27, 1865; died since the war.
*John Acklin	"	Killed at Petersburg June 17, 1864.
Oliver H. P. Burson	"	Scenery Hill, Pa.
John Bennett	"	Castile, Pa.
*Peter Barney	"	transferred to 51st Co., 2d Bat., Jan. 1, 1863; discharged Sept. 4, 1865; died since the war.
*Samuel Clutter	"	Died since the war.
John Cox, Jr.	"	Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
*Noah D. Clutter	April 13, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865; discharged July 14, 1865; died 1892.
*John Cox, Sr.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Transferred to Co. K, 1st Regt. V. R. C., Sept. 1, 1863; died since the war.
Joseph Cowan	"	Deserted Dec. 10, 1863.
*George N. Doman	"	Died since the war.
*Benjamin Dunstan	"	Killed May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania.
Michael Eddy	"	Wounded at Todd's Tavern May 15, 1864; transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 6, 1865. Waynesburg, Pa.
*John W. Eddy	"	Wounded and captured July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg; died in prison at Richmond, Jan. 27, 1864.
George Freeland	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 16, 1865. Cora, Mo.
*John Fisher	Nov. 29, 1862.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
*David Frays	Sept. 4, 1862.	Missing in action May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.
*Charles A. Freeland	"	Died Nov. 17, 1862, at Parkton, Md.
Thornton Garber	"	Discharged by general orders July 10, 1865. Waynesburg, Pa.
*George Gray	"	Died since the war.
*Simon Geary	"	Wounded at Totopotomy Creek May 31, 1864; absent at muster out; died since the war.
*John R. M. Green	"	Killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, 1864.
*Isaac P. Green	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., Jan. 8, 1863.
*John Gray	"	Killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, 1864.
*John Henry	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; discharged by general orders June 8, 1865; died since the war.
Daniel S. Hopkins	Feb. 29, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865. Maringo, Ohio.
*Stephen C. Harris	Sept. 4, 1862.	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Feb. 15, 1864; died since the war.
*David Hoge	"	Died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 10, 1865; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
John C. Jones	"	Audubon, Iowa.
George Jones	Feb. 27, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865. Mannington, W. Va.
*Rezin S. Kent	Sept. 4, 1862.	Wounded at Bristoe Station Sept. 14, 1863; absent at muster out; died since the war.
*Oliver Kener	"	Died since the war.
*Daniel King	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 17, 1865; died since the war.
*James F. Kent	"	Discharged by special orders March 13, 1865; died since the war.
*Daniel King	March 22, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865; discharged by general orders June 3, 1865; died since the war.
*Samuel B. Locy	Sept. 4, 1862.	Discharged May 20, 1865; died since the war.
John M. Lancaster	"	Ormond, Pa.
John Long	"	Transferred to Co. D, 24th Regt. V. R. C.; discharged by general orders June 27, 1865. Mt. Morris, Pa.
*John L. Lundy	"	died at Parkton, Md., Nov. 2, 1862.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*Benjamin F. Loar	"	Died Aug. 1 at Philadelphia, Pa., of wound received at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
John Meighen	"	Harvey's, Pa.
John H. Miller	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 20, 1863. Gebhart, Pa.
*George W. Mariner	"	Transferred to 114th Bat. V. R. C. March 12, 1863; discharged by general orders July 18, 1865; died since the war.
Abraham Miller	"	Transferred to V. R. C. Dec. 1, 1863. Casper, W. Va.
*Franklin R. Morris	"	Missing in action at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; died since the war.
*Lindsay Morris	"	Died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 1864; buried in Arlington National Cemetery.
*L. G. McCullough	"	Discharged by general orders June 6, 1865; died since the war.
*Hiram McCullough	"	Missing in action at Reams Station, Va., Aug. 25, 1864.
William Ogden	"	Absent, sick at muster out. Waynesburg, Pa.
Abner Pipes	"	Discharged by general orders June 25, 1865. Hill City, Kansas.
*Joseph Petit	"	Died July 7, 1864, at Alexandria, Va., Grave 236.
*John A. Rush	"	Died since the war.
*John E. Roop	"	Died since the war.
*William Roop	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 16, 1863; died since the war.
Lindsay Roop	March 26, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Pa., June 30, 1865; wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
Henry Roop	"	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Pa., June 30, 1865. Hoover's Run, Pa.
*William Roop	April 7, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Pa., June 30, 1865; died since the war.
*Alex. D. Robinson	Feb. 29, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Pa., June 30, 1865; died since the war.
*Samuel Ridgway	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died at Parkton, Md., Nov. 25, 1862.
*Michael Roope	March 26, 1864.	Died July 29, 1864, of wound received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
*Samuel Roope	"	Died July 29, 1864, of wound received at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
*Nicholas Steel	Sept. 4, 1862.	Discharged by general orders July 15, 1865; died since the war.
Ehud Steel	"	Wounded at Totopotomy, Va., May 31, 1864. Spraggo, Pa.
James M. Swart	"	Eno, Pa.
Simon P. Scott	"	Rutan, Pa., Greene County.
Henry Scott	"	Rutan, Pa., Greene County.
*Jesse Sprowls	"	Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; absent at muster out; died since the war.
Caleb Stroosnider	"	Discharged by general orders July 12, 1865. Spraggo, Pa.
*Richard Sergeant	"	Discharged March 10, 1863; died since the war.
*Kener L. Stroosnider	"	Transferred to 2d Bat. V. R. C. Jan. 9, 1865; discharged by general orders July 3, 1865; died since the war.
*Harvey Sanders	"	Transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 1, 1864; died since the war.
*Job Smith, Jr.	"	Missing in action May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.
*John Simpson	Feb. 27, 1864.	Died Sept. 17, 1864, of wounds received at Deco Bottom, Va., May 14, 1864.
*Jesse Steward	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died April 9, 1865, in Philadelphia, Pa.
*Job Smith Sr.	"	Deserted July 2, 1863; died since the war.
*John M. Spragg	"	Killed at Mine Run, Va., Nov. 29, 1863.
*Abner W. Taylor	"	Died since the war.
*Levi Taylor	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. March 13, 1865; died April 19, 1912.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY A

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NAME AND RANK	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*Norval L. Troy	Nov. 29, 1862.	Died June 27, 1864, of wounds received at Totopotomy Creek, Va., May 31, 1864; buried at Alexandria, Va., Grave 2234.
*John R. H. Wilson	Sept. 4, 1862. †	Died at Pittsburgh since the war.
*George W. Wilson	" †	Died since the war.
*Benjamin F. Wallace	"	Transferred to 51st Co., 2d Bat. V. R. C., Jan. 18, 1864; discharged Sept. 4, 1865, expiration of term; died since the war.
*Brezan T. Walters	" +	Died since the war.
*Harrison Woolum	"	Discharged by general orders May 15, 1865; died since the war.
Francis A. Wallace	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Oct. 12, 1863. Waynesburg, Pa.
*Simon S. West	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., date unknown; died 1911.
*Andrew J. Walters	Feb. 27, 1864.	Died of wound received May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.
Morris Welsh	April 3, 1865.	Never joined the Company.

All of the foregoing were mustered into service Sept. 4, 1862, except fifteen recruits. All were mustered out May 31, 1865, except those who were transferred to other organizations or were in hospitals.

*Deceased.
†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY B

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Captains		
Thomas B. Rodgers	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted to Major Sept. 8, 1862; captured July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel to date, July 4, 1863; mustered out April, 1865.
Jason T. Giebner	"	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 8, 1862; promoted to Captain May 4, 1864; resigned Jan. 18, 1865. Sharon, Mercer County, Pa.
Abram C. Grove	"	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 25, 1862; to Captain June 28, 1864; wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged by general orders Feb. 17, 1865. Ellwood City, Pa.
Ranels C. Craig	" †	Promoted from Sergeant to 1st Lieutenant June 28, 1864; to Captain March 4, 1865.
1st Lieutenant John Satterfield	" †	Promoted from Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant Nov. 15, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant March 4, 1865; wounded in action.
2d Lieutenant George Tanner	"	Promoted from private Oct. 30, 1863; discharged Oct. 30, 1863.
1st Sergeants John Fox	"	Commissioned 2d Lieutenant Dec. 18, 1863, not mustered; promoted from Sergeant March 1, 1865; wounded April 7, 1865, at Farmville; discharged by general orders May 31, 1865.
*James C. Nolan	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 29, 1863.
Charles W. Giebner	"	Promoted from Corporal Oct. 18, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 1, 1865.
Sergeants		
George Perrine	" †	Promoted from Corporal Oct. 18, 1864. Hadley, Pa.
James L. Griffin	" †	Promoted to Corporal March 1, 1863; to Sergeant Oct. 18, 1864. Sandy Lake, Mercer County, Pa.
Samuel B. Rogers	"	Promoted from private Jan. 1, 1865; absent on detached service at muster out.
George W. Smail	" †	Promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; to Sergeant March 1, 1865. Glasco, Kansas.
*John W. Johnson	"	Died at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1864.
Corporals		
James I. Smith	"	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1864.
Alfred Ritner	"	Promoted to Corporal Oct. 18, 1864; wounded at Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865; discharged by general orders May 20, 1865.
Benj. A. Paston	" †	Promoted to Corporal Oct. 18, 1864.
*George Rose	" †	Promoted to Corporal Oct. 18, 1864.
Daniel B. Moyer	" †	Promoted to Corporal Oct. 18, 1864. Greenville, Pa.
John Roberts	" †	Promoted to Corporal March 1, 1865. Fredonia, Pa.
*George D. Moore	"	Promoted to Captain 23d Regular U. S. C. T.; killed at Petersburg Aug. 18, 1864.
Price Dilley	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 1, 1865.
Isaac Davis	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 7, 1863.
Henry Rafferty	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 12, 1863.
*Alexander Patton	"	Captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, and died in prison at Millen, Ga., date unknown; buried in National Cemetery, Sec. A, Grave 309.
William Patton	Feb. 27, 1864.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
*Robert G. Davidson	Sent. 4, 1862.	Died April 17, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY B

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NAME AND RANK	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Robert B. Porter	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died May 15, 1864, at Fredericksburg, Va., of wound received at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
*Thomas G. Eagles	"	Promoted to Corporal April 1, 1863; killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Samuel Holmes	"	Promoted to Corporal Jan. 15, 1864; captured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864; died in Andersonville Prison Sept. 5, 1864; Grave 7881.
Musicians	"	
David B. Sinclair	"	†
Charles Vath	"	
*Thomas Cozad	"	Discharged by general orders June 6, 1865. Captured at Bristoe Station, Va., Oct. 14, 1863; died Dec. 10, 1863, in prison at Richmond, Va.
Privates		
*D. W. Armstrong	"	Died Sept. 9, 1863, at Morrisville, Va.
William Blair	"	†
William Brannan	"	Wounded May 14, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; absent at muster out. Tideoute, Pa.
Hugh Bradbery	"	Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; absent at muster out. Meadville, Pa.
Wilson Bean	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 21, 1865.
*George M. Bennett	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 11, 1865. Danville, Pa.
Nathaniel Breast	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate May 5, 1864.
Joseph Brackie	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863.
William P. Buchanan	"	Transferred to Co. F, 9th Regt., V. R. C.; discharged by general orders June 26, 1865.
Samuel B. Bruner	March 29, 1864.	Transferred to Co. D, 14th V. R. C.; discharged by general orders July 28, 1865.
John I. Bailey	Dec. 30, 1863.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
*William Bowman	Feb. 22, 1864.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
*John Buckley	Sept. 4, 1862.	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Sec. D, Grave 84.
*Aaron Bollinger	"	Captured July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; died Oct. 26, 1863, in Philadelphia, Pa.
John L. Cochran	"	Absent, sick at muster out.
Melvin L. Cole	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 31, 1864.
*Wilson Calvert	"	Transferred June 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
*Adam Clark	March 1, 1864	Died April 11, 1864; buried in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Ransom U. Custer	"	Not accounted for.
Adam C. Dilley	Sept. 4, 1862.	Wounded April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Va.; discharged by general orders June 28, 1865.
George E. Dilley	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate June 3, 1863.
Horace A. Dewey	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 11, 1863.
James H. Dean	March 1, 1864.	Discharged by general orders Sept. 1, 1865.
Daniel Deross	Feb. 15, 1864.	Not accounted for.
*Lewis P. Robert	Sept. 4, 1862.	Discharged on surgeon's certificate April 20, 1864.
Caleb N. Failes	"	Wounded June 16, 1864 at Petersburg, Va.; discharged by general orders June 8, 1865. Warren, Ohio.
*John Fisheorn	Feb. 11, 1864.	Killed May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.
*Hartly Findley	April 9, 1864.	Died at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1864; buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, L. I., Grave 1986.
William Griggs	Sept. 4, 1862.	Wounded April 6, 1865, at Sailor's Creek, Va.; discharged by general orders June 3, 1865.
Adam George	"	†
George W. Gardner	"	†
*George W. George	Feb. 18, 1864.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
*Charles Griggs	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died April 17, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.
John E. Hunter	"	Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; absent at muster out. Volant, Mercer County, Va.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Robert H. Howe	"	Wounded April 7, 1865, at Farmville, Va.; absent at muster out.
Martin Henderson	"	Missing in action July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
Michael Haines	Jan. 26, 1864.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
*Oliver M. Hanna	March 23, 1864.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
*Calvin Hummel	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died at Falmouth, Va., March 17, 1863.
*John A. Hunter	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., April 9, 1863.
Samuel Huff	Feb. 26, 1864.	Not accounted for.
John Jones	Sept. 4, 1862.	†
Michael Kilbulley	Feb. 29, 1864.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
*Allen Kirby	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died May 14, 1864, at Fredericksburg, Va., of wound received May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.
John G. Lytle	Feb. 29, 1864.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
Joseph Mook	Sept. 4, 1862.	Mercer, Pa.
George Mears	March 31, 1864.	Discharged by general orders June 7, 1865.
William H. Mumford	Sept. 4, 1862.	Transferred to 12th V. R. C.
*Cyrus Moreland	"	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865;
*William Mears	"	discharged by general orders June 6, 1865.
*H. C. Montgomery	"	Died in Andersonville Prison, date unknown;
*James Mercer	Sept. 12, 1862.	burial recorded Lawton National Cemetery.
John O. Marsh	Sept. 13, 1864.	Millen, Sec. A, Grave 132.
Samuel McKinley	Sept. 4, 1862.	†
James McCoy	"	Died April 10, 1864, at Brandy Station, Va.
*Michael D. McGehan	"	Died May 13, 1864, of wound received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
*James McKay	March 1, 1864.	Died at Falmouth, Va., Jan. 21, 1863.
Ephraim Osborn	Sept. 4, 1862.	Not accounted for.
James O'Hara	Jan. 27, 1865.	Died at Washington, D. C., June 8, 1864, of
*James B. Porter	Sept. 4, 1862.	wound received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
*William M. Perrine	"	Deserted, returned and restored; transferred to
*William J. Perry	Feb. 27, 1864.	Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
*Benjamin F. Powell	"	Died April 7, 1864, at Pittsburgh, Pa.; buried in
*Thomas W. Petty	March 1, 1864.	Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Norman J. Pettis	Sept. 27, 1862.	Discharged on surgeon's certificate June 1, 1865.
James M. Robb	Sept. 4, 1862.	Stoneboro, Pa.
Robert G. Smith	"	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
Hugh Shaw	"	†
William P. Sutherland	"	Transferred to Ind. Bat C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17,
Charles Smoyer	Sept. 12, 1862.	1863.
*Moses A. Spencer	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died Sept. 16, 1864.
W. W. Shubondy	"	Died at Washington, D. C., Aug. 29, of wounds
John Seiple	"	received in action Aug. 14, 1864; buried in
Justice Smith	March 29, 1864.	National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
Joseph Swager	"	Died Aug. 20, at Washington, D. C. of wounds
		received Aug. 14, 1864; buried in National
		Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
		Captured; died in Andersonville Prison 1864.
		Not accounted for.
		Discharged by general orders June 3, 1865.
		Wounded at Petersburg, Va., March 31, 1865;
		discharged by general orders June 21, 1865.
		Grove City, Pa.
		Wounded at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865; dis-
		charged by general orders June 6, 1865.
		Discharged on surgeon's certificate Sept. 2, 1865.
		Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 21, 1865.
		Transferred to Ind. Bat. C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17,
		1863. Clark's Mills, Mercer County, Pa.
		Transferred to Co. D, 9th Regt. V. R. C.; dis-
		charged by general orders July 20, 1865.
		Cooperstown, Pa.
		Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY B

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*William Shaw	Sept. 24, 1864.	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died in Andersonville Prison July 7, 1864; Grave 298a.
Thomas Swager	"	Not accounted for.
John Shannon	Sept. 15, 1864.	Not accounted for.
Edward Scott	"	Not accounted for.
Madison Thompson	Sept. 4, 1862.	† Fredonia, Mercer County, Pa.
William H. Turner	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 3, 1865.
Charles Townsend	"	Transferred to V. R. C. June 18, 1864.
*George Thompson	"	Died Jan. 25, 1863.
*Crawford Thompson	"	Died April 12, 1864; buried in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.
*Henry C. Urey	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., March 26, 1863.
Jesse M. Vogan	Feb. 25, 1864.	Killed at Farmville, Va., April 17, 1864.
*George W. Vogan	March 1, 1864.	Died April 8, 1864, in Allegheny, Pa.; buried in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.
*Samuel J. Weir	Sept. 4, 1862.	† Died March 18, 1911.
Anson A. Williams	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate April 3, 1863.
*Lewis Wright	"	Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
Thomas M. White	Sept. 12, 1862.	Died at Alexandria, Va., Jan. 3, 1865; burial recorded Jan. 3, 1865; Grave 2954.
*Daniel Walford	March 2, 1864.	Died May 13, 1864, of wound received May 12, 1865, at Spottsylvania, Va.
Henry S. Wittner	March 1, 1864.	Not accounted for.
*George Young	Sept. 4, 1862.	Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
Jacob R. Zahner	Feb. 17, 1864.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.
Matthias Zahner	Feb. 22, 1864.	Transferred to Co. I, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865.

*Deceased.

† Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY C

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Captains		
*David Acheson Isaac N. Vance	Aug. 22, 1862.	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Sept. 23, 1863; lost arm at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 12, 1864.
Alex. W. Acheson	"	Promoted from Sergeant to 1st Sergeant July 2, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 22, 1863; to Captain Jan. 30, 1864; wounded in face May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 9, 1864. Dennison, Tex.
John M. Ray	" +	Promoted from Sergeant to 1st Sergeant Sept. 23, 1864; to 2d Lieutenant Nov. 2, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Jan. 3, 1864; to Adjutant Dec. 18, 1864; to Captain Dec. 13, 1864.
1st Lieutenant *W. J. Cunningham	"	Promoted from Sergeant to 1st Sergeant Nov. 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 13, 1863; wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; killed at Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865.
2d Lieutenants *Charles L. Linton	"	Promoted to Captain Co. D May 1, 1863; wounded June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; discharged by general orders May 17, 1865.
*Robert R. Reed	"	Promoted from 1st Sergeant May 14, 1863; died at Georgetown, D. C., of fever, July 19, 1863.
1st Sergeants James Blake	" +	Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1863; to 1st Sergeant Dec. 13, 1864.
*J. D. Campbell	"	Promoted from Sergeant May 1, 1863; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Sergeants *James McFarland	" +	Promoted from private May 1, 1863; wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
John S. Martin	" +	Promoted from Corporal Nov. 11, 1864; wounded at Po River May 10, 1864. Nelsonville, Athens County, Ohio.
*Alex. T. Hartford	" +	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 23, 1862; to Sergeant Nov. 10, 1864.
*William Vankirk	" +	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 23, 1863; to Sergeant Nov. 10, 1864; died Nov. 17, 1906.
Eli H. Linton	"	Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant Sept. 22, 1863; to Lieutenant 39th U. S. C. T. April 4, 1864; to Captain Sept. 14, 1865; mustered out Dec. 24, 1865.
James P. Sayer	"	Promoted from Corporal Nov. 2, 1863; received four wounds at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged Oct. 25, 1864, on surgeon's certificate.
John W. Wiley	"	Commissioned 2d Lieutenant Dec. 18, 1864; not mustered; promoted to Quartermaster-Sergeant Dec. 23, 1864.
Corporals Richard Jones	"	Promoted to Corporal May 1, 1863; wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864; discharged by general orders May 31, 1865.
William J. Radcliff	" +	Promoted to Corporal July 14, 1864. Taylors-town, Washington County, Pa.
Hugh B. McNeil	" +	Promoted to Corporal July 14, 1864; wounded at North Anna River May 23, 1864.
Philip A. Cooper	" +	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1864. Amity, Washington County, Pa.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY C

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Silas A. Sanders	" †	Promoted to Corporal Nov. 10, 1864; wounded at Totopotomoy Creek May 31, 1864. 36 Hall Avenue, Washington, Pa.
Aaron D. Gunn	" †	Promoted to Corporal Dec. 13, 1864; wounded in the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864. Laurester, N. Y.
John Smalley	" †	Promoted to Corporal Dec. 13, 1864; wounded at Totopotomoy Creek May 31, 1864; died June 9, 1911.
*John Culley, Jr.	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; died at home June 18, 1863.
Samuel Fergus	"	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant 27th U. S. C. T. Nov. 16, 1864; mustered out Sept. 21, 1865.
David L. Rubble	"	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; wounded at Totopotomoy Creek, Va., May 31, 1864; discharged by general orders May 15, 1865.
*William Horton	"	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
*E. C. Brown	"	Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.
*William Stockwell	"	Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.
Musician		
*Walter D. Cleaver	" †	
Privates		
*William Armstrong	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; died in Richmond, Va., Dec. 1, 1863.
*William Amon	Jan. 28, 1864.	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
Jerry K. Bishop	Aug. 22, 1862.	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Oct. 3, 1863. Tiffin, Iowa.
John Blair	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 11, 1864. Pattonsburg, Mo.
*Samuel Baird	"	Transferred to V. R. C. March 16, 1864.
*James Baird	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863.
*John Billick	"	Transferred to V. R. C. Jan 15, 1864.
Henry J. Boatman	" †	Promoted to Sergeant-Major Sept. 12, 1862; captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; returned to regiment Oct., 1863. Chicago, Ill.
Julius S. Black	Feb. 13, 1864.	Transferred to Co. D, 53d Pa. Vols., May 30, 1865; wounded at Todd's Tavern, Va., May 8, 1864. Hilliard, Ohio.
Samuel Bonnell	Feb. 8, 1864.	Wounded at Po River, Va., May 10, 1864; transferred to Co. D, 53d Pa. Vols., May 31, 1865.
Lewis M. Cleaver	Aug. 22, 1862. †	Wounded at Totopotomoy Creek, Va., May 31, 1864. Orlando, Fla.
*James B. Clemens	"	Captured June 8, 1863, at Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged by general orders July 17, 1865; died Oct. 21, 1910.
*Ellis J. Cole	"	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., Aug 2, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
*Isaac Cleaver, Jr.	"	Died June 20, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
*Samuel Curry	"	Captured at Totopotomoy Creek, Va.; died in Andersonville Prison Sept. 2, 1864; Grave 7617.
*Alex. S. Duncan	" †	Teamster.
John A. Dickey	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; wounded at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16, 1864; discharged by general orders May 15, 1865. Claysville, Pa.
*John W. Duncan	"	Transferred to V. R. C. Nov. 13, 1864.
*Joseph M. Dye	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863.
*Daniel W. Dowling	"	Died in Washington County, Pa., Nov. 3, 1863.
*Isaac N. Dowling	"	Killed at North Anna River, Va., May 23, 1864.
*Benton Devore	"	Killed at North Anna River, Va., May 23, 1864.
*James Eckert	Jan. 28, 1864.	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Nehemiah Gilbert	Aug. 22, 1862.	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 20, 1864. Washington, Pa.
*Mason Hart	"	†
*Thomas Hardesty	"	Transferred Dec. 17, 1863, to Ind. Battery C Pa. Art.
*Lewis Henry	"	Died at Harrisburg, Pa., of wounds received at Petersburg, Va., June 10, 1864.
William Howard	"	Deserted Sept. 5, 1862.
Clark Ireby	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864; transferred to 1st Co., 2d Battalion V. R. C.; discharged by general orders July 19, 1865, 70 State Street, Chicago, Ill.
*John J. Jordan	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; transferred to U. S. Navy, date unknown.
*Thomas Jones	"	Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
David Jones	"	Deserted July 1, 1863.
*James S. Kelley	"	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
*Daniel L. Keeney	"	Died Aug. 20, 1863, at Philadelphia, Pa., of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
*Thomas Lucas	"	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
*Thomas W. Long	"	Died Aug. 20, 1864, of wound received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
*Robert Lindsay	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; died in Richmond, Va., prison Nov. 12, 1863; burial recorded Nov. 22, 1863.
*John Moore	"	†
Samuel Mills	"	†
James L. Martin	"	Kammerer, Washington County, Pa.
Tillinghast Moury	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 18, 1863. Logan, Hocking County, Ohio.
Newton Mumbower	Jan. 28, 1864.	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Feb. 15, 1864. Jonesville, Iowa.
*Anthony Mull	"	Transferred to Co. D, 53d Pa., May 31, 1865.
*Richard Miller	Aug. 22, 1862.	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
James E. McCullough	"	Died of wounds received July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; buried in National Cemetery, Sec. 1, Grave 47.
Thomas McCune	"	Absent, sick at muster out. Florence, Pa.
*David McCoy	"	†
Frank B. McNear	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 15, 1864. Steelton, Pa.
*Daniel McClain	"	Transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 1, 1865.
*John McCann	"	Died at Wheeling, W. Va., May 30, 1864, of wounds received at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
George Norris	"	†
*Alvin Newman	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863. Deer Lick, Pa.
John Patterson	"	†
Andrew Plants	"	†
Esau Powell	"	†
William H. Pollock	"	†
*William Pollock	"	†
*William B. Post	Feb. 27, 1863.	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Albertus Patterson	Aug. 22, 1862.	Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; transferred to Co. D, 53d Pa., May 31, 1865.
*Jackson Prawl	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Robert Patterson	"	Killed May 23, 1864, at North Anna River.
		Deserted June, 1863.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY C

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Charles Quail	"	Wounded July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; captured June 6, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged by general orders June 14, 1865. West Brownsville, Pa.
*Charles Rentz	" †	Died since the war.
*Samuel Rittick	" †	Died since the war.
*Henry W. Richard	" †	Died since the war.
*Austin M. Richard	"	Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.; transferred to Co. A, 9th V. R. C., July 10, 1865; discharged by general orders June 24, 1865.
*William L. Rubble	Feb. 27, 1864.	Transferred to Co. D, 53d Pa. Vols., May 30, 1863.
*William Ravenscroft	Jan. 28, 1864.	Wounded at Totopotomy Creek May 18, 1864; transferred to Co. D, 53d Pa., May 30, 1864.
*Gales Rose	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died May 29, 1864, of wound received May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.
John Stockwell	" †	McDonald, Allegheny County, Pa.
*Presley H. Shipley	"	Wounded July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown.
James S. Stockwell	"	Wounded July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.; transferred to V. T. C. Sept. 30, 1863. Columbus, Ohio.
*William H. Simpson	Feb. 16, 1864.	Transferred to Co. D, 53d Pa., May 30, 1865; Died since the war.
*Jonathan Tucker	Aug. 22, 1862. †	died since the war.
*Simeon Vankirk	"	Killed July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
*Colin Waltz	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863, and at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 19, 1863.
Hugh Weedham	Feb. 26, 1864.	Transferred to 53d Regt., P. V., May 30, 1865.
*Samuel Wise	Aug. 22, 1862.	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Oct. 19, 1864.
John D. Wiseheart	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863.
*James Wise	"	Killed at Totopotomy Creek, Va., May 31, 1864.
*Isaac Wall	"	Killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
Jefferson Younkin	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to 96th Co., V. R. C.; discharged Aug. 2, 1865, expiration of term. Harveys, Green County, Pa.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY D

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Captains		
*Silas Parker	Aug. 22, 1862.	Discharged April 16, 1863; died at Amity, June 23, 1863.
*Charles L. Linton	"	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant, Co. C., May 1863; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate, 17, 1865; died at Junction City, Kansas.
1st Lieutenants		
*James Mannon	"	Discharged Jan. 16, 1863; died in Nebraska, 1863; wounded at Chancellorsville; promoted from 0 to 2d Lieutenant Nov. 2, 1863; then to Lieutenant Nov. 6, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 16, 1864.
James B. Vandyke	"	Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant June 1, 1863; to 1st Sergeant Nov. 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant July 20, 1864. Address, Washington, Pa.
J. Fulton Bell	" †	
2d Lieutenant		
*Matthias Minton	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, August 1863; died at Prosperity, Pa.
1st Sergeant		
*James M. Hughes	" †	Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant Nov. 1, 1863; to 1st Sergeant July 20, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died at Washington, 1906.
Sergeants		
*Henry C. Swart	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1863; died at Washington, Pa., 1899.
*Moses McCollum	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; died of wounds received May 17, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
*Cephas D. Sharo	"	Died Aug. 2d of wounds received at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Leicester Bebout	"	Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 1st, of wounds received at Totopotomoy May 31, 1864.
*Isaac Sharp	"	Promoted from Corporal Nov. 1, 1863; died at Washington, Pa., 1907.
Joha Closser	" †	Promoted to Corporal Nov. 1, 1863; to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1864. Address, Lone Pine, Pa.
*Charles Guttery	" †	Promoted to Corporal Nov. 1, 1863; to Sergeant September 1, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania; died in Kansas, 1911.
*John L. Hathaway	"	Promoted to Corporal November 1, 1863; to 1st Sergeant Sept. 1, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va. June 2, 1864; absent at muster out; died in Kansas, 1907.
Corporals		
*John A. Black	"	Taken prisoner at Gettysburg; died at Prosperity, Pa., 1880.
*William C. Ramsey	Sept. 4, 1862.	Wounded at Gettysburg; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; died near Washington, Pa., 1911.
*L. W. Day	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died at Washington, Pa., 1911.
*Beden Bebout	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died July 10, 1863.
*James A. Bebout	"	Killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*Franklin F. Iams	"	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; died at Amity, Pa., 1910.
*Jacob McAfee	"	Promoted to Corporal November 1, 1863; wounded at Spottsylvania; died at Amity, Pa., 1896.
*Samuel B. Evans	Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; wounded at Totopotomoy; died at Washington, D. C. July 13, 1864.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY D

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Zechariah Baker	Aug. 22, 1862.	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania; absent at muster out. Address, Amity, Pa.
Nathan B. Evans	"	Taken prisoner at Gettysburg; promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1864. Address, Ten Mile, Pa.
*George S. Moore	"	Promoted to Corporal Nov. 1, 1863; transferred to Signal Corps; died in New Lisbon, O.
*John Kelly	" †	Promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1865; died at Cumberland, Md., 1911.
James Miles	" †	Promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1865. Address, Waverly, O.
*Leroy Woods Day	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, July 4, 1864; died Aug. 26, 1911.
Musicians Alpheus Cunningham	"	Discharged by special order July 20, 1865. Address, Rice's Landing, Pa.
*Hamilton Parker	" †	Killed in Missouri 1867, accidentally.
*James McCleary	Feb. 23, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d; Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865. Date of death not known.
Privates Robert Birch	Aug. 22, 1862.	Discharged Sept. 19 for wounds received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Address, Salineville, Ohio.
*Ira Baldwin	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, Oct. 18, 1861; died in Missouri, 1897.
*William Bebout	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 23, 1863; died in 1893.
Samuel S. Bell	"	Discharged for disability on surgeon's certificate; Date unknown. Address, Washington, Pa.
Hazlett M. Bell	"	Wounded at Chancellorville, Va., May 3, 1863; transferred to 2d Battalion V. R. C., March 16, 1864; discharged by general orders, June 28, 1865. Address, Finleyville, Pa.
*Enoch Baker	"	Taken prisoner at Bowling Green, Va., June 2, 1864; died at Blue Rapids, Kas., April 27, 1912.
*Abner L. Birch	"	Died in Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 4, of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.
*James Birch	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died May 12 of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.
*Miller Blatchly	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died at Beverly, N. J., Oct. 4, 1864; burial recorded Oct. 9, 1864.
*John L. Brannon	"	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
*Charles Cunningham	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate, Feb. 22, 1864; died at Ten Mile, Pa., 1896.
*Levi Curry	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, Feb. 8, 1863; died in Texas, 1903.
*Andrew Curry	"	Wounded and taken prisoner at Chancellorville, Va., May 1, 1863; died in Andersonville—date unknown—buried in Lawton National Cemetery, Millan, Ga.—Sec. A, grave 85.
*Silas M. Crispin	Sept. 4, 1862.	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; transferred to V. R. Corps, Jan. 10, 1865; died at Lone Pine, Pa., 1894.
*Milton Clutter	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died at Washington, D. C., March 20, 1864; burial recorded, Feb. 20, 1864; buried in Harmony Burial Grounds, D. C.
*John W. Cooper	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; died at Prosperity, Pa., Nov. 7, 1864.
Wilson Doty	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged by general orders, May 26, 1865. Address, Ten Mile, Pa.
*Thomas Doty	"	Killed at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864.
*Lewis Dille	"	Died July 19 of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; buried National Cemetery; Sec. B, grave 44.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*Joseph E. Evans	"	Died in the West; date not known.
*Abner Enox	"	Died at Lone Pine, Pa., 1905.
Enoch French	"	Discharged Sept. 14, 1863. Address, Washington, Pa.
*Jacob Frazee	"	Transferred to Brown's Rhode Island Battery, Dec. 17, 1863; died at Lone Pine, Pa., 1896.
Thomas Glennon	Sept. 4, 1862.	Wounded at Bristow Station; transferred to Brown's Rhode Island Battery, Dec. 17, 1863. Address, Waynesburg, Pa.
James L. Garvin	Feb. 29, 1864.	Not accounted for.
James Hathaway	Aug. 22, 1862.	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; discharged by general orders May 30, 1865. Address, Rice's Landing, Pa.
*James Hilton	"	Discharged by surgeon's certificate, March 31, 1863; died in Illinois, 1903.
*Jacob Hatfield	"	Died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 31, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
*Robert Hatfield	Dec. 29, 1863.	Recruit; transferred to Co. H, 9th Reg. V. R. C. Jan. 10, 1865; discharged by general orders July 21, 1865; date of death not known.
*Jonathan W. Hughes	Aug. 22, 1862.	Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; died at Amity Nov. 5, 1864.
*James A. Jackson	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, Dec. 31, 1863; died at Amity, Pa., March, 1909.
*Samuel Johnson	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, Feb. 8, 1863; died at Waynesburg, Pa.
Charles M. Kaine	"	Address not known.
*George Keeny	Sept. 4, 1862.	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 2, 1863; died 1910.
Amos Knestrick	Aug. 22, 1862.	Address, Vanceville, Pa.
*Cornelius D. B. Kirk	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 31, 1863; date of death not known.
*Cyrus Lindley	"	Died at Prosperity, 1901.
*Milton Lindley	"	Deserted Nov. 20, 1862.
*Isaac Leacock	"	Wounded with loss of leg at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate, Oct. 25, 1864; died at Ten Mile, 1910.
*John W. Lewis	"	Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., July 13, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 1, 1864.
William Lloyd	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, Sept. 3, 1863; living in Missouri.
Milton Lindley	"	Deserted, Nov. 20, 1862.
*Joseph Meeks	"	Taken prisoner at Bristow Station, Va., Oct. 14, 1863; died at Annapolis, Md., May 13, 1865.
James Love	"	Not accounted for.
*Enoch G. Martin	Feb. 27, 1864.	Recruit; wounded at Petersburg, Jan. 4, 1865; discharged by general orders, June 2, 1865.
*Lyman S. Miller	Feb. 26, 1864.	Recruit; transferred to Co. H, 53d Reg., P. V.; date unknown; died in Nebraska.
*James M. Miller	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died at Washington, D. C., May 20, of wounds received at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
*James Montgomery	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died July 15 of wounds received at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
*John B. McDonald	"	Died in Illinois, 1897.
*Winder McKinney	"	Transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps Nov. 1, 1862; died at Lone Pine, Pa., 1898.
*Albert G. Parker	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 31, 1863; died in Washington, Pa., 1902.
*Judson W. Paden	"	Killed at Spottsylvania.
*Philo Paul	"	Killed at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864.
*Peter Phillips	"	Died May 10th 1864 of wounds received at Po River, Va.
*Harvey Pope	"	Died at Windmill Point, Va., Feb. 2, 1863.
*John Quinn	Dec. 29, 1863.	Recruit; transferred to Co. H, 53d Reg. P. V. May 30, 1865; date of death not known.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
George Redd	Sept. 4, 1862.	Living in Kansas.
William Rutan	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died at Washington, D. C., June 12, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
Sibert	“ †	Died at Amity, 1908; wounded at Cold Harbor.
Sibert	“ †	Address, Amity, Pa.
Sherrick	“ †	Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863 and at Wilderness, Va. May, 1864; died in Virginia, 1905.
Swihart	“ †	Address, Waynesburg, Pa.
Swart	“ †	Died at Amity, 1906.
Swart	“	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate, Sept. 19, 1864; died at Amity, 1900.
Swart	Feb. 27, 1863.	Recruit; transferred to Co. H, 53d Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865; discharged by general orders June 17, 1865; died in Iowa.
W. Sanders	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died at Potomac Creek, Va., May 16, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
n Sanders	Sept. 4, 1862.	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
er Smalley	Aug. 22, 1862.	Killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.
Swart	“	Killed at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864.
W. Teegarden	“ †	Wounded at Five Forks, Va., April, 1865; died in Kansas, 1908.
am Teegarden	“	Died at Washington, D. C., of wounds received at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864.
J. Vankirk	“	Wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; discharged April 15, 1865 on surgeon's certificate; died in Washington, Pa., 1911.
am Watson	Sept. 4, 1862.	Absent; sick at muster out. Address, Pittsburgh, Pa.
y Watson	Aug. 22, 1862.	Taken prisoner at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; discharged by general orders May 26, 1865; died at Lone Pine, Pa., 1898.
topher C. Welch	“	Discharged by special order April 1, 1865; died in Washington, Pa., 1909.
am Williams	Sept. 4, 1862.	Died at Alexandria, Va., May 12, 1864.
A. Wright	Aug. 22, 1862. †	Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Address, Indianapolis, Ind.
Yoders	“	Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps, Jan. 10, 1865; died 1896.

Deceased. † Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

The aggregate loss of Company D during the war was:
Twenty-two killed, 36 wounded, 6 taken prisoners and 11 died of diseases. Eleven recruits the Company during the fall and winter of 1863-64.
At the muster-out of the Regiment, at the close of the war, there were present 17 of Company D.

ROSTER OF COMPANY E

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Captains Aaron O. Gregg Irvin F. Sansom	Aug. 22, 1862. "	Discharged on surgeon's certificate June 5, 1863. Promoted from 2d to 1st Lieutenant March 1, 1863; to Captain Sept. 1, 1863; discharged Aug. 17, 1864.
*Jesse J. Power	Sept. 4, 1862. †	Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant Nov. 12, 1863; to Captain Feb. 10, 1865; wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864; died November 15, 1910.
1st Lieutenants Thomas A. Stone James A. Russell	Aug. 23, 1862. Sept. 4, 1862.	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 7, 1863. Promoted from Sergeant Nov. 6, 1863; discharged Jan. 13, 1865. Braddock, Pa.
*William D. Lauk	"	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Feb. 10, 1865; killed at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865; buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Grave 14.
2d Lieutenants William A. McMillin Francis R. Storer	Aug. 23, 1862. Sept. 4, 1862.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant April 18, 1865. Promoted from 1st Sergeant March 30, 1863; discharged by general orders Dec. 14, 1863.
1st Sergeants John Barkley Samuel Potter	Aug. 22, 1862. "	Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant April 12, 1863; to 1st Sergeant Feb. 10, 1865. Promoted from Corporal April 10, 1863; wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate Nov. 25, 1864.
Sergeants Isaiah Collins	"	† Promoted to Corporal Jan. 24, 1864; to Sergeant Feb. 10, 1865. Ohiopyle, Pa.
William P. McMasters	"	† Promoted to Corporal Dec. 22, 1864; to Sergeant Feb. 10, 1865. Munhall, Pa.
George B. Kistler	"	† Promoted from private Feb. 10, 1865; wounded at Po River Feb. 10, 1864.
James Shaw A. G. Beeson	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 22, 1863. Promoted from Corporal Feb. 23, 1863; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 1, 1865. Uniontown, Pa.
R. G. S. Smith	"	Promoted to Quartermaster-Sergeant, date unknown.
*R. F. O'Bryon	"	Killed at Totopotomy Creek, Va., May 31, 1864.
Corporals Abraham Moore Samuel Prichard Simon Iuks	"	† Captured; died at Charleston, S. C., Oct. 23, 1864. Promoted to Corporal April 10, 1863; absent, sick at muster out.
*George Lafferty	"	Promoted to Corporal Nov. 10, 1863; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 4, 1864; died, date unknown.
Thomas Kelley Plumer F. Hall Harvey Rose	"	† Promoted to Corporal Aug. 1, 1864. Promoted to Corporal Dec. 22, 1864. Ohiopyle, Pa. Promoted to Corporal April 10, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Sept. 22, 1863.
*James Ranken	"	Died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 10, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.
*Robert Russell	"	Promoted to Corporal Oct. 9, 1863; killed at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864.
*Robert Herron	"	Promoted to Corporal April 10, 1863; killed at Totopotomy, Va., May 31, 1864.
Musician Charles F. King	Oct. 20, 1862. †	Uniontown, Pa.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY E

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Privates		
Jackson Ballsinger	Aug. 22, 1862.	Wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; absent at muster out. Turkey River, Iowa.
Harvey Ballsinger	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; absent at muster out. Osterdock, Iowa.
Benjamin Behannah	"	Hazard, Pa.
George Behannah	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 22, 1863.
Alex. Boniface	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 29, 1864. Homestead, Pa.
William Ballsinger	"	Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps Sept. 1, 1863. Smithfield, Pa.
*George Ballsinger	"	Accidentally killed at White Hall, Md., Sept. 27, 1862.
*Franklin Barringer	"	Died July 15, 1864, of wounds received in action; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
*A. S. Black	"	Died at Parkton, Md., Nov. 12, 1862.
Elk Cady	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864; transferred to V. R. C.; discharged by general orders Aug. 4, 1865.
*Lindsey Cady	"	Discharged by general orders July 14, 1864.
Samuel Cashdollar	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864; absent at muster out. Stewarts Station, Pa.
James Chubbie	"	Canonsburg, Pa.
James Colvin	"	Absent on detached service at muster out.
Andrew N. Crawford	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 7, 1863.
*William E. Chester	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate May 15, 1865.
*Samuel W. Cady	"	Died July 1, 1864.
*James Coskey	"	Died, date unknown.
Thomas Cole	"	Deserted July 1, 1863.
H. C. Diffenderffer	"	109 Mayflower Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Stephen Daniels	"	Transferred to 2d Bat. V. R. C. Sept. 1, 1863; discharged by general orders June 29, 1865.
Francis M. Daniels	"	Captured at Gettysburg July 2; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
John Fell	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864. Bellevue, Pa.
Zenophon Gamble	"	Discharged by general orders June 12, 1865. Emporium, Kansas.
Charles Guter	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864, absent at muster out. Irwin Station, Pa.
John Gawley	"	Deserted Aug. 23, 1863.
John S. Hindman	"	Wounded with loss of arm at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate after 20th, 1865. Streator, Ill.
Josiah Holdman	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 9, 1863.
Daniel Handlin	"	Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps June 9, 1865.
*Francis M. Hansel	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, buried in National Cemetery, Sec. E, Grave 24.
*William Hirsh	"	Killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
*James Hurley	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., March 24, 1863.
*Jeremiah Huttenhour	"	Killed at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864.
Benjamin Ingles	"	
John Johnson	"	
Andrew Johnson	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 16, 1865. Normalville, Pa.
Jesse L. Jones	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate April 10, 1863.
William B. Jobb	Oct. 29, 1862.	Transferred to Co. A, 3d Regt. V. R. C. Jan. 10, 1863, discharged by general orders July 6, 1865.
Levi Keenan	Aug. 22, 1862.	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 23, 1864.
Christopher Lickle	"	Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps Jan. 10, 1865.
*C. A. Lauk	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., March 24, 1863.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*Bart. Lancaster	"	Died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 1862.
*James Lytle	"	Died at Andersonville, Ga., date unknown.
Calvin B. Malaby	"	Deserted June 30, 1863.
And. McWilliams	"	Missing in action at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864.
Henry McKnight	Oct. 29, 1862.	Discharged on surgeon's certificate July 15, 1863. Dawson, Pa.
*George McMillen	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 28, 1864; buried in Allegheny Cemetery.
William Pyle	"	Discharged by general orders June 27, 1865. Pomona, Kansas.
*George W. Pritchard	"	Discharged by general orders July 7, 1864; died April 1, 1911.
John W. Pearce	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown.
Jesse Pearce	"	Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps Aug. 1, 1863.
*Hugh Patterson	"	Died at Washington, D. C., Aug. 10, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.
Harry Pierce	"	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 1, 1864.
Robert G. Roberts	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 2, 1864; discharged by general orders June 15, 1865. Braddock, Pa.
Alden Rose	"	Marietta, Ohio.
*Robert Rudge	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864; transferred to Co. H, 12th Regt. V. R. C.; discharged by general orders June 29, 1865.
William Reynolds	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 19, 1863.
William R. Roberts	Oct. 29, 1862.	Discharged on surgeon's certificate May 8, 1863.
Francis Russell	Aug. 22, 1862.	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 17, 1863.
*Sparks E. Roberts	"	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 24, 1864.
*Jesse Stricklin	"	
A. B. Smiley	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 19, 1863. Dunbar, Pa.
*William H. Sickles	"	Died at Point Lookout, Md., Oct. 14, 1864.
William Turner	"	Wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; discharged by general orders June 17, 1865.
*John W. Thorp	"	Died at Washington, D. C., July 31, 1863.
*Robert Wall	"	Wounded at South Side R. R. V.
William F. White	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864; absent at muster out.
Joseph Wiltser	"	Wounded at Sailor's Creek April 6, 1865.
George Windhurst	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864.
Lowrie Williams	"	
*Solomon Williams	"	Died at Alexandria, Va., Oct. 31, 1863, of wounds received in action.
*Joseph J. Woodward	"	Killed at Totopotomy, Va., May 31, 1864.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 21, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY F

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Captains		
*Richard P. Roberts	Aug. 21, 1862.	Promoted to Colonel Sept. 12, 1862.
*Thomas Henry	"	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Sept. 24, 1862, and to Major May 1, 1865; wounded at Culpepper Court House May, 1864; died May 12, 1912, at Beaver, Pa.
1st Lieutenants		
John D. Stokes	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged Jan. 15, 1864, on surgeon's certificate.
*Andrew M. Purdy	"	Promoted from Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant March 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant March 2, 1864; killed at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.
2d Lieutenants		
*Alex. H. Calvert	"	Promoted from Sergeant Sept. 15, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate on Feb. 7, 1863.
*Carmen M. Nelson	"	Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant March 1, 1863; to 2d Lieutenant Dec. 10, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
1st Sergeants		
Joseph R. Harrah	"	Promoted from Sergeant July 3, 1863. Beaver, Pa.
W. S. Shallenberger	"	Promoted to Adjutant Sept. 12, 1862; wounded at Todd's Tavern; discharged on surgeon's certificate Oct. 8, 1864. Washington, D. C.
*John E. Harshe	"	Promoted from Sergeant March 1, 1863; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Sergeants		
*Darius Singleton	"	Promoted from Corporal Sept. 16, 1862; commissioned 1st Lieutenant Oct. 10, 1864; not mustered; wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; absent, sick at muster out.
Joseph W. Appleton	"	Promoted from Corporal; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863. Industry, Pa.
Joseph R. Dunlap	"	Promoted from Corporal; wounded and captured; discharged by general orders May 20, 1865. Lansing, Mich.
*Robert Riddle	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps March 5, 1864.
Thomas S. Anshutz	"	Promoted to Sergeant-Major May 15, 1862. St. Petersburg, Fla.
*John Henderson	"	Promoted from Corporal July 3, 1863; killed at Po River May 10, 1864.
Thomas J. Kerr	Feb. 29, 1864.	Transferred to 53d P. V. May 30, 1865. Liverpool, Ohio.
Corporals		
*Andrew J. White	Aug. 21, 1862.	Promoted to Corporal March 1, 1863; discharged by general orders May 31, 1865; Died Jan. 24, 1911.
James A. Lockhart	"	Promoted to Corporal Feb. 16, 1864. Elwood City, Pa.
*Alfred M. McCaskey	"	Promoted to Corporal Feb. 16, 1864; died July 8, 1910.
Thomas Clark	"	Promoted to Corporal.
Madison Risinger	"	Promoted to Corporal July 1, 1864. Nogales, Ariz.
*Ruel W. Strock	"	Promoted to Corporal; prisoner from July 2 to Sept. 23, 1863.
Joseph O. Schley	"	Promoted to Corporal May 16, 1865; prisoner from July 2 to Dec. 27, 1863.
Seth W. Strock	"	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 2, 1862; discharged Jan. 4, 1864.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
A. B. McKinzie	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; transferred to Vet. Res. Corps Feb. 15, 1864. Washington, D. C.
John B. Clark	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; transferred to Vet. Res. Corps Feb. 15, 1864. Beaver, Pa.
George R. Boden	"	Wounded; transferred Sept 1, 1863, to 7th Co. 2d Bat., Vet. Res. Corps; discharged June 29, 1865. Mediane Lodge, Kansas.
Ira Kirker	Feb. 2, 1864.	Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps Jan. 10, 1865, 2314 Park Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.
Andrew J. Diamond	Feb. 5, 1864.	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 1, 1864; transferred to 53d P. V., date unknown; discharged Aug 1, 1865, by general orders.
*Frank N. Johnson	Aug. 21, 1862.	Promoted to Corporal July 3, 1863; killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
*John B. Douds	"	Promoted to Corporal Feb. 10, 1864; killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
Musicians		
*Thomas M. Anderson	"	† Died at Rochester, Pa.
Taylor M. Stokes	"	Discharged Dec. 6, 1863.
Privates		
James Anderson	"	† Rochester, Pa.
*John Anderson	"	Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
Jacob A. Baker	"	Discharged by general orders May 30, 1865.
George Bell	"	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; prisoner from Aug. 16, 1864, to March 3, 1865; discharged June 9, 1865, by general orders.
*Benjamin Buckley	"	† Died since muster out.
Lewis O. Barnes	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 20, 1863. New Brighton, Pa.
Harvey Brown	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 11, 1863. West Bridgewater, Pa.
Benjamin A. Bonewell	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged Dec. 26, 1863, on surgeon's certificate.
William H. Bruce	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to Ind. Battery C., Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863.
William Bruce	"	Transferred to Co. D, 11th Regt., Vet. Res. Corps; discharged July 7, 1865, by general orders.
*Joseph Baker	"	Killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
*John S. Bell	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
Eli R. Brooks	March 27, 1865.	Transferred to Co. D, 53d P. V., May 30, 1865.
*Samuel C. Coulter	Feb. 29, 1864.	Captured; transferred to Co. D, 53d P. V., date unknown; died March 7, 1909.
James H. Cunningham	Feb. 20, 1864.	Wounded and captured at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864; transferred to Co. D, 53d P. V., date unknown. Beaver, Pa.
Robert H. Cooper	Aug. 21, 1862.	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863. Winterset, Iowa.
*William J. Cooper	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863.
*James A. Carson	"	Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
*Fred. C. Cook	"	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
*George W. Cooper	Feb. 27, 1864.	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
*Daniel Crawford	Feb. 9, 1864.	Died May 30 of wounds received at the Wilderness May, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
Samuel M. Dinsmore	Aug. 21, 1862.	
*William Doak	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; absent, sick at muster out; died May 1, 1912.
*Jonathan I. Davis	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to Vet. Res. Corps May 1, 1864.
*John Douglass	"	Transferred to 95th Company, 2d Battalion V. R. C., Dec. 6, 1865; discharged Aug. 21, 1865. expiration of term.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY F

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*William H. Dinsmore	"	Died at York, Pa., Aug. 18, of wounds received at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*John S. Ewing	"	Died July 26, 1911.
*Henry Edwards	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged Oct. 25, 1864, on surgeon's certificate.
Arthur Eckles	Feb. 25, 1864.	Transferred to Co. D, 53d P. V., May 30, 1865.
*Joseph Graham	Aug. 21, 1862.	Died since muster out.
Francis M. Grim	Feb. 27, 1864.	Wounded with loss of leg at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; discharged March 16, 1865, on surgeon's certificate. Jacksonville, Fla.
Thomas D. Grim	"	Transferred to Co. D, 53d P. V., May 30, 1865.
Robert N. Gillen	Aug. 21, 1862.	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, and at Wilderness May, 1864; transferred to Co. A, 18th Regt., V. R. C., Feb. 11, 1865; discharged June 28, 1865, by general orders.
*Alvin L. Greenlee	"	Died of wounds received at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*James T. Hays	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, and at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864, and at Petersburg.
Abel Hunter	"	Wounded at Wilderness May, 1864; absent, sick at muster out.
*Philip Hoak	"	Killed at Totopotomy, Va., May 31, 1864.
*George M. Hoyt	"	Died at Potomac Creek April 25, 1863.
*Amos Hartsough	March 31, 1864.	Wounded at Wilderness May, 1864; died June 25, 1864, at Washington, D. C.; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
*Seth W. Irwin	Aug. 21, 1862.	Died March 7, 1910.
*Samuel A. Johnson	"	Wounded at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant 29th Regt., U. S. C. T.; died April 1, 1910.
Hugh M. Kerr	"	Wounded at Wilderness May, 1864; discharged April 7, 1865. Elwood City, Pa.
Adam H. Kerr	"	Captured; drowned May 3, 1865.
James W. Knox	Feb. 27, 1864.	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged Dec. 28, 1865, on surgeon's certificate.
*William Krepps	Aug. 21, 1862.	Died since muster out.
James R. Lockhart	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; died March 5, 1912.
Martin W. May	"	Died since muster out.
*Madison Moore	"	New Cumberland, West Va., R. F. D.
*John E. Moore	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged June 5, 1865, by general orders. Monaca, Pa.
Geo. W. Minesinger	"	Transferred to 53d P. V. May 30, 1865. Beaver Falls, Pa.
Harrison Miller	"	Transferred to Co. D, 53d P. V., March 30, 1865.
Vincent Miller	Feb. 8, 1864.	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; prisoner from July 3 to Sept 3, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864. Monaca, Pa.
Michael Mason	Feb. 25, 1864.	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
John McCullough	Aug. 21, 1862.	Discharged March 2, 1863, on surgeon's certificate.
Andrew McCullough	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate May 27, 1863; died July 13, 1912. Chester, West Va.
James L. McCreery	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 3, 1863. West Bridgewater, Pa.
*William McClain	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate June 30, 1863.
William J. McCabe	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
Joseph McFarland	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 6, 1864.
*John McManamy	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May, 1864; captured; transferred to Co. D, 53d P. V., May 30, 1865. Freedom, Pa.
Smith McDaniels	Jan. 28, 1864.	Died July 11, 1864, of wound received at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
Robert H. McCaskey	Feb. 27, 1864.	
*George M. Nevin	Aug. 21, 1862.	

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Enoch Neville	March 27, 1865.	Transferred to Co. D, 53d P. V.; discharged Aug 14, 1865, by general orders. Youngstown, Ohio.
*William Pyle	Aug. 21, 1862. †	Died since muster out.
*Andrew Robinson	" †	Died since muster out.
George Ryan	" †	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, and at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864. Pittsburgh, Pa.
*John S. Reed	"	Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps Sept. 1, 1863; died Feb. 22, 1910.
Henry Stephens	" †	Elwood City, Pa.
*Adam Stone	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate April 11, 1864.
*John H. Short	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; discharged Nov. 4, 1864, on surgeon's certificate.
Christian Shivelay	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate July 15, 1864. Bellevue, Pa.
William Swearingen	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant 32d Regt., U. S. C. T., March 1, 1864; mustered out Aug. 22, 1865. Hookstown, Pa.
Thomas Small	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to Co. A, 18th Regt., Vet Res. Corps, Feb. 11, 1865; discharged June 28, 1865, by general orders. Beaver, Pa.
*John P. Small	"	Died Aug. 11 of wounds received at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Edwin K. Sloan	"	Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
*Louis Swearingen	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
Enoch Strain	"	Deserted July 11, 1863.
Alvin M. Taylor	" †	Wounded and captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863. Beaver, Pa.
John G. Thompson	Feb. 9, 1864.	Wounded at Wilderness May, 1864; transferred to Co. D, 53d P. V., May 30, 1865; discharged by general orders July 6, 1865. Mount Pleasant, Pa.
*Lewis J. Wagner	Aug. 21, 1862. †	Wounded at Bristoe Station, Va., Oct. 14, 1863; wounded at Wilderness May, 1864.
*Michael B. Wilson	" †	Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
*David H. Weaver	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; transferred to Co. G, 18th Regt., V. R. C., date unknown; discharged June 29, 1865, by general orders.
*Richard Walton	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; died June 19, 1863, at Washington, D. C.
*Alexander White	"	Died at Alexandria, Va., of wounds received at Po River May 10, 1864.
*John S. White	"	Died at Alexandria, Va., June 12, of wounds received at Po River May 10, 1864.
*James Wilson	"	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., July 20, 1863.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY G

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Captain *John Fraser	Aug. 22, 1862. †	Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel Sept. 4, 1862; to Colonel July 4, 1863; to Brevet Brigadier-General March 13, 1865; wounded at Spottsylvania May, 1864; captured at Petersburg June 16, 1864; died June 4, 1878.
*Henry H. Bingham	"	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Sept. 9, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; at Farmville April 7, 1865; captured at Boydton Plank Road Oct. 27, 1864; promoted to Major and Judge Advocate, U. S. V., Sept. 20, 1864; to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, to Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General April 9, 1865; mustered out July 2, 1865; died March 23, 1912.
*John F. Wilson	"	Promoted to 1st Sergeant May 4, 1863; to 2d Lieutenant Sept. 1, 1863; to Captain Dec. 10, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died April 14, 1865, of wounds received March 25, 1865.
1st Lieutenant Wilson N. Paxton	"	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Sept. 9, 1862; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged May 17, 1865, Washington, D. C.
2d Lieutenant *Joseph W. McEwen	"	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Sept. 9, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
*Alex. M. Wilson	"	Promoted to 1st Sergeant Sept. 9, 1862; to 2d Lieutenant May 4, 1863; killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
John R. Paxton	" †	Promoted to Sergeant Aug. 7, 1863; to 1st Sergeant Sept. 1, 1863; to 2d Lieutenant Dec. 10, 1864. New York City, N. Y.
Sergeants William T. Pollock	" †	Promoted to Sergeant Sept. 30, 1862; to 1st Sergeant Dec. 10, 1864. Washington, Pa.
*James M. Patton	" †	Promoted to Sergeant Nov. 1, 1863; wounded at Robinson Cross Roads May 8, 1864; died March 22, 1912.
David L. Taggart	" †	Promoted to Sergeant May 16, 1864. Olathe, Kan.
James L. Berry	" †	Promoted to Sergeant Dec. 10, 1864. Humiston, Iowa.
James B. Jackson	"	Captured at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; transferred to V. R. C.; discharged April 26, 1865. Cincinnati, Ohio.
*Thomas J. Weaver	"	Died at Harrisburg Sept. 29, 1862.
*Benjamin B. Black	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Jasper E. Brady	"	Promoted to Sergeant Sept. 9, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate 1863; died Feb. 9, 1899.
*James P. Kerr	" †	Promoted to Sergeant June 18, 1864; died Sept. 2, 1897.
*James Van Volkenberg	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; killed at Petersburg June 17, 1864.
*Bankhead B. Barr	"	Promoted to Sergeant Sept. 9, 1863; died May 18, 1864, of wounds received at Po River, May 9, 1864.
*Thomas A. Perrine	"	Promoted to Sergeant April 2, 1863; lost arm at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Aug. 7, 1863; died July 21, 1890.
Corporals John C. Davis	" †	Promoted to Corporal July 4, 1864. Fort Collins, Colo.
Ebenezer G. Emery	" †	Promoted to Corporal Nov. 1, 1864. Hickory, Pa.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Robert L. Stewart	" †	Promoted to Corporal Dec. 18, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; on detached service, Adjutant General's Office, 1st Division, 1864-65. Lincoln University, Pa.
Dunning Hart	"	Promoted to Corporal Aug. 24, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Oct. 18, 1864; discharged July 12, 1865. Washington, Pa.
John Gilkeson	"	Promoted to Corporal Dec. 10, 1864; lost leg at Sailors Creek April 6, 1865; discharged Aug. 29, 1865. Ashland, Neb.
John R. Mitchel	"	Transferred to Signal Corps Nov. 1, 1863; discharged June 24, 1865. Springfield, Ohio.
Joseph L. Moore	"	Promoted to Corporal June 10, 1863; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged March 24, 1865. Carthage, Mo.
*James G. Sloan	" †	Promoted to Corporal June 1, 1863; died Nov. 2, 1897.
*James S. Rankin	" †	Promoted to Corporal, Sept. 4, 1864; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died Nov. 13, 1872.
*Wm. J. T. Patton	" †	Promoted to Corporal March 25, 1865; wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; died Nov. 16, 1909.
*Ebenezer H. Martin	"	Transferred to Signal Corps April 1, 1864; drowned at City Point, Va., June 23, 1864.
*Henry G. McGinnis	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., June 1, 1863.
*Frank Iams	"	Promoted to Corporal April 1, 1864; killed at Totopotomy, Va., May 31, 1864.
*Alexander Gaston	"	Promoted to Corporal June 1, 1864; killed at Petersburg June 17, 1864.
*David W. Berry	"	Promoted to Corporal June 1, 1864; died July 4, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864.
*Robert L. Speer	"	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; died Feb. 12, 1865.
*Joseph Wilson	"	Promoted to Corporal June 20, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864; discharged July 14, 1865; died March 8, 1908.
*Samuel R. Charlton	Feb. 6, 1862.	Mustered into service Feb. 6, 1864; transferred to 53d Regt. P. V. May 30, 1865; died Sept. 17, 1897.
Musicians	"	"
*Josiah H. Carrell	Aug. 22, 1862.	Promoted to Principal Musician March 1, 1864; discharged June 3, 1865; died Dec. 15, 1896.
Privates		
*James Allison	" †	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died Jan. 6, 1899.
*John Arnold	" †	Accidentally killed Oct. 12, 1869.
*Simon Arnold	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Boyd E. Atkinson	"	Killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
*William Armstrong	"	Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
*James Armstrong	"	Lost arm at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Aug. 14, 1863; died May 4, 1905.
*John M. Berry	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; transferred to V. R. C.; discharged June 28, 1865; died March 16, 1912.
*John Barr	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*David W. Boyd	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*David Boyce	"	Killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
*Addison A. Coleman	" †	Died Sept. 2, 1903.
*Stephen Champ	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 8, 1864; died Jan. 13, 1896.
*Vincent Crawford	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., May 31, 1863.
*James N. Crawford	" †	Died Feb. 15, 1896.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY G

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*Eli Crawford	"	Mustered in Cavalry Company; captured near Gettysburg July, 1863; died at Macon (Ga.) Prison.
*George Davis	"	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged June 9, 1865; died Sept. 19, 1902.
*James S. Daggs	"	Wounded at North Ann River May 24, 1864; discharged May 18, 1865; died Aug. 26, 1901.
*Charles R. Donaldson	"	Died at Parkton, Md., Sept. 17, 1863.
*William G. Donaldson	"	Killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
John L. Gow	"	Discharged May 31, 1865. Seattle, Wash.
*James W. Griffith	"	Wounded at North Ann River May 24, 1864; discharged June, 1865; died May 24, 1912.
*Levi Griffith	"	Died June 25, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg June 18, 1864.
*William S. Greer	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Sept. 26, 1863; died Sept. 24, 1864.
*George Greer	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., Feb. 16, 1863.
*William A. Helt	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged May 12, 1865. Pittsburgh, Pa.
James Himmeger	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged May 27, 1865. Canonsburg, Pa.
*David Haylin	"	Died June 27, 1897.
*John Hodgson	†	Captured at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; discharged June 10, 1865; accidentally killed Aug. 13, 1900.
*Joseph Hemphill	"	Transferred to Ind Bat. C, Pa. Art. Dec. 17, 1863; discharged June 8, 1865; died April 4, 1906.
*James Hamilton	"	Died at Parkton, Md., Sept. 23, 1863.
Joseph B. Johnson	"	Transferred to Signal Corps April 1, 1864; captured Oct. 28, 1864; discharged June 24, 1865. Canonsburg, Pa.
Robert S. Jackson	"	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged July 1, 1865. Toledo, Iowa.
*William H. Jackson	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 7, 1863; died Feb. 27, 1905.
*William A. Kerr	"	Wounded at Bristow Station Oct. 14, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 21, 1864; died Feb. 28, 1887.
*Cornelius D. B. Kirk	"	Wounded at Deep Bottom Aug. 16, 1864; discharged May 15, 1865; died Dec. 20, 1907.
*William H. Lemon	"	Wounded and captured at Wilderness May 5, 1864; died at Andersonville Prison Aug. 25, 1864.
*Joseph Lawson	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*James Lynn	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
George R. Murray	†	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863. Thomas, Pa.
Thomas M. McNary	†	Washington, Pa.
George W. McGibbony	†	Thomas, Pa.
Samuel B. McBride	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 18, 1863. Sewickley, Pa.
*John W. McMains	"	Died June 23, 1885.
*Robert K. McJunkin	"	Died at Parkton, Md., Nov. 6, 1863.
*James McGlumphy	"	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; wounded at Petersburg March 25, 1865; discharged June, 1865; died March 16, 1883.
*John McNutt	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
James W. Pollock	†	Washington, Pa.
Wayne J. Phillips	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Nov. 12, 1863; discharged July 7, 1865. Canonsburg, Pa.
*David B. Phillips	"	Wounded and discharged May 15, 1865; died July 13, 1907.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*Robert B. Parkinson	"	Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant Oct. 11, 1864; discharged May 31, 1865; died Jan. 1, 1894.
John T. Sumney	"	Transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 20, 1864; discharged July 5, 1865. Los Angeles, Cal.
David H. Sumney	" †	Eighty-Four, Pa.
John M. Stewart	" †	Abilene, Kan.
William B. Stewart	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Sept. 7, 1862. Moberly, Mo.
*John M. Speer	"	Died March 13, 1885.
*William Sheets	"	Transferred to V. R. C. Feb. 15, 1864; discharged 1865; died Nov. 27, 1892.
*Cyrus Townsend	"	Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant July 13, 1863; discharged 1865; died Aug. 4, 1898.
*James Thomas	"	Died at Washington, D. C., Aug. 18, 1863.
David White	" †	South Tacoma, Wash.
James P. Weaver	"	Transferred to V. R. C. Nov. 11, 1863; discharged July 7, 1865. Canonsburg, Pa.
*Thomas Weaver	"	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died at Richmond (Va.) Prison Nov. 2, 1863.
*Joshua Weaver	" †	Died Oct. 3, 1905.
*John M. Watson	" †	Died April 22, 1909.
*Hugh Weir	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
James Young	"	Transferred to Ind. Bat. C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863; discharged June 8, 1865. Canonsburg Pa.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

All of the above list were mustered into the service Aug. 22, 1862, except Samuel Cope and Samuel Charlton, the only recruits added to Company G.

ROSTER OF COMPANY H

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Chaplain *Marcus Ormond	"	Promoted from Captain to Chaplain, Oct. 23, 1862; discharged June 8, 1863; died 1883.
Captain *Samuel Campbell	"	Promoted from 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 1, 1862; wounded in throat at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and in the thigh at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; discharged Sept. 18, 1864; died March 8, 1887.
Brevet Major *Samuel S. Kerr	"	Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 6, 1863; to Captain Dec. 10, 1864; to Bv. Major, April 7, 1865; died of wounds received at Farmville, Va., May 3, 1865.
1st Lieutenants Austin Miller	"	Resigned Aug. 12, 1863.
*John B. Vance	"	Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2nd Lieutenant, Nov. 1, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant, Nov. 6, 1863; wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; discharged by reason of wounds, Sept. 28, 1864; died April 22, 1898.
*Addison Lance	" †	Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 1st Lieutenant, Dec. 11, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; died Nov. 3, 1901.
2d Lieutenant *Walter M. Lawrence	" †	Promoted from Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant, Dec. 11, 1864; died Dec. 27, 1906.
1st Sergeants William Thornburg	" †	Promoted from Sergeant to 1st Sergeant, Dec., 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 6, 1864 and at Petersburg, Va., July 2, 1864. Present address, Beaver, Pa.
*Arthur Shields	" †	Promoted from 4th Sergeant to 1st Sergeant, Nov. 6, 1863; wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; died April 17, 1901.
Sergeants Joseph Moody	" †	Promoted from Corporal, Dec. 24, 1864. Present address, Beaver, Pa.
Robert M. Galbraith	" †	Promoted from Corporal; date of death unknown.
*John G. Robb	" †	Promoted from Corporal, Feb. 25, 1865; died March 12, 1895.
John Nickle	" †	Promoted from Corporal; lost right leg at Hatcher's Run, Va. Present address, Hookstown, Pa.
*William Ewing	"	Promoted from Corporal; wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864 and in the Wilderness, May 4, 1864; discharged—date unknown; died March 26, 1908.
*Thomas N. Thornburg	"	Promoted from Corporal; died July 7, 1863, from wound received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*James McD. Mitchell	"	Promoted from Corporal; killed at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
Corporals *Gibson Hood	" †	Promoted from Corporal; wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, also at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; died 1871.
John Purdy	" †	Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, also at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864. Present address, New Sheffield, Pa.
*Joseph Calhoun	" †	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant, United States Colored Infantry; wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863 and Dec. 9, 1864 at Hatcher's Run; died Aug. 6, 1911.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Charles M. McCoy	" †	Promoted to Corporal Dec. 24, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; Present address, Indianola, Iowa.
*James Finegan	" †	Promoted to Corporal, Dec. 24, 1864; date of death unknown.
*George Summerville	" †	Promoted to Corporal, Dec. 24, 1865; wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; died Nov. 20, 1895.
John W. Stevens	" †	Promoted to Corporal, Feb. 25, 1865. Present address unknown.
*George Fox	"	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
*Thomas J. Miller	"	Promoted to Corporal, Feb. 25, 1865; wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; transferred to 2d Battalion Veterinary Reserve Corps, Oct. 20, 1864; discharged Aug. 21, 1865; died June 6, 1892.
*Alexander Greer	"	Promoted to Corporal, Aug. 22, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*Richard M. Crouse	"	Promoted to Corporal; wounded at Deep Bottom, Va., July 28, 1864; died from wound received at Hatcher's Run, Va., Dec. 9, 1864.
Adjutant		
*John S. Bryan	" †	Promoted from Musician to Adjutant of Regiment; died March 28, 1874.
Musicians		
*Timothy Shane	" †	Died Sept. 1911.
Richard Shane	"	Discharged by general orders, July 1, 1865. Present address, Hookstown, Pa.
Frank D. Kerr	"	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant, Coles' Maryland Cavalry, April 14, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865. Present address, Hookstown, Pa.
Privates		
*Hugh Q. Adams	"	Discharged by general orders June 12, 1865; died June 27, 1903.
John G. Adams	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, Aug. 27, 1863. Present address, Georgetown, Pa.
*James B. Babb	"	Wounded at Bristow Station, Va.; discharged by general orders, June 22, 1865; date of death unknown.
*Thomas Bryerly	" †	Wounded May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania Heights; died June 10, 1895.
*William Brunton	"	Wounded July 2, 1863 at Gettysburg; discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 11, 1864; died May 14, 1901.
*James H. Beal	"	Captured at Bristow Station, Oct. 14, 1863 and died in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., in 1863.
*Samuel W. E. Byers	March 24, 1864.	Wounded May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania, Va.; Transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps; discharged by general orders July 12, 1865; date of death unknown.
Harry J. Boyde	"	Present address, Beaver, Pa.; absent on detached service at muster-out of company; discharged June 30, 1865.
*John Blackmore	Aug. 22, 1862.	Killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*Johnston Berlin	"	Killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*Samuel W. Barnes	"	Died Aug. 2, of wound received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*Samuel Chapman	" †	Mustered out with Company, May 31, 1865; died Dec. 5, 1902.
William G. Cowan	" †	Mustered out with Company, May 31, 1865. Present address, Los Angeles, Cal.
*James Cameron	" †	Wounded May 31, 1864 at Totopotomoy, Va.; transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps; discharged by general orders July 14, 1865; died April 27, 1903.
William Calhoun	" †	Present address, Gatebo, Okla.; mustered out with Company, May 31, 1865.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY H

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*William M. Carothers	" †	Wounded May 3, 1863 at Chancellorsville, Va.; transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps, Mar. 5, 1864; discharged by general orders, June 29, 1865; died Oct. 6, 1908.
*John Criswell	"	Transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps, March 31, 1864; discharged by general orders July 8, 1865; died July 15, 1891.
*James Crooks	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Artillery, date unknown; died April 26, 1904.
*William O. Custer	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 27, 1863; died Nov. 16, 1890.
Christopher Cameron	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, June 23, 1863; died 1866.
*Andrew A. Carothers	"	Promoted to Hospital Steward in Regular Army, Feb. 12, 1864; died March 7, 1865.
*David B. Coffey	Feb. 29, 1864.	Wounded May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania, Va.; discharged Jan. 18, 1865; died May 2, 1887.
*George W. Cain	Feb. 22, 1864.	Lost right arm May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania, Va.; discharged on surgeon's certificate, Jan. 18, 1863; died 1868.
*Stewart Campbell	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died of wound received at Totopotomy, Va., June 13, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
*William Conlin	"	Died July 21 of wound received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
James Dornan	"	Discharged by general orders, May 15, 1865. Present address, Frankfort Springs, Pa.
*Shaffer Dever	Feb. 22, 1864.	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps, June 30, 1865; died Nov. 1903.
*Alexander Ewing	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died May 25 of wound received at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.
*Henry Ewing	"	Died July 21 of wound received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*Alexander Flanagan	" †	Mustered out with Company May 31; died 1900.
*Thomas J. Foster	Feb. 20, 1864.	Lost left foot May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania, Va.; discharged on surgeon's certificate Sept. 29, 1864; died March 15, 1873.
*Jacob R. Fleegel	" †	Died Sept. 20 of wound received at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, 1864; buried at Philadelphia, Pa.
*Abram Funkhouser	March 1, 1864.	Killed at Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865.
*John M. Green	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died Jan. 3, 1892.
*John C. Gibb	" †	Died Aug. 4 of wound received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*James Hood	"	Absent; sick at muster out; died June 10, 1909.
John W. Hall	" †	Wounded May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania, Va. Present address, East Liverpool, Ohio.
William B. Hall	"	Transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps; discharged by general orders, June 28, 1865. Present address, Beaver, Pa.
*Robert Hall	Feb. 22, 1864.	Wounded at Totopotomy, June 13, 1864 and Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; discharged by general orders June 30, 1865; died Sept. 25, 1903.
*Frank Hamilton	Feb. 17, 1864.	Transferred to Regiment P. V., May 30, 1865; died June 22, 1902.
*Thomas Hughs	Feb. 29, 1864.	Discharged by general orders June 5, 1865; died Nov. 16, 1909.
*William W. Herron	"	Killed at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864; buried in Wilderness burying grounds.
*Robert Hutchinson	Feb. 25, 1864.	Died Aug. 8 at City Point, Va., of wound received at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.
Ezekiel Inman	Aug. 22, 1862.	Discharged by general orders May 27, 1865. Present address, Ava, Douglass Co., Iowa.
*William Kennedy	"	Died Jan. 30, 1891.
Samuel Kevan	March 31, 1864.	Discharged by general orders May 30, 1865. Present address, Hookstown, Pa.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*David Keifer	Aug. 22, 1862.	Killed at Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865.
*Henry H. Keifer	Feb. 22, 1864.	Died July 16 of wound received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
Robert Laughlin	Aug. 22, 1862. †	Present address, Faulkner, Kans.
Wilson W. Latham	" †	Present address, Burgettstown, Pa.
*Joseph W. Lawrence	" †	Promoted to Hospital Steward Sept. 27, 1862.
*Silas D. Lockhart	Feb. 27, 1864.	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865.
James M. Lutton	Feb. 29, 1864.	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 6, 1865. Present address, Glenwilliard, Pa.
William Martin	Aug. 22, 1862. †	Date of death not known.
*James H. Melvin	" †	Died Jan. 22, 1900.
Thomas E. Moore	"	Died at City Point, Va., Jan. 1, 1865.
Andrew R. Miller	" †	Present address, Hookstown, Pa.
*David M. Minesinger	"	Transferred to Battery C, Pennsylvania Artillery, July 21, 1864; died June 5, 1893.
Samuel W. Miller	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 23, 1863; died in 1878.
John H. Moore	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, Dec. 9, 1863. Present address, Wellsville, Ohio.
Samuel Minesinger	Feb. 22, 1864.	Transferred to Co. G, 53d Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865. Present address, Empire, Ohio.
*William Morrison	March 31, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865.
John Mahoney	March 24, 1864.	Taken prisoner June 17, 1864; transferred to Co. G, 53d Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865; date of death unknown.
*James Miller	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died Oct. 26, 1864 in New York Hospital of disease; buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, L. I.
*William Metz	March 28, 1864.	Killed at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864.
Gabriel Miller	Feb. 26, 1864.	Died in Confederate Prison.
Alex. L. McKibben	Aug. 22, 1862.	Discharged by general orders July 13, 1865. Present address, New Sheffield, Pa.
*Thomas S. McCready	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 14, 1863; died Aug. 22, 1910.
Washington McHenry	"	Missing in action at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*James M. McClure	March 22, 1864.	Transferred to 109 Co. 2d Battalion, V. R. C., Jan. 1, 1865; discharged by general orders Sept. 19, 1865; died 1898.
*William McCreary	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died May 18 of wound received in action May 14, 1864.
*James Mc. Phillips	"	Killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
*William J. Parks	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, June 30, 1863; date of death unknown.
William Parkinson	Feb. 27, 1864.	Transferred to Co. G, 53d Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865; died March 4, 1910.
William Purdy	"	Missing in action at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
*William A. Ramsey	Aug. 22, 1862.	Transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps, July 1, 1863; discharged May 30, 1865; date of death unknown.
*John A. Robb	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; date of death unknown.
George M. Shingles	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864; discharged May 30, 1865.
James P. Smart	"	Wounded May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps, date unknown; discharged by general orders July 3, 1865.
Samuel Swearingen	" †	Present address, Hookstown, Pa.
Joseph Swearingen	"	Absent on detached service at muster-out; discharged by general orders May 30, 1865. Present address, Milford, Nebr.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY H

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*David G. Scott	"	Wounded at Hatcher's Run, Va., Dec. 9, 1864; discharged by general orders Aug. 14, 1865; date of death unknown.
*Alex. W. Shannon	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate, Feb. 23, 1863; died 1872.
*Samuel Smith	March 31, 1864.	Discharged by special order, Oct. 12, 1864; died 1881.
Garrett Standish	Feb. 22, 1864.	Transferred to Co. G, 53d Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865. Present address. Brownsville, Ore.
*John Summerville	"	Transferred to Co. G, 53d Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865; discharged by general orders June 30, 1865; date of death unknown.
Alfred W. Standish	Feb. 8, 1864.	Discharged by general orders July 17, 1865. Present address. Luck Boy, Ore.
*Robert G. Savage	Aug. 22, 1862.	Killed at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864.
*Junius M. Strouss	"	Died Jan. 10, 1865 of wound received at Hatcher's Run, Dec. 9, 1864.
*Hezekiah W. Swaney	"	Killed in action at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
Samuel Torrence	Feb. 22, 1864.	Lost right arm at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate, Jan. 12, 1865. Present address. Beaver, Pa.
*James A. Taggart	Aug. 22, 1862.	Killed July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg.
*Thomas F. Thornburg	Oct. 20, 1863.	Killed at Hatcher's Run, Va., Dec. 9, 1864.
*William H. Uncapher	Aug. 22, 1862.	Died of typhoid fever Aug. 19, 1863, at Baltimore, Md.; buried in National Cemetery, Loudon Park.
*Jasper Whims	Aug. 22, 1862.	Lost right arm at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; date of discharge unknown; died Jan., 1898.
*Newton Whims	"	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant, U. S. C. T., Oct. 24, 1864; died Feb. 4, 1911.
Joshua K. Whims	"	Lost left arm at Hatcher's Run, Va., Dec. 9, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 20, 1865. Address, San Diego, Cal.
*Frank Woodrow	Feb. 22, 1864.	Transferred to Co. H, 53d Reg. P. V., May 30, 1865; died Oct. 4, 1911.
*William Wherry	March 24, 1864.	Wounded May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania; died 1902.
*David R. Whitehill	Aug. 22, 1862.	Killed at Hatcher's Run, Va., Dec. 9, 1864.
*William Yolton	"	Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; died May 19, 1894.
*John Yolton	March 29, 1864.	Wounded May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania; discharged by general orders, May 15, 1865; date of death unknown.

*Deceased. †Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY I

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Captains James Darragh *William McCallister	Aug. 25, 1862. +	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 28, 1863. Promoted to 1st Lieutenant April 11, 1863; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died April 25, 1912.
Lieutenants *Thomas C. Nicholson	"	Promoted from Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant Dec. 19, 1862, to 1st Lieutenant April 11, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 13, 1863; died April 29, 1910.
Louis R. Darragh	" +	Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant April 20, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Jan. 2, 1864, wounded at Petersburg June 17, 1864.
2d Lieutenant Geo. A. Shallenberger	"	Promoted to Captain and A. Q. M. U. S. Vol. Nov. 26, 1862; mustered out Nov. 8, 1865.
1st Sergeants James H. Springer	"	Promoted from Sergeant; captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; wounded at Petersburg June 17, 1864, wounded at Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865; discharged by general orders June 5, 1865. New Sheffield, Pa.
*David W. Scott	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; promoted from Sergeant April 20, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 20, 1864; died Aug. 3, 1911.
William A. McMillen	" +	Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant Sept. 18, 1862; to 1st Sergeant July 1, 1864; to 2nd Lieut- enant Co. E April 18, 1865; wounded at Gettys- burg July 2, 1863. Kansas City, Mo.
*William C. Smith	"	Promoted from Sergeant March 11, 1864; killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
Sergeants Robert Dickey	" +	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 18, 1862, to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1864.
John E. Harton	"	Promoted from Corporal Sept. 1, 1864.
Robert W. Anderson	"	Promoted to Corporal April 20, 1863; to Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865, absent on detached service at muster out, New Brighton, Pa.
Rev. John D. Irons	" +	Promoted to Corporal July 1, 1864; to Sergeant April 19, 1865. Oakmont, Pa.
Benjamin F. Welsh	"	Promoted from Corporal April 21, 1863; trans- ferred Sept. 19, 1864, to Co. B, 19th V. R. C., discharged by general orders July 3, 1865.
Corporals James H. Douds	" +	Promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1865.
William Usselson	" +	Promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1865. Pittsburgh, Pa., N. S.
Jacob Seafiler	" +	Promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1865.
Samuel Reed	" +	Promoted to Corporal April 19, 1865; discharged by general orders June 3, 1865.
Christian Molter	" +	Promoted to Corporal April 19, 1865.
Joseph T. Johnson	" +	Promoted to Corporal April 19, 1865.
I. Dickson Craig	" +	Promoted to Corporal April 19, 1865. N. W. Scott County, Ohio.
Robert Ramsey	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 1, 1865.
Thomas B. Hunter	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; dis- charged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 26, 1864.
David E. McCallister	"	Promoted to Corporal July 1, 1864, transferred Dec. 20, 1864 to Co. A, 18th Regt., V. R. C., discharged by general orders June 28, 1865.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY I

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
A. W. McClintock	Feb. 19, 1864.	Wounded at Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865; discharged by general orders June 19, 1865; Connellsville, Pa.
*William M. Agnew	Aug. 25, 1862.	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died at Richmond, Va., Sept. 13, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Sec. 6, Div. 1, Grave 192.
*Samuel Erwin	"	Promoted to Corporal Dec. 10, 1863; killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
Musicians		
Wash. D. Tallon	"	Beaver, Pa.
Henry C. Johnson	"	Promoted to Musician May, 1863. Wellesville, Ohio.
Henry R. Moore	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 13, 1863.
Privates		
Robert Baker	"	Captured at Bristow Station, Va., Oct. 14, 1863; absent at muster out.
John Baldwin	"	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863. Monaca, Pa.
John Border	"	Ottawa, Kansas.
George M. Brooks	"	Discharged by general orders June 24, 1865.
Daniel Brown	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Sept. 24, 1863.
*John T. Bruce	"	Transferred to Co. E, 19th Regt., V. R. C., Oct. 29, 1863; discharged by general orders July 13, 1865.
*George S. Bailey	"	Died April 13, 1864.
*John Black	"	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., July 24, 1863, of wound received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
*Joseph Bamford	"	Died at New York N. Y., Aug. 27, 1864; burial recorded Oct. 27, 1864; buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, L. I.
*Samuel Brown	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., May 18, 1863.
John B. Coleman	"	
John A. Cain	"	
Joseph H. Champion	"	Transferred to Co. G, 6th Regt., V. R. C., Aug. 10, 1864; discharged by general orders July 14, 1865.
M. V. B. Chambers	"	Transferred to Co. C, 22d Regt., V. R. C., May 15, 1864; discharged by general orders July 3, 1865.
*John Camp	Jan. 18, 1864.	Died at Washington, D. C., July 3, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864.
George Dailey		Deserted Dec. 17, 1862.
Kelsey Dailey		Deserted Dec. 17, 1862.
*Wm. H. H. Ewing	Aug. 25, 1862.	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 26, 1863; died March, 1910.
*George Eaton	Feb. 3, 1864.	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; transferred to Co. H, 53d Regt., Pa. Vols., May 30, 1865.
Jacob Fisher	Aug. 25, 1862.	Rochester, Pa.
*William Frazier	"	Wounded at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865; absent at muster out.
James B. Faucett	"	
*Israel Ferguson	"	Killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; buried in burial grounds, Wilderness.
*John S. Gillen	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; absent at muster out.
Alexander Gilmore	"	
*Joseph Gilmore	"	Transferred to Co. C, 6th Regt., V. R. C.; discharged by general orders July 7, 1865; died Sept. 5, 1911.
*William P. Gibson	"	Died at East Liverpool, Ohio, Oct. 18, 1863.
*James Hammond	"	
*Samuel Hammond	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 27, 1863.
John R. Hays	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 19, 1863. Beaver Falls.
Daniel Harvey	March 31, 1864.	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; discharged by general orders May 13, 1865.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH REGIMENT

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Levi Hamilton George E. Hamilton	March 28, 1864. Aug. 25, 1862. †	Transferred to Co. H, 53d P. V., May 30, 1865. Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; transferred to V. R. C. Dec. 20, 1864. Mercer, Pa.
*Joseph Hedding	Jan. 30, 1864.	Died at Washington, D. C., of wounds received at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
James W. Johnson	Aug. 25, 1862.	Discharged by general orders June 28, 1865. Canonsburg, Pa.
William J. Johnson	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Feb. 28, 1863.
William Johnson	"	Transferred to V. R. C. Nov. 14, 1864.
*Marshall T. Johnson	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; died Aug. 26, 1863, at Annapolis, Md.; buried in U. S. General Hospital Cemetery.
*James L. Jones	"	Killed at Totopotomoy Creek, Va., May 31, 1864.
Leonard C. Kerr	" †	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864. Bos- worth, Ohio.
John Mitchell	" †	Mingo, Ohio.
*Luther Maginnis	"	Promoted to Hospital Steward U. S. A., Sept. 17, 1864; died July 23, 1911.
*Henry Molter	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate May 16, 1863; died July, 1909.
Isaac Minor	"	Transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 2, 1864. Vanport.
James Miller	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863.
*Enoch M. Main	"	Died July 3, 1863.
*Louis Miller	March 2, 1864.	Died April 5, 1864, at Brandy Station, Va.; buried in National Cemetery, Culpepper Court House, Block 1, Sec. A, Row 4, Grave 112.
*George Marks	Aug. 25, 1862.	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; died at Richmond, Va., Sept. 10, 1863.
Andrew Marshall	"	Deserted, date unknown.
Thomas McCoy	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 13, 1864.
*Milo McCoy	"	Killed at Todd's Tavern, Va., May 8, 1864.
*Edward McMahon	"	Killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
Lemuel Neville	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Aug. 31, 1864. Industry, Pa.
James W. Orr	"	Died of wound received at Po River, Va., May 10, 1864.
Theopolis C. Philips	"	Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 1, 1863; wounded and captured at Todd's Tavern, Va. May 5, 1864; died at Lynchburg, Va., July 15, 1864; buried in Poplar Grove, National Ceme- tery, Div 2, Sec. E, Grave 155.
William A. Pribble	"	Transferred to V. R. C. April 2, 1864.
Henry S. Rabb	June 5, 1865.	Discharged by general orders June 5, 1865.
Thomas Rambo	Aug. 25, 1862. †	Kingsville, Ohio, R. F. D.
Joseph Rodenbaugh	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863. New Castle, Pa.
*Levi Rhodes	"	Killed at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 14, 1864.
Otis Seely	" †	
Daniel Shafer	" †	
John F. Southwick	" †	
Stephen Stone	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 27, 1863.
Porter Shevlin	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Feb. 15, 1864.
*Thomas Shawness	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; died at Richmond, Va., Dec. 9, 1863.
*James W. Shafer	"	Died at Potomac Creek, Va., June 6, 1863.
John Todd	" †	
William L. Todd	" †	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 27, 1863.
William D. Welch	" †	
*Eli Watson	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; died. date unknown.
James Wise	"	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864; absent at muster out.
Patrick Wise	"	Captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY I

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Leroy A. Wise Andrew Watterson	" "	† Wounded at Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 16, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 19, 1865. Milton, West Va.
James Watterson	Jan. 18, 1864.	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 19, 1864; transferred to 53d Regt., Pa. Vols., May 30, 1865.
*Howell Walton J. W. Zimmerman	Aug. 25, 1862.	Died at Falmouth, Va., Feb. 14, 1863. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY K

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Captain *W. A. F. Stockton	Sept. 4, 1862. †	Brevet Major April 9, 1865; died July 21, 1877; buried at Cross Creek Cemetery.
1st Lieutenant *Alex. Sweeney, Jr.	"	Brevet Captain March 13, 1865; absent on detached service at muster out; died June 19, 1912.
2d Lieutenant *William B. Cook	"	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged May 17, 1865; died Dec. 30, 1870. Pittsburgh, Pa.
1st Sergeants *George Ralston Benjamin F. Powelson	" † "	Died at Claysville, Pa., Aug. 28, 1874. Promoted to 1st Lieutenant 41st U. S. C. T. Sept. 22, 1864; discharged Sept. 30, 1865. Boulder, Colo.
Sergeants *Milton R. Boyd	"	Discharged by general orders May 27, 1865; died May 2, 1894.
*Ed. S. Alexander	" †	Wounded July 2 at Gettysburg; died April, 1894.
*W. R. H. Powelson	" †	Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania; promoted to Sergeant July 21, 1863; died April 16, 1907.
John A. McCalmont	" †	Promoted from Corporal March 26, 1865. Bulger, Pa.
*Thomas C. Hays	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Samuel K. Shindle	"	Captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; died at Andersonville, Ga., March 17, 1864; burial record May 15, 1864.
*Joseph S. Graham	"	Killed at Petersburg March 25, 1865.
Corporals Silas Cook	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; absent at muster out. Early, Iowa.
James K. P. McGill	" †	Pueblo, Colo.
*William Porter	" †	Promoted to Corporal Dec. 17, 1863; died Dec. 16, 1883.
George Hanlin	" †	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
Marshall Wright	" †	Ellwood City, Pa.
James C. Lyle	" †	Promoted to Corporal May 12, 1865.
Abraham Andrews	"	Promoted to Corporal March 16, 1865. Latrobe, Ohio.
*John D. McCabe	"	Discharged Feb. 23, 1863, on surgeon's certificate; died Sept. 7, 1909.
*William Hanlin	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged May 15, 1865; died Nov. 6, 1906. Denver, Colo.
*Isaac Donaldson	"	Died at Falmouth, Va., Feb. 14, 1863.
*William Miller	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*William L. Pry	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; died at Falmouth, Va., May 21, 1863.
Musicians Geo. W. McConnell Jesse J. Morris	" "	Carrollton, Iowa. Promoted to Principal Musician Dec. 22, 1864. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Privates James B. Allison	"	Prosperity, Pa.
Peter Andrews	" †	Mount Oliver, Pittsburgh, Pa.
*James Arthurs	" †	
*James S. Berryhill	" †	Died July, 1874.
Lazarus Briggs	" †	Houston, Washington County, Pa.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY K

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NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
Daniel J. Butterfass	"	Absent, sick at muster out; discharged on surgeon's certificate 1865; died July 20, 1896.
*Benj. B. Buchanan	"	Discharged March 20, 1863, on surgeon's certificate.
George W. Carter	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864. Hillsboro, Washington County, Pa.
Andrew Chester	"	Wounded at Cold Harbor June 7, 1864; absent at muster out. Eighty-four, Washington County, Pa.
*James E. Cochran	"	Died at Barnesville, Ohio, April 7, 1902.
Ezra Conway	"	Monongahela City, Pa.
Joseph A. Corbin	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; discharged by general orders May 15, 1865. Eldersville, Washington County, Pa.
*Isaac W. Chishold	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to Co. G, 9th V. R. C., March 20, 1864; discharged June 26, 1865; died Oct. 20, 1897.
*Jesse M. Carter	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; died 1894.
*Thomas Carter	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*David W. Corbin	"	Died April 21, 1863.
*Benjamin Cummins	"	Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
*James A. Cummins	"	Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
Robert B. Dugan	March 27, 1864. Sept. 4, 1862.	Discharged by general orders May 29, 1865; died at Leavenworth, Kansas, Feb. 27, 1888.
*John M. Day	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate Dec. 12, 1863.
*Henry Dickson	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; transferred to V. R. C., date unknown; died in San Diego, Cal., July 18, 1898.
*Michael Dougherty	"	Died at Brandy Station, Va., March 3, 1864.
*Andrew B. Davis	"	Died at Parkton, Md., Dec. 9, 1862.
*Benjamin F. Earnest	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 12, 1863; died at Brandy Station Dec. 14, 1863.
*James A. Fordyce	"	Wounded at Deep Bottom, Va., 1864; died at Claysville July 22, 1895.
*Joseph C. Fraser	"	Discharged Sept. 30, 1863, on surgeon's certificate; died Nov. 20, 1900.
John Fulton	"	Deserted Dec. 31, 1862.
*William M. Geary	"	Died June 25, 1866.
George Gardner	"	Discharged March 20, 1863.
*John F. Gardner	"	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863; died in Iowa Oct. 1, 1896.
*Joseph Guess	"	Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
*Isaac Golden	"	Died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1863.
*Benj. F. Hawthorn	"	Wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864; transferred to Co. E, 9th Regt., V. R. C., date unknown; discharged June 26, 1865, on general orders; died July 11, 1911.
*John Henderson	"	Died at Parkton, Md., Dec. 7, 1862.
*Robert Hull	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*George W. Johnson	"	Wounded at Petersburg, Va., June, 1864; died September 10, 1904.
William A. Jackson	"	Captured, date unknown; discharged on general orders Nov. 2, 1864, Carnegie, Pa.
*Robert Lyle	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate March 14, 1863; died July 1, 1894.
John Makeowen	"	Absent, sick at muster out.
*Isaac Miller	"	Wounded and captured at Wilderness May, 1864; absent, sick at muster out.
Enoch Mounts	"	Discharged on surgeon's certificate May 23, 1863. Washington, Pa.
*George Morrow	"	Died at Philadelphia, Pa., May 27, 1863.
Robert Meldoon	"	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863; discharged on general orders May 14, 1865; died June, 1885, at New Castle, Pa.
*John Maloy	"	Killed at Todd's Tavern, Va., May 8, 1864.
*John Marshall	"	Died at Parkton, Md., Nov. 17, 1863.

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.

NAME AND RANK.	MUSTERED IN.	REMARKS.
*Morris Metcalf	"	Died in Washington County, Pa., March 17, 1865.
Robert McClurg	" †	Paris, Washington County, Pa.
*Benj. McCullough	" †	Died at Steubenville, Ohio, July 15, 1904.
*Owen McElfish	" †	
*James K. McCurdy	"	Transferred to 153d P. V. Feb. 25, 1864; promoted to Assistant Surgeon in 153d P. V.; died Aug. 12, 1891.
*Harrison McConnell	"	Discharged as minor by special order, date unknown; died Paris, Pa., July 17, 1892.
Colin R. Nickerson	" †	Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Clayville, Washington County, Pa.
*John W. Nickerson	"	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Nov. 16, 1863; died from effects of wound April 8, 1867.
*Thomas L. Noble	"	Promoted to Commissary Sergeant Sept. 18, 1862; died at Dennison, Tex., Sept., 1890.
James L. Noah	" †	Transferred to Ind. Battery C, Pa. Art., Dec. 17, 1863.
Robert A. Pry	" †	Wellesburg, West Va.
David McC. Pry	"	Transferred to V. R. C., Feb. 6, 1865. Burgettstown, Pa.
William Rea	"	Wounded with loss of leg at Todd's Tavern, Va. May 8, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out.
*William A. Rufner	"	Discharged May 20, 1863; died 1886.
*George Reed	Feb. 5, 1865.	Transferred to Co. F, 53d P. V. May 30, 1865; died March 9, 1912.
William Scott	Sept. 4, 1862.	Avella, Washington County, Pa.
Nathaniel Seese	" †	Absent, sick at muster out.
George Sprowels	" †	Washington, Pa.
Oliver Staley	" †	Wounded, date unknown. Shreve, Ohio.
William Stoller	" †	Harmony, Butler County, Pa.
Frank Stiver	"	Discharged by special order March 12, 1863; died at Sierraville, Cal., Feb. 9, 1905.
*Henderson Scott	"	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Jesse M. Sprowells	"	Deserted July 1, 1863.
George Stare	"	Wounded at Gettysburg July 1, 1863; transferred to V. R. C. Feb. 6, 1864; died 1884.
*Johnson Toppin	"	Killed at Todd's Tavern, Va., May 8, 1864.
*John W. Tucker	Feb. 29, 1864.	Killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
*Robert Virtue	Sept. 4, 1862.	Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May, 1863; wounded at Todd's Tavern May 8, 1864; died Oct. 5, 1904.
*Ulysses Wheeler	" †	Wounded, date unknown.
*Thomas Wilkins	" †	Wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864; transferred to Co. K, 6th Regt., V. R. C., date unknown; discharged July 5, 1865. Canonsburg, Pa.
James Worstell	"	

*Deceased.

†Mustered out with Company May 31, 1865.



SURVIVORS AT FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY REUNION WASHINGTON OCT 8, 1918.

JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY.

The fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Regiment was held at Waynesburg, Pa., in connection with the thirty-eighth annual reunion of the Regimental Association, on the Eighth day of October, 1912.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles was the guest of honor on this memorable occasion, and made the principal address at the afternoon meeting.

At the business meeting following the completion of the literary work of the Regimental History was announced, and a sample copy of the volume, soon to be issued, was presented.

The campfire, held in the Opera House, was attended by a crowd which packed the building to its utmost capacity.

Addresses were made by Prof. R. L. Stewart, historian of the Regiment; Dr. John R. Paxton, of New York; Congressman Thomas Crago, and Chaplain James E. Sayers of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

The Woman's Auxiliary to the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment was organized in Waynesburg, Pa., September 21, 1909, the object being to look after the comforts of the wives and daughters accompanying the veterans to the annual reunions, thereby making these occasions more enjoyable to the women folks belonging to the Regiment. The officers of the first year were Mrs. Harry J. Boyde, president; Miss Minna Moody, vice-president; Mrs. Bradford Johnson, secretary. The officers at the present time are Mrs. Bradford Johnson, president; Mrs. George R. Murray, first vice-president; Mrs. John M. White, second vice-president; Miss Myrta Emery, secretary.

(Signed.)

Mrs. J. Bradford Johnson, *Pres.*

This organization, it should be added, has contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the men folk of the Regiment, also, who have been privileged to attend these delightful reunion seasons.



"OLD ABE."

AFTERWORD.

By the Chairman of the Committee on Publication.

The historian has completed his work. He has been given unlimited discretion. He will not speak for himself. His work speaks for him. On behalf of the other members of the committee, a few words should be added. The long delay in publishing a history of our Regiment has been a cause of deep regret to many comrades. It now appears that the delay has enabled the historian to produce a book of greater historic value, as well as of greater literary excellence than would have been possible at an earlier date. The historian, Professor Robert Laird Stewart, D.D., is a comrade of Company G. He has completed the work assigned him with remarkable ability and celerity. He kept a diary during the period of his service and also made systematic use of his epistolary talents in letters that have been preserved. He has thus added to the voluminous data collected and prepared by his comrades, a wealth of personal knowledge and accurate information of rare value. He has written a charming story and has verified all his statements by tireless and conscientious research. Salient features only, in a long campaign, have been selected and graphically described with the skill and judgment of an author and writer of large experience. The reader naturally asks who is Comrade Stewart? The answer, in brief, is that his life is typical of the ideal volunteer soldier of America, the greatest asset of our free Republic. He was born in Murraysville, Pa., August 11, 1840; the son of Zachariah G. Stewart, M.D., and the grandson of Rev. Francis Laird D.D. He left the senior class at Jefferson College to enlist in the Company raised by his instructor, Professor John Fraser. In the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg he was in the thick of the fight. In the former he was stunned for an instant by the concussion of a bursting Schrapnel shell, a fragment of which cut a corner of his cartridge box. In the latter his well filled haversack was shot through by a fragment of shell which bruised his limb. His education and talent attracted the attention of his superiors and he was detailed to the headquarters of the Division, as chief clerk to the Adjutant General, 1864-65. He served with great credit to the close of the war. In 1865 he resumed his studies in college and graduated in the same class with our distinguished comrade and generous patron, Dr. John R. Paxton. In 1866, Washington and Jefferson Colleges conferred on Comrade Stewart the degree of A.B.; in 1867 the degree of A.M., and in 1895 the degree of D.D. He graduated at

the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa. in 1869, and was ordained a minister of the Presbyterian Church the same year.

He was married to Miss Sarah Ewing of Oakdale, Pa., in 1870. She is still his active help-meet in the true sense of the word. After serving several churches he removed to Colorado in 1873 and for nearly six years was superintendent of schools as well as pastor of a flourishing church.

In 1879 he was sent abroad as a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance meeting at Basle, Switzerland, and travelled for a year in Europe and the East, giving special attention to the Holy Land. He visited the British Isles and the countries of Northern Europe in the summer of 1892. For ten years, 1880 to 1890, he was pastor at Danville, Pa. where he gave evidence of special fitness as a leader of young men. Since 1890 he has been a professor in Lincoln University, Pa. In 1893 the chair of Pastoral Theology, Biblical Archaeology and Christian Evidence was established in the Theological Seminary, of which he has been the incumbent since that date. For more than a score of years he has been the Dean of the Faculty of the University. Professor Stewart is a valued contributor to various periodicals; author of the *Land of Israel*, published in 1899; *Memorable Places Among the Holy Hills* in 1903 and *A Notable Life of Sheldon Jackson* in 1908. The *History of the One Hundred and Fortieth*, his latest literary work, will add to his high reputation as an author and well deserves, as it will surely receive, the grateful recognition of every comrade and friend of the Regiment.

W. S. SHALLENBERGER.

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***Stirring History of the
Battle Flag of the Famous
140th Pennsylvania***

Today will be observed as "Flag Day" throughout the United States and in honor of this event several Washington county veterans will have the honor of carrying the old flags that headed their regiments in the sixties, as they are removed from the state museum at Harrisburg to the state capitol where they will remain as long as the capitol stands.

George Hoch, of Canonsburg, and E. G. Emery, of Mt. Pleasant township, will be two of the veterans honored by being selected to carry the old flag. The history of the flag is appropriate upon this occasion and below is given the history of the flag of the 140th regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, which Mr. Emery will carry at Harrisburg today.

History of One Battle Flag.

The first standard-bearer of the famous 140th regiment was Sergeant Robert Riddle, of Company F. Into his hands was given a brand new silk flag whose stars were undimmed in their field of blue, and it was a

Estate of Anthony Kelly, deceased.

EXECUTIVE NOTICE

At Donora, Pa. 16114-1004

All persons concerned are hereby notified that S. O. Hiler and J. C. Hiler having sold their stock of groceries, merchandise and fixtures unto H. Shapiro and M. Unadun, will close the matter up on June 12th, 1914. On that date the balance of the purchase money will be paid over to the said S. O. Hiler and J. C. Hiler and all creditors should present their claims for settlement on or before that date. Any persons owing money in the said firm should pay promptly.

S. O. HILER,
J. C. HILER,
H. SHAPIRO,
M. UNADUN.

NOTICE

1050-0-5
NICHOLSON & Clark, Assoc.

S. C. SCOTT,
R. D. I. HARRISON, JR.,
NORMAN YORTY,
H. D. W. BROMBERG, JR.,
Administrators.

"The morning of May 12th found the 140th along with about 70 other regiments, in close column, by division. I found myself in the center of the front division. Jesse Power, of Company E, was the color-bearer. I was a corporal on the color guard. Colonel Fraser came to us before the charge and told us to look out in the midst of the rush for the flag. We started for the Confederate works with fixed bayonets, our rifles being at right shoulder shift, and with a yell, mind you. In that terrible fighting mob while struggling through the brush and abatis I lost sight for a while of Power and the flag. When I caught sight of it again it was in the hands of Deeson, another sergeant of Company E. We were then in the rebel camps in the midst of a terrible fight." I asked Deeson where Power was. He replied he was shot and another man also, before he picked up the flag. Just as he said this a bullet struck him in the face and knocked him down. That ended the conversation. I did not see him again for

The following personal property

At 1 O'clock P. M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 1914

The undersigned executor of the last will and testament of Martha Pat-
ton county, Pa. deceased, will offer
at public sale at the late residence of
the said Martha Patton, about one mile
from Courtney, one mile from River,
Tow and three miles from Mingo
church, on

EXECUTOR'S SALE

British Notes.
Gauges Hill and Yorktown may be
left to repeat an inferior edition to
a Government issue of millions—
(Ireland) Plain Dealer

[illegible]

